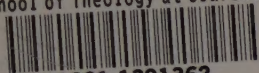


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The Mystic Spell

A METAPHYSICAL ROMANCE

BY
ADA WHITE TAYLOR.

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By ADA WHITE TAYLOR

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God give us men. A time like this demands
Clear minds, pure hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men whom lust for office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Tall men, sun-crowned men, who live above the fog
In public duty and private thinking.

—Holland.

FOREWORD.

In a sunlit valley where snow-capped mountains rise to majestic heights above the poppy fields, the vine-clad hills and the orange groves of Southern California, the scene is laid, and the people live, who through their strange experiences contributed the subject-matter for this book.

Anticipating possible inquiries as to the genuineness of the phenomena described, it may be stated that for obvious reasons the names have been withheld but the psychical experiences are true, and have not been changed nor embellished for dramatic effect. It was necessary to give the story of a life, in order to have the messages understood, and to give emphasis to the helpful guidance which came in a time of need, from teachers in the higher realms.

Spiritual alchemists connected two worlds of thought through the transmission of wireless messages from the Great Beyond, from where, **travelers do return.** Metaphysical truths were embodied in these communications leading to a better understanding of the meaning and purpose of life. And the command was given to send them forth into the world as teachings from those who are seeking to bring the people of earth into a higher spiritual consciousness.

After twenty-five years' investigation and observation of psychic phenomena, of its flickering lights, and its dark shadows, its dangers and its blessings, the

author has been led to obey the command in order to call attention to the perils incurred through contacting the world of spirit.

For the same law which enables a good spirit to return and work constructively, allows the most depraved to come back and influence impressional souls even to the extent of self-destruction. Those who oppose any consideration of the subject, say, "Let it alone, it is dangerous." **But it will not let us alone.** Ignorance of the law governing spirit communion through telepathic suggestion, only increases the danger.

Shall we recognize these powers of darkness and control them, as we control fire, dynamite and other destructive forces and elements in the world, or shall we be wrecked by them?

Pasadena, California, 1923.

The Mystic Spell
A METAPHYSICAL ROMANCE

Pasadena, California, 1923.
Santa Barbara, California,

Dear Arthur,

April 8, 1916.

Before breaking the seal of your letter, and while idly holding it in my hands unopened, I had a vision so real, so vivid, and with it came such a realization of its tremendous significance to us both, that I feel positive it is a prophecy of our future life—yours and mine.

You were in a boat, small but perfect in all its appointments; and you were slowly leaving the shore where I was standing. As you rowed buoyantly through the breakers seaward, I was impelled through fear to call you back and tell you your boat was too frail for deep waters. I seemed to know you would turn, if I spoke the word. Yet I made no sign, and watched motionless as if fascinated, and held by some invisible power outside myself, as you went farther and farther away from me.

Suddenly, in my vision a storm came up, and I saw you a mere speck, riding the huge waves far out to sea, and the blackness of the gathering storm, hanging like a pall around you.

At last you disappeared completely and so real was your danger to me, that I involuntarily cried aloud, "Oh, my God, save him, and bring him back to me." Then in some subtle way, I was made to understand that this was not a real battle with the elements, but a symbolic representation of some battle out in the untried world before you, which you would have to fight in the future and fight alone, either conquering or being conquered through your acceptance or rejection of some vital truth that had been revealed to your soul, and which would make you free or cramp you in a vise of conventional forms and man-made opinions. In the tumult and blackness of the storm, which had now burst in all its fury over the waters, I saw you no more and the vision left as suddenly as it came.

I heard the meadow lark's little call to its mate, and I was conscious of my surroundings again, thank-

ful for the summer sunshine which touched and glorified the long clusters of wistaria at my window. Do you remember how beautiful it was when you were here last year? You admired it you said even more than the roses.

Then, Arthur, when I opened your letter and read that you had decided to give up the study of law and prepare yourself for the ministry, a premonition of impending loss and sorrow overshadowed me again. I felt that I was looking into the grave of my fondest hopes and aspirations as when I watched you in the vision leaving me desolate and alone on the dreary shore here at Santa Barbara.

When I feel equal to discussing this change in your plans which affects me so vitally, and when I can consider a course of action which will enable me to rise above personal desire to give you greater opportunities for service, I will do so. You are going where I cannot follow, because of the diversity of our beliefs.

Every church in Christendom is doing a grand work for humanity, and it will not be because of any prejudice against your particular denomination which will influence me in my decision, but rather the deep conviction that our differing views will make a barrier to perfect harmony very difficult for either of us to surmount, and I am unwilling to take the risk incurred and assume the responsibility of interfering in any way with your life work.

Always your loving

Alice Templeton.

* * * * *

Princeton, New Jersey,

My Dear Alice,

April 18, 1916.

Away with your morbid fears, and your premonitions of evil. Have you been reading Poe's "Raven," and trying to paraphrase its everlasting "Nevermore" in your dreams, so it will fit into a plan for our future? I am glad your sweet California songster the lark, was there when you came from dreamland back to earth and sanity again. Let it sing the song of life

for you, rather than the raven, that bird of evil, whose characteristics Poe depicted so dolefully.

Since I have changed my vocation, I am laboring diligently to change my vocabulary, omitting or modifying the popular slang of the day. Considering the fact that I am under thirty, in college, and mingling with boys having jolly proclivities, you will agree with me that it is no light task; so that you will be able to translate the original, when I say to you in all seriousness that after due reflection, I have decided your Ego slipped cogs for a few brief seconds, in an aerial flight to the mountains across on the "islands." May I suggest that the rarefied atmosphere made rational functioning a difficult proposition for your wise little brain?

The unemotional stoic may have his place and use in the evolution of the race. I grant you that, for the sake of argument and because I wish to be absolutely fair, although personally I do not admire him. But when I find these qualities in a woman, and that woman you, I stand aghast at the spectacle.

In volume one, page one, of your very valuable spiritualistic memoirs, I find that you deliberately sent me out upon a tempestuous sea to be food for the whales and the fishes. You said that you realized your tremendous influence over my weak mentality, and could have brought me in with a wave of your hand, or a thought from your brain; but you gave no sign and watched, as if fascinated, your modern Jonah, the man you profess to love, go down to his fate. Do not interrupt me. You didn't write with disappearing ink, when you copied these comforting statements from your log book; they stand out bold, and clear, in your letter.

You made this leaky boat very attractive, I note, to entice me in knowing my weakness for beauty. No doubt it was a birch bark canoe with inlaid paddles. You can make the paddles of gold if you prefer; only, I pray you, do not conjure up from the depths of your imagination any connection between this silly vision,

which you think you had, and the life work I have chosen.

I am so disappointed in the way you have taken this important change in my plans. I cannot trust myself to write seriously on the subject.

Faithfully yours,
Arthur Hollingsworth.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, California,

April 24, 1916.

My Dear Arthur,

How I wish you had taken my letter seriously. It would have been so much easier to have considered with you the subject of your changed life work, and tell you how I feel about it. I am alone tonight, and, no doubt you will think me fanciful, when I tell you that when I sat down before the fire which is blazing so brightly, I drew another chair forward by my side and imagined you were sitting there in your familiar place Arthur, where one year ago tonight we watched the flames leap up through the gnarled mesquite roots that seemed so alive and vital. In our image making, we built castles for our future with the bright emblems, and sighed when the dying embers represented the end of life's beautiful battle.

Do you remember what grotesque forms the crooked sticks assumed? You called my attention to one which was trying to stand upright, blazing brightly to the top? And you said, "Let that stick represent me, and we shall see if Blackstone's disciple, burns to the end with as much enthusiasm as when he began." Another stick displaced it, and it toppled over and fell at my feet smoking with its fires put out. I lifted it back on the coals, and you said with some bitterness, "Yes, burn me up as soon as possible if I am to fall a smoking ruin at your feet;" and you were gloomy and abstracted all the evening.

Now, Arthur, if you are superstitious enough to attach such importance to a poor twisted mesquite root, that hadn't mentality to know you expected it to map out a brilliant future for you, how can you be so unreasonable as to ridicule the vision I was clair-voyant enough to see?

This peculiar psychic experience has not influenced me in the least in deciding my future course of action. I am unfitted, and unwilling to become the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman. I have been too thoughtful an observer of life and its complexities to make a mistake that would bring unhappiness to us both.

You were here such a short time last year after our friendship had ripened into a more tender relation, that we scarcely touched upon the subject of religion. I must present a new phase of myself for analysis that you may understand how illy my belief fits in with the "Westminster Confession of Faith."

My mother and father were both Universalists; and as the sins of the parents are sometimes visited upon the children, this heresy is in my blood and brain. I, too, am a liberalist. Not content with this, I am constantly seeking new truths in bypaths which strengthen my soul, but do not add to my popularity even in the churches of my own denomination.

It is late and I am weary, so I will say

Good Night,

Alice.

* * * * *

Princeton, New Jersey,
April 30, 1916.

Dear Alice,

And did you really think that by spreading out the broad and liberal branches of your genealogical tree, you could shut me out of your Garden of Eden, or hide behind some big, aggressive branch of your faith which I could not cut down with my sharp Calvinistic hatchet? Who are the Universalists anyway? What do they believe? I have never heard one preach nor do I know of their doctrines, except the very unscriptural belief I have been told they hold, that everyone will be saved, saint and sinner alike, sharing the same joys and rewards in heaven. This eliminates all chance of justice in the next world for those who have been oppressed and have suffered vicariously here below.

You say you have also wandered away from your own flock in search of greener pastures for the

strengthening of your soul. You restless little lamb. Don't you know the wolves will get you sooner or later? You had better not stray too far from the good shepherd without a bell around your neck, so that you may be easily found, when you go off on these excursions; you may forget who you are, speaking so many tongues and listening to so many strange doctrines.

Home keeping hearts are happiest, dear. If new thought is to unsettle you, making you so inhospitable that you will not allow a highly respectable orthodox clergyman to join your family circle, I, for one, am here to register my opinion that you will live to regret it. You will certainly have to find better reasons for getting rid of me, than the fact of our dissimilarity in religious belief, if you feel you cannot endure me another semester.

Write me one of the old-fashioned letters about yourself and your wonderful country that I always enjoyed so much, before you began to see visions and be so mystical. I will forgive and forget all the unhappiness your last letters have brought, if you will only be your own sweet self once more. I have a reason for being so willing to forget your shortcomings.

I was talking with a New Thoughtist the other day, and she told me, that holding grudges brings on rheumatism, so you see I, too, have had a warning. Mine was on dry land during a spring blizzard, it lacked the tragical and poetical features that dressed up your vision so beautifully out there in the middle of your big pond, but it was just as impressive. That very day I had felt certain twinges I wouldn't even name to myself, and then this girl crossed my path, and put up a guide post.

Don't you believe she read my mind, Alice? I was feeling sore at you, dear. I resolved then and there that no power on earth could make me hold a grudge against anyone, and I have been loving you ever since. This, no doubt, will be a new revelation to you.

When in imagination I saw myself in red flannel with a white-capped nurse pouring liniment over me,

and knew there was an escape from all this suffering by loving you, I chose the lesser of the two evils, and I have been amiable ever since.

Do not forget to tell me about your Universalist doctrines in your next letter. Later, you can make me your father confessor, and tell me what you found in your recent investigations outside your church. We will dispose of Universalism first.

Ever your devoted,
Arthur.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, Calif.,
May 7, 1916.

Dear Arthur,

You are certainly advancing in your theological studies if you think you can dispose of Universalism with your "Calvinistic hatchet." Your egotism is colossal enough for the task I will freely admit, but your knowledge of our faith will not carry you very far in combating our heretical doctrines. Will you attack and dispose of Christian Science next? New Thought, Theosophy and Spiritualism are growing rapidly, what will you do with these beliefs?

What a promising field for your labors. Rejoice and give thanks that you were born in an age so prolific of isms to be exposed. I predict for you that your name will go down in ecclesiastical history as the man who put down the rebellion of advanced thought in the twentieth century, armed with only the good old beliefs handed down from the past.

I hope you will make your election sure, so that you will have a commanding seat in heaven where you can watch the agonies of those predestined to eternal torment in the hells below. I was reading the other day in an old book of sermons, that it would be one of the joys of the saints to witness the tortures of the damned in hell.

And so you want me to save you the trouble of digging into our church history, and tell you what we believe, do you? I assure you if you could be trusted to get reliable information regarding us, this mental indolence for research work on your part would not be encouraged.

We believe in the Universal Fatherhood of God, the spiritual authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God. The certainty of the just retribution of sin, and the final harmony of all souls with God.

So, Arthur, you see I cannot secure my harp by the Universalist route unless I deserve it. Salvation by character is the only way into the kingdom of heaven. Your way, by simply believing in Christ, is much easier, and, requires less effort, but I don't think it's safe.

It may be interesting to you to know that a reformed Calvinist clergyman brought liberalism to America. I think I shall spend the rest of the evening in telling you of his adventures; but before I touch on his work I want to go back still further and tell you something of the early believers in a loving Heavenly Father.

Universalism has been held and defended in some form through all the Christian ages. The name "Universalist" as found on the pages of ecclesiastical and dogmatic history, seldom denotes a believer in the final holiness and happiness of all mankind.

The earliest theological use was in the latter part of the fifteenth century, when it was applied, by way of derision, to those who held to the possibility of the salvation of all men. During several of the early centuries Universalism was unquestioned orthodoxy. When it ceased to be dominant, the believers were called "Origenists," or "Merciful Doctors."

Universalism was first brought to America by an Englishman, the Rev. John Murray, in 1770. His parents were Calvinists, and he was brought up in a most rigid manner. Experiencing, as he said, the extreme of agony, tortured by the severe discipline of his father, and the terrifying apprehensions of what he had to expect from the God who created him.

His conversion came through reading a paper published by a Universalist minister. The history of John Murray's expulsion from his church, when he became convinced of the final restoration of all souls,

is only the history of everyone, writ large, who has been a few steps in advance of his fellow men even to the present day.

When John Murray sailed for the new world, he was broken hearted at the loss of wife and friends and worn out with religious persecution. He fully intended to find some isolated spot and end his days, in solitude. He was, however, forced into the ministry on the first day of his arrival. His boat was stranded on the New Jersey Coast.

Going on shore to buy provisions, he met a man who greeted him cordially, saying, "I am glad you have come; I have been expecting you a long time." Astonished at this familiar greeting from a man who did not even know his name, he asked for an explanation. The man told him he had built a church there for the worship of God. He said he felt that God had put it in his heart to build the church and that He would send someone to preach for him. "When I saw your boat," he continued, "A voice said, 'There Potter, in that vessel cast away on that shore, is the preacher you have been so long expecting.'"

Murray had resolved never to preach again, but he was prevailed upon to enter the ministry, recognizing in this strange leading, a higher will than his own, directing his life. If John Murray had been one of our own conservative ministers of the present day, he would have seen only the evidences of a disordered mind in this man's message from the unseen world. He would have sailed away as quickly as possible, and liberal religion would not have been planted so early in the history of America.

Murray fought for liberty of thought at a time, in the evolution of religious history, when persecution was cruel and malignant. Although his ideas were tinctured with Calvinism, too much praise cannot be given him for his pioneer work in the cause. We might not label him a Universalist, in our church today, but whatever part of our gospel he embraced, it led him to sacrifice friends and popularity for his beliefs. It takes courage of the highest order to do this and stand fearlessly for the truth. We are all

seeking happiness as expressed in harmonious conditions. It is far easier to walk in the ruts of established thought, than to cut new paths and antagonize public opinion. Some Universalists stand ready today to crucify new truths which will benefit humanity, in the same narrow spirit that has retarded all religious progress for nineteen hundred years.

Our church has shown us a sun-lit path to God. It has given us the inspiring hope of getting all men into the kingdom of heaven, sometime in the eternities. Now, we must fight sin in every form and get the kingdom of heaven into men here on earth. If the newer psychologies can throw any light on this important subject, let us at least investigate their methods with the open mind.

Regarding sin and hell, an orthodox minister said recently of our belief, "You may have done away with the flames, but you cannot get away from the fact." He was right, for as surely as there is a divine law of justice, sin will be punished. We are, today, by our thoughts, fully as much as by our acts, building the world beautiful of our future life, or we are creating dark landscapes that will be hell enough for us.

The old, harsh doctrines, Arthur, have been so modified in the orthodox churches the last half of this century, that it is hard for you people (who still cling to your creeds, and believe something entirely different) to realize what a tremendous power Universalism has exerted in bringing about this change. An orthodox minister said to me the other day, "You Universalists have taken hell away from the Episcopalians, and you have caused the Methodists to say, 'I don't know.'"

Shall we be content with this divine message that forms the basis of our creed? Orthodox churches have absorbed this message of Universal salvation and are seeking newer interpretations of truth that will benefit humanity. No one can listen to Dr. Worcester, of the Immanuel Church in Boston, since they have taken up healing, and not feel inspired by the work they are accomplishing. They are lifting men

and women out of untrue conditions of body, mind and soul by their ministry and their teaching.

Dr. Worcester has been in Santa Barbara since taking up this work and his talks here on the subject were very interesting to me. He says he has often been called out at midnight to save some discouraged soul who, but for his help, would have committed suicide. That, is what the world needs, Arthur. It is the human touch,—sympathy and kindness just at the right time, when afflictions and reverses come. The exclusive spirit in our churches is the great barrier to constructive work for humanity.

Are you weary? I certainly am.

Your loving,
Alice.

* * * * *

Princeton, New Jersey,
May 14, 1916.

Dear Alice,

What crimes have I committed that I should bring down upon my head such severe punishment? All my dreams of domesticity are gone. The sweet faced woman I saw in my vision, smiling a welcome when I came home, weary from my pastoral duties out in the world of strife and sorrow, has vanished.

"The moving finger writes; and having writ, moves on," nor all my piety, nor the pessimism of "Omar the Tentmaker," can bring back the peace I enjoyed before you began preaching. Little did I think when I asked you a simple question, with nothing complex about it, that it would unload at my chamber door everything that had ever been said or written about Universalism.

Why did you burden the mails with so much trash? You have never learned to let your yea be yea, nor your nay, nay, have you? There are sundry sayings handed down from the Pilgrim Fathers like, "Anti-prolixity is the soul of wit," or words to that effect. I am not positive that I have the quotation right, nor the source. It may have been given by Patrick Henry in one of his oratorical flights but, if so, never mind, it's of later vintage, and, being more modern, would appeal to you.

I have had my props all taken out from under me by this sermonette. Oh, that Paul could have lived forever, in order to keep women in their proper places! No doubt, it will end in my keeping the hearthstone bright and presiding over the tea urn, while you go and preach on the street corners.

You are unfair to attack me in the first year of my theological studies. Just wait until I am primed and plumed, to do battle for my Presbyterian rights. You have a misconception of what we believe. We don't preach those old, harsh doctrines any more.

You would think you were listening to a Universalist sermon, if you were led blindfolded into our church and heard our minister. You never hear anything said about an endless hell of fire and brimstone in the Presbyterian Church.

I shall file away your sermon and label it carefully for future use. Recognize my flag of truce, and give me time for Preparedness. In the meantime may I suggest a different sermon topic for your next letter? Anything but creeds and dogmas until I am older and wiser. I know you haven't exhausted the subject of the glorious climate of Southern California yet. There are your irrigation schemes and your immigration schemes, and all your other schemes that have brought your people into notorious prominence before the world.

Turn your attention to persecuting and maligning some one who is alive and can strike back instead of abusing poor Calvin who, by this time, has rescued all the infants he ever sent to hell. Let your caustic wit turn a searchlight on the graft and misrepresentation that deludes and deceives so many who go to your land of promise. If your soul is burning to do reform work, get rid of the saloons which are a blot on your fair landscape.

I read a good story which no doubt you are familiar with, as it probably originated in the brain of a resident of California. It was about the surprise of a man when he entered Heaven to see men in a cage. Asking Saint Peter what it meant, he was met with

the reply: "These are Californians. If we opened the gate they would run back home."

I shall still subscribe myself,

Your very devoted,
Arthur.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, California,

May 21, 1916.

My Dear Arthur,

Why certainly my dear boy, if I have gone beyond your depth out here on the placid Pacific in my religious voyages, I'll row back to shallow waters again, where you will be in no danger of drowning and can keep your head above water, your brain cool, and your nerves under better control.

I had entirely forgotten that in my vision I was alarmed because the boat you were in did not seem strong enough to breast the waves and keep you afloat. I understand its symbology better now, and I still feel concern over the unseaworthiness of your craft in the deep waters of twentieth century thought. But so long as the Universalists have started in to save everyone, you can't be lost. You see I have such a comforting religion to fall back upon, and I do not have to worry about anything. So if you ever find yourself sinking, shout for the Universalists and a life line, and you will be towed to safety and no questions asked.

And now to find a subject agreeable to you, and one that you can comprehend without having recourse to a lexicon, or an ancient history, before you can enjoy it. I see by your letter you prefer the topic of irrigation to that of religion, and you are even willing to have me dig up all the corruption in municipal affairs, or report the social functions for your edification.

But I much prefer to report a very pleasant meeting I attended in the city if you will pardon the digression. There was a State Convention of the Unitarian Church, and as very few seemed interested enough to go, I was asked to join the small delegation. I consented just to swell the numbers. Several, who expected to go, could not at the last minute, so the good

shepherd of Unity Church found, when he got to the depot, only one meek little lamb from the Universalist fold to start out with him. When his eyes rested upon his large delegation he looked exceedingly grave, but his self-control is perfect and he said nothing. At Montecito, two of his congregation joined us, New England Unitarians who could be depended on to maintain the church doctrines. The Conference was harmonious, helpful and inspiring and it was good to be there. I suffered from my insignificance in not having anything to do. When our delegation was called upon for reports, the minister had to do all the talking, and then and there I registered a vow, that I would never consent to go to another convention unless I had something to report if it wasn't anything more than our shortcomings.

I was still smarting under the humiliation when my friend Emily, learning that I was in the city, came into the church and seating herself behind me, leaned over and whispered, 'Does it hurt to be a delegate?'

I never thought I should be jealous of anyone, in this world of fleeting lights and shadows, but I suffered pure unadulterated envy, when San Diego began to report. The San Diegans may not convince the entire world of the superiority of their bay and climate, but their faith and enthusiasm, through years of depression and disappointment, must have permeated every thing, even the Unitarian Church.

There was a large delegation from there and the willingness and ability of the delegates to report all lines of church work, must have been very gratifying to their pastor, who seemed to have a beautiful soul, overflowing with love for everyone.

Of course everyone was anxious to meet Mr. Savage because of his father, and some of us were not tactful enough to conceal the fact. He said that was the reason he left the East. I do not think he will need any borrowed light from ancestors in order to shine, judging from the talks he gave and his sermon.

The reception held one evening to help us get acquainted, gave us an opportunity to meet many pleasant people, and the children added to the entertainment by coming in and singing the "Christmas Carols" as they were sung in England in ye olden time.

Ten minutes at the close of the Conference was hardly long enough to handle the subjects that were given the ministers. Mr. Savage said his father had spoken a year, in a series of sermons on the subject of sin, and he was expected to dispose of it in ten minutes.

One minister made an eloquent appeal for the churches to get on the **main line**, instead of being side-tracked as they were, through their blindness in refusing to incorporate the "New Psychology" of the age in their teachings. Congratulating him later on his being on the main line, I asked him how he escaped being side-tracked by his congregation. He said he took them right along with him and was gaining in church membership all the time.

What impressed me most at the Conference, Arthur, was the sweetly solemn plea of a minister for more of the devotional spirit in our liberal churches; he told of a Congregational preacher who said that when he was in San Francisco, he always went to a Catholic Cathedral for silent prayer, because of the beautiful influence there. He said he had his own individual interpretation of the reason for this effect being produced by worship in a room where there is perfect silence. He was a Catholic before he became a Unitarian. Was it not strange that he should take such a long leap ahead?

In some of the churches, I have been told, the word "Silence" is placed over the doors outside. In a room consecrated to God, where the whole atmosphere is charged with devotional vibrations, great spiritual power is generated. To "Be still and know that I am God," attracts high and holy influences that strengthen and uplift us.

We want our faith to be known as a religion of joy, but we also want the world to know that we rev-

erence holy things. If we offend, then let us observe a more rigid church etiquette. I have occasionally been at services where the minister, instead of making the usual prayer, asked us to go into the silence, turning our souls to God, holding some thought for good, some desire of our hearts in a prayer for realization. The silence was impressive, and in that concentrated, united effort to get "In tune with the Infinite," is a peace that passeth all understanding.

Good Night,
Alice.

* * * * *

Princeton, New Jersey,
May 28, 1916.

My Dear Alice,

If I had leisure in such abundance as you seem to have, and could run all over the country as you are doing, I might write a "Current Events" letter, too, that would be as interesting as the one I just received from you. But here I am a prisoner within the four square walls of my study, poring over ancient and sacred history, preparing myself to demolish your "Universal delusions" when I have served my term and get out.

At the rate you are assimilating religion, I'll never have a chance to prepare a sermon against your Universalist belief; by the time I get ready to preach you will have left that belief so far in the background of your memory as one of the antiquated doctrines of your youth, that I shall have to turn my attention to your recent discoveries. Alice, my dear girl, if you must wander all over the map of California, don't, I beg of you, look up a new religion every place you go. I do wish there was some way to make you immune from these attacks; you seem so susceptible to taking things that do not belong to you, nor do they fit in with my plans for your future. It really grieves me to know you are listening to Unitarian doctrines. I cannot but be at variance with a religion that rejects Christ as our Saviour.

I am asking myself where will this end. You must see that all these new ideas are not in accord with the religion of our Puritan Ancestors—a religion

which has civilized and christianized America, nor are they authorized by our Holy Bible.

This climate seems to affect me unpleasantly since I came East, and my throat is troubling me again, so much so that I have not left my room for several days, so you will pardon a brief note this morning.

Your faithful,

Arthur.

* * * * *

Grand Avenue,
Pasadena, Calif.,

June 8, 1916.

Dear Arthur,

I am sorry, dear, you are having trouble again with your throat. When you leave college, you must locate yourself where the climate isn't so cold and changeable as it is in the far East. I do wish you would consent to take treatments of Mrs. Gray, the lady you met when you were here last year; absence makes no difference in spiritual healing, she could treat you just as well in Australia as if you were in the same room with her.

She told me the other day, of healing a cousin in Illinois since she came here. The doctors had told this relative she should move to a warmer climate because of throat trouble; that was years ago and she is still teaching there. She helps me in every way. When I am sick or discouraged, I go to her for "A lifting of the spirit," as she sometimes calls it, and I always leave her feeling so buoyant and happy and strong. Father says she helps him more than anyone when he is ill.

As you see, we have removed to Pasadena and are boarding at La Solano on this beautiful avenue in the southwest part, that runs parallel with Orange Grove Avenue and is just as pretty I think.

Did I ever tell you Mrs. Gray's history? We have known her for years, and I am very fond of her. I often wonder how she can keep the vibrations so peaceful in her home, so that even strangers, I have taken there, speak of the beautiful thought atmosphere around her. It is turbulent enough when her husband is home and alone with her.

I don't think Mrs. Gray could be tempted to tell an untruth, yet she has had to live in an atmosphere of lies and hypocrisy all her married life of nearly thirty years. She has never told what she was enduring all these years, until her husband forced an issue by telling her he wouldn't live with her any longer.

Here comes the contemptible character of the man to the surface, showing he is a cringing coward; he wants her to leave him, so he will be spared the blame of the separation and have possession of the property. You will see the injustice of this when I tell you that two-thirds of the money invested in the property came to her by inheritance from relatives. Of course, she has told her friends now and he has made so many threats lately, that she has consulted an attorney. He tells her to stay right in the home, as her husband is evidently trying to drive her out to get the property.

Mr. Gray has always been erratic and visionary, with a violent temper, although he gives the impression that he has angelic qualities, and is very devoted to her in the presence of others. As she has always shielded him, they passed for an ideal couple. It came like a thunder bolt from a clear sky, when the truth was known. He is well educated, agreeable and pleasant in his manner, a fine conversationalist and could have risen very high in almost any line of work he chose to take up.

Of course you can easily read between the lines and see that there must be a woman back of all this recent outbreak. There is, Arthur, one with mighty hypnotic power and he is completely under her sway. This is not the first one by any means, for there have been several—some silly, some unscrupulous. Yet, Mrs. Gray is still trying to awaken his better nature and save him from the consequences that will follow if he insists upon a separation.

She believes him to be mentally unbalanced, and she feels great pity for him. He has had several accidents and has been struck on the head every time. I

feel he is crushing her out of existence by his abuse and brutality, and I am afraid she will not live long unless she is released from him soon.

I shall not have time to answer your unjust attack on Unitarians in this letter. I will only relate an incident which occurred in Channing's time; it may be unnecessary to remind you that he was a prominent Unitarian minister. Dr. Robertson, another prominent minister of the orthodox church was asked by a member of his congregation if ever he expected to meet that man Channing in heaven. Dr. Robertson answered quickly, "No, he will be so near the throne, I shall never see him."

Spend a little time in studying the modern leaders in your church, Arthur, and tell me in your next letter who Dr. Robertson was. If I don't examine you occasionally as you go along in your theological studies, I shall never find out whether you are growing in grace and knowledge.

Take good care of yourself, dear. I can't allow you to go to heaven yet, not until you have gotten rid of your prejudices and the unbrotherly malice you hold for other denominations who differ with you.

I must close this letter now and write to Mrs. Gray, as I feel strongly impressed to write and urge her to take decisive steps to protect herself in this great struggle to maintain her rights. She is so absolutely alone in the world, with no one to fight her battles for her, and too conscientious to treat her husband as he deserves to be treated.

Always your loving

Alice.

* * * * *

La Solano, Grand Avenue,
Pasadena, Calif.,

Dear Mrs. Gray,

June 9, 1916.

Conquering by love does not mean submitting to injustice, for injustice to yourself is wronging your husband. Any other way will lose to you the respect

of many as well as your own self respect. One may forgive but not condone perpetual infidelity. You know any compromise means continued annoyance. Now that everything is made public, it seems to me, Florence, it would be better to take the matter in hand yourself and sue for absolute divorce and your property rights. You have evidence in those letters and without them if you do not care to take them into court. Long continued cruelty and abuse, with now absolute proof, gives you ample grounds for gaining your freedom.

He can perjure himself trying to injure you, but your life has been an open book and above suspicion; nothing he can say will hurt you, it will only weaken his cause and earn for him the contempt he merits. So long as you are his wife, you must suffer vicariously for his wrong doing, besides taking the insults and terrible tongue lashings, as in the past. You must have a complete separation, then you can protect yourself from his assaults.

A refined, sensitive woman shrinks from what is before you, but a bold move and a decisive battle are better than the guerilla warfare which has harassed you for years. I remember the shock I received when I overheard his vile abuse of you that time I was in an adjoining room in Los Angeles; the recollection, even now, brings a shudder. Never, until then, did I suspect the oily hypocrisy of the man. It afterwards became knowledge as time and incident revealed his true character.

What a true, forgiving, loving, wifely spirit you have shown all these years, living with him and shielding him from the consequences of his own sin and folly! But you know, Florence, instead of this having caused him to repent and live a saner life, it has encouraged him in the idea that he can sin with impunity and then browbeat you by abuse and vile epithets or pleadings and crocodile tears to reinstate him. He could then pose before the world as a pure man with a jealous wife, which he has done in the past many times.

Your knowledge of divine guidance will protect you and right must prevail. Do not compromise. Cut loose entirely from this blight on your life. You have done all you can by forbearance and forgiveness to save this soul from ruin, but he eventually must work out his own salvation. I am holding the thought of strength and freedom for you, but you must co-operate in an active, physical way.

He has his profession and intellectual talents with which to earn his way in the world, so make no concessions which will cripple your resources. The way has been long and painful, and you have almost fainted by the wayside. Through it all, you have been upheld and carried up heights and over chasms, deep and dismal, until now the sunlit peaks are in sight. They may seem inaccessible, but a brave effort and they will be won. Press on, brave soul, one who has overcome so much, can overcome again and again. Think of the great power for good you are and will be, when peace and poise are yours again.

Why, Florence, I feel like putting quotation marks to what I have written. It seemed as if someone in the invisible world was standing by my side, dictating every word of it. I have not written as I intended to. You must see it is unlike my usual way of expressing myself.

Always your loving
Alice.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, Calif.,

June 10, 1916.

My Dear Alice,

I was very glad to see your familiar handwriting on the letter just handed me by the postman. I thought the style a trifle stilted for you, dear, when I read the letter. If you are at all impressional, someone interested in my welfare may have stood at your elbow making suggestions. It has been done before. I have had so much evidence of help from the invisible world, since passing through this trouble, that I no longer doubt the existence of guardian spirits. I know.

Once, when the daughter of a clergyman was calling, she was made clairvoyant and clairaudient to give me a warning message. She saw a sword over my head, and heard a voice say, "If you do not go away, Mrs. Gray, I cannot answer for the consequences." This was the first time this lady had ever been able to see or hear on the psychic plane. I did go away and came very near passing out from the nervous strain I had been enduring so many months.

I have several friends who get very fine psychic messages from teachers upon higher planes. They are so helpful for everyone, although given to encourage and help me through these dark hours, that if you care for them, I will copy one every time I write you.

There has been no change in my life since you left. I endure persecution until my friends in Riverside urge me to get away from it and go back there and get renewed strength. I always find, as you know, that my leaving home is a weapon used against me when I return and hear that Mr. Gray has been complaining that I won't stay at home. My friends down south urge me, as you did, to end it all but, Alice, there are many things to be considered and I must not act hastily nor do anything I shall have reason to regret in after years.

The marriage vows should not lightly be given nor lightly kept. I must never lose sight of the fact that he is to be considered as well as myself. If I can save him, it is my duty to do it, for he is absolutely insane at times. I know I am in danger from him but only when he has lost his mental balance entirely. I have my science, dear, and I have had many proofs of divine protection. Besides, life on this plane as I have found it so far, has made me indifferent about continued expression in the body. I am a tired soul, and I would be at rest. It would be a sin to end one's existence, and I suppose even my indifference is wrong; anyway, I shall fear no evil, and shall trust in God.

Last night, Mr. Gray came in about nine o'clock absolutely unbalanced; he talked incoherently and began using terrible language and threatened me, so that I ran into my room, locked the door and began treating him. He kept this up all night, and I treated him until in the early morning when a "voice" said to me, "Go out, you can control him now!" Oh, what a night of horrors!

But let us forget my troubles and talk of something pleasanter. Tell me if you still feel unwilling to marry Arthur now that he has changed his profession. Don't decide hastily, dear. You are so well mated, so fitted to make each other happy. Your perfect companionship is rare, and I should feel very sad if you allowed any religious differences to separate you.

Have patience with his newly acquired theological bigotry. With actual contact with the world, he will soon shake off many of the fossilized beliefs he has been taught in college. Let him advocate them with zeal while he believes in them and let him discover for himself their fallacy.

I wish you would promise me that you will not break your engagement with him until he has finished his studies and has preached a year or so. He will not be ready to marry anyway until he has established himself. He is so fond of you, I fear he would not have the same enthusiasm in his work if you deserted him now. I have your interests at heart, and I do not want you to marry anyone who would prove uncongenial or would hinder you in working out your own ideals, but I feel **strongly** impressed that you two were made for each other and, united, will do a grand work in the world.

I will now copy the reading I got recently from a psychic friend, coming through her from a teacher in the spirit world.

"You, Florence Gray, represent the vital principle of truth and draw from those you come in contact with a desire to be true. When the call comes to your husband, who blinds himself to this desire,

there is friction between the two natures. A soul who knows truth must realize it, or perish spiritually. While it seems hard to pass through the stages where warfare rages between good and evil influences, the result is far more satisfactory to the one who is victorious, and still more blessed to one who helps another to rise.

"There is nothing coming into your life to harm you. The trials may make you sore, but they burn away the dross that the spirit may shine through. Hold firmly to your faith in the triumph of good. The frailties of human nature, which seem to each individual the hardest to bear, are the ones which present themselves to the struggling soul, and great are the victories when the soul triumphs over disagreeable tasks.

"The man who has no taste for liquor can claim no glory for never having been a drunkard. Injustice is the greatest trial sensitive souls have to endure, and yet when one forgives an injustice, one has gained a rare victory. It is the hard places in life which make the life of a Christian more like Christ. Wishing to avoid the hard places is yielding to the tempter which beset Christ and failed. Trust in your highest consciousness as the dictator of life, reach up to its light as the one revealing the Divine Centre, and you will make no mistakes.

"The same Eye that watched over Israel has never slumbered nor slept and recognizes your soul in its struggles to gain light and life. Cast all your care upon Him and He will see you safely through. Regard your husband as a living soul, given into your care as a babe to its mother. You were born to minister, not to be ministered unto, and your pleasure and joy will come through giving life to hungry souls according to the great light which has come to you.

"Earthly friends will fail because of their weakness in flesh, but your dependence upon the highest friend, Truth, will be ever ready to minister to your most earnest craving. Oh, if the world would only cease to look for things and seek to find eternal prin-

ciples, there would be so little of the disappointing influence and so much of the elevating and satisfying.

"If we could go within for blessed companionship, then earth ties would vanish, husbands and wives would become united souls and associate on a higher plane of spiritual life, which would debar the entrance of lower influences. Hold for yourself freedom, spiritual freedom, that each soul may bring the highest conception of right, honor, truth and justice, no matter where the personality may lead nor what it is called upon to do.

"Even Christ associated with publicans and sinners, but it was to raise them and not to be dragged down with them. Hold for your husband that truth will come and set him free. He is under a strong hypnotic influence that little knows what it is doing. We see that you will be able to free yourself by the purity of your life and your dependence upon God. The others connected with you in this wrong will be in bondage."

About the time that the sword was seen over my head and the warning given to go away, I had a prophetic dream. I dreamed there was a butterfly pinned on the wall in my living room, and looking up at it I saw that it was alive. I said, "How cruel of Leslie to pin a butterfly on the wall and leave it there so many years." I hastened to release it, and when I drew the pin from its body and laid it on the table, it could only move one wing. I was bending over it when a voice, stern and commanding, said, "This is a symbol, you are the butterfly, and you have been tortured for many years. You must go away at once or you will pass out." Always your loving friend,

Florence.

* * * * *

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Alice,

June 16, 1916.

Go right back to Santa Barbara, I beg of you, and begin at once on a religious scenario for the "Flying A." You know so much about all the religions of this

world and the world to come, you ought to make your revelations public. Picture shows are better attended than church services. You will have a fine field for your labors. Give each religion a fair show and then let people choose for themselves. I think I shall have to furnish the picture for our denomination. I am afraid I cannot trust you to represent us.

I am very sorry for Mrs. Gray, but I was greatly relieved to hear that the story of her life overshadowed your love for controversy. I was spared learning whose "voice" from the other world planted Unitarianism in America. Perhaps it was another Calvinist. I can stand it if it were. We are always going about doing good and carrying the gospel to the heathen.

Couldn't you give all this weighty information which you possess to a phonograph? Send me all the records, please. You may go so far in your occult studies that you will be translated, and I cannot afford to lose all the valuable material stored in your brain. It will help me much in writing my sermons.

I look to see you getting so curious sometime about what's going on in the future world, that you will dematerialize the atoms of your body, and go hence leaving no trace behind. It occurs to me that a phonograph, which could be persuaded to let you preach the "Occasional Sermon," would be the strongest magnet I could have to draw you back to earth again providing, always, I haven't forgotten you and still kept your memory green and desired your presence.

I liked Mrs. Gray very much when I met her last summer, but please don't ask me to believe she could heal anyone three thousand miles away. Why you are getting worse every day.

I wish Mrs. Gray had some friend who would step in and fight her battles for her. It does make my blood boil to learn of her ill treatment by that hypocritical coward. I never liked his face. As you say, he is bright and entertaining, but what does intellect count if there isn't a strong moral purpose

and character to withstand the temptations of life?

I am feeling all right again—absent treatments would be superfluous luxuries.

Your loving
Arthur.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.

June 26, 1916.

Dear Arthur,

Are you tired of theology already? I have been interested in the subject all my life, ever since I was a little girl and was taken by my parents to hear debates between orthodox and liberalist preachers. I cannot shift all my interests in life and change my thought currents just because you are going to preach.

In order to have harmony, I can in a measure conform to conventional customs and pass without comment characteristics I dislike in people. When it comes to questions of vital importance, where there is a principle at stake, or a truth assailed, I am too strongly individualized to withhold an opinion.

Dr. Shailer Mathews said in one of his books that ordinarily the student goes out to preach with as little knowledge as he would have to work on Mars, just because he devotes his time to a wearisome memorizing of theological text books, instead of dealing with the vital matters involved in philosophy, sociology and political economy. You see, Arthur, the point he makes is that the attitude of mind cultivated in the theological course, is not one of investigation, but submission to authority.

There are so many sins now which were considered religious observances only a few years ago, such as burning people at the stake and beheading them for their religious beliefs. Your orthodox, fanatical bigots will have something to answer for when the "Book of Life" is opened and they see their own acts on its pages.

If you had been one of the Puritan fathers you called my attention to, you would no doubt have thought it your duty to burn me up when I had that vision. You content yourself with using the more modern weapon of ridicule and trying to roast me on

paper. It doesn't hurt, Arthur, because your arguments are not strong enough to make an impression.

I have been told of an ancient burying ground where in the good old days of religious zeal, they partitioned off a large vault and reserved it for "Infants doomed to damnation." And, dear, remember the persecution of the Quakers, a sect deeply religious, in the true sense of the word, and one that leaves its spiritual impress in a higher civilization in every community where its churches are found. And when you are assimilating church history do not neglect to inform yourself of the part ministers of the gospel took in convicting and burning witches.

Turn back the pages of the history of the Netherlands, and read how Charles V hanged, beheaded, burned and buried alive fifty thousand people because of their religious opinions. Then read of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's day and the driving of over half a million Huguenots from France. The liberal religions are a protest against these horrible crimes which have been committed in the name of the gentle Nazarene who came on earth to bring peace and good will and who taught brotherly love.

But you say your Church does not believe those doctrines now. Then my dear boy do a little missionary work in the interests of that commandment which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness;" help to get rid of that old "Confession of Faith," so that your ministers when they take on the holy vows of ordination can be true to their own convictions, subscribe to what they honestly believe, and stand loyal for truth in the sight of God.

Changing the subject, I must tell you how charmed we are with Pasadena, with its clean paved streets, its beautiful shaded avenues, and its wealth of bloom and foliage. The La Solano is a very pleasant family hotel with large grounds and bungalows for those who prefer privacy. We are in a bungalow principally on Tiger's account. He is a very exclusive cat and abhors a crowd. We are so close to the picturesque Arroyo Seco that we often take our walks

in that direction. They talk of turning it into a great natural park extending it for miles, carrying on the work began by Busch in his famous gardens. There is a magnificent new bridge over the Arroyo.

They are talking New Thought outside my window. I shall have to leave you and get into the fray. I am afraid papa won't keep up his side of the argument unless I am there to help him.

Your loving
Alice.

* * * * *

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Alice,

July 4, 1916.

You do enjoy religious controversy so well, it's a great pity you did not live in the days of Melancthon, Luther and Calvin. You would not have said as did Melancthon on his death bed, that you were not unwilling to be delivered from the "Fury of Theologians," and go to the light where you could "comprehend the mysteries which you had not been able to understand on earth." You would have telegraphed Mrs. Gray for absent treatments, and would have risen from your death bed, fresh for another battle, wouldn't you, dear?

Taking up the Unitarian belief of a moral life saving one, what inspiration do you get out of it? It is too cold an abstraction and leads nowhere. I was in Atlanta once over Sunday, and, taking a stroll Sunday morning, I found myself at eleven o'clock in front of a Unitarian church and went in. It was the hour for services, and there was no one there excepting the janitor. I waited a few minutes and then, not wanting the minister to waste his eloquence on one man in the pews, I went to an orthodox church close by, and heard an inspiring message given before a large audience of people who seemed alive and vital, interested enough in the gospel of Jesus Christ to be in their places when the services began.

"By their fruits, ye shall know them." I haven't any statistics upon the subject, but from observation and talking with earnest, thoughtful men, who are keeping up with the trend of affairs in the religious

world, I should say that the liberal denominations are not growing. I have been told there is very little enthusiasm even in the churches they have founded.

Go into the silence and meditate upon this, you little iconoclast. You may have a revelation from some of the high priests of your various cults who have ascended or descended into other regions of space. Call up John Murray, and see if he is suffering punishment from his religious beliefs. If you get an affirmative answer, continue questioning him and find out which belief he is doing penance for—his early Calvinism or his later Universalism.

You must have been reading that poem, "Sitting alone with my conscience, and that will be hell enough for me." Most people carry around a conscience in this world, but it doesn't seem to keep them from sinning, nor does the close proximity of this conscience disturb them in the least.

I glean from your lucid and voluminous writings that a man, who has been guilty of the blackest crimes, is given a shady seat under a fig tree and after a short probationary period, communing with his conscience, he enters into all the delights of heaven. I have often heard you say that justice is a stronger word than love. In the name of all that is good and true, where is the justice in your scheme of salvation?

Go to our beautiful house of worship while you are in Pasadena, and see if you ever hear anything from the Westminster Confession of Faith quoted or dwelt upon. Our gospel is more than a creed. You speak as if we had not changed, in our hearts at least, since that Westminster Assembly. If we were to write a creed today it would be along broader lines of thought and better fitted to the needs of the twentieth century.

My dear girl, do you realize the close spiritual tie that binds us? It makes me even sensitive at times to your thoughts. I knew in some telepathic way, you were displeased about my going into the ministry, before your letter came in reply to mine telling you

of the fact. Are you so strongly opposed to it that you cannot become reconciled? You know you are dearer to me than anything else in life. We must harmonize these differences, or I shall take a decisive step in this matter. Nothing must separate us.

Your loving
Arthur.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Alice,

July 6, 1916.

Do you remember the illustrated article which we read in the London Times describing the experiments of a French scientist? He invented a camera which photographed thought. He had several people pray on the Eiffel Tower, and he got a picture of bright nebulous substance **ascending** (the picture was in the Times).

He continued his experiments and took a picture at Lourdes, where so many are healed, and here the bright thought substance was **descending**. Baraduc has also photographed the **spirit** body as it left the **flesh** body. He finds it a counterpart of the material body, which, of course, we know through our study of occultism, is only the outer covering. Gladstone said he expected to see science prove immortality. It has proven it.

My friend, Mrs. Grady, was in the other evening, and a message came from the invisible world. It confirmed M. Baraduc's statement of thought having form, substance and color. I shall copy it for you as it is so much more interesting than my troubles which only multiply as the days go by.

"We are in spirit now, what you desire to be in the flesh, having gone through the divisions of matter, and finding in **ourselves** the means that bring about the ends desired. We have just come into your aura, and find the brain of Mrs. Grady able to transmit our thought speech.

"We see you were born, Mrs. Gray, to harmonize by your higher possibilities the different grades of material life. What is it to remit sin? The highest

calling to any soul on the earth plane comes to souls like yours; that is, those belonging to the order who must finish the harmonizing of these states to which I have alluded. The calling is to remit sin, not only for yourself, but for those around you. The power to remit sin is to be able to place all souls by your higher thought vibrations in connection with themselves.

"This constitutes forgiveness on the highest plane possible. Send every soul to its own tribunal of justice, asking no questions, making no demands. Believe in nothing but supreme, unlimited power, which is able to do the work, to ransom the flesh and to open the door of the kingdom of heaven.

"Acknowledge the Divine Centre in every human being. Call for it, then use your progressive soul power, which you are capable of using beyond what you understand now, sending good to this centre, so the lower nature of the person may be pricked in the conscience by its close proximity to its own centre. The light from the centre shows the man all the defects, all the wrongs, he has been guilty of in the past, all the injustice clogging the way between the light of the divine man, and the lowest form of his personality.

"This one searchlight is like what Ezekiel saw in his vision. Demand that all wrongs in your life and in your fellow beings shall be righted by the divine light of justice.

"We are babes, as you are, in many respects, but we see beyond us worlds of light and love, illuminated by the finest and best thoughts, coming up like the sweetest incense from your earth.

"We are all passing on into higher states, throwing out the radiance from our own souls to help those going beyond us and higher. As sin is remitted and more souls turn to the centre, the work of progression is increased two fold. You are in the shadows so long because there are so few centres of light.

"The object now in living should be to cultivate the light of your own centre—to remit sin. Turn each

soul to its own centre, allowing its trial to be alone. By your illumination, helping with the other souls allied to yours in this order to shine, as I said before, into the next state, making more possible the quick transit through the chain of worlds."

This may seem vague to you, Alice, but it was a helpful lesson, which I can use in my healing. It is often necessary to correct some sin in a patient before the healing of the body can be realized. Perhaps you will ask why the plural pronoun is used. I cannot answer except by telling you I once had a message to the effect that from the higher spheres above the astral plane, advanced spirits in groups, or brotherhoods, send out their collective thought.

Through Mrs. Grady, I once received two very fine sermon-lessons, containing a scolding for me which was beneficial. As I am alone and lonely tonight, I will amuse myself by writing them out for you. To explain my reprimand, all my life I have feared burglars, and the thing I feared came upon me, just as it did with Job. I have had several experiences with burglars in my life but I am not writing a detective story, so I will omit that part; suffice it to say, I always kept a revolver under my pillow until this message came.

"The law of cause and effect is no mysterious working principle, as we see it. Now let me explain it to you in such definite terms that you cannot mistake the meaning. I will illustrate it by fear, as that is a negative product of thought creation, and calls for its positive counterpart, to make a whole and complete agency of itself. If you do not succeed in incorporating another truth into your organism, I pray you may be convinced of this one. Fear of any condition, negatively possesses you the moment you allow it refuge. You are liable, unless counteracted by other agencies, to bring the **exact object to your doors**. It induces a positive part of the same fear to lie in wait for you, seeking your destruction.

"I tell you plainly, guardian spirits are often unable to do more for a person in a whole life time than

the mere prevention of calamities, that person is continually drawing to him. If you fear a misfortune, or a burglar, it draws to your negative assertion, the positive misfortune and burglar. As long as you hold those thoughts and require attention, you can expect little else. There are no means of injury unless first adopted by yourself or projected toward you by some other fear closely allied to the other form.

"All negative thought currents are open to positive thought objects. All implements of execution produce chains of effect and there is no possible chance of escape from the effect of cause in some form bearing a similar likeness. I heard the man say in your meeting that he had no means of accounting for his accident, which he claimed was beyond the pale of fear. Now if you could see this man's life, he fears a multitude of things, mostly the result of his incongruous habit of thinking out his own thoughts and believing them to control exactly his desires. So his accident was really the culmination of a set of effects in which negative thoughts were just sufficient for positive action.

"If you are a disciple, working your way to a haven of peace, don't have visible appearances around you which would cause others to believe that you trust in anything but yourself and your God. I see the results plainly before you both, if you do not, from this time, rid yourself of the bugbear of misfortunes, which belongs to you, Mrs. Grady; and the bugbear of burglars which belongs to you, Mrs. Gray. The former will cramp and destroy her finer forces, and the latter will take an innocent life and destroy her best means of action. This is the law which you are making for yourself day by day."

I assure you, Alice, that revolver was put on a top shelf and I am working harder than ever to eliminate fear from my consciousness. I will copy the second communication on trust, these seem to be from a different personality, one who is sterner, more dictatorial, than the author of the first one I copied.

No submission of the individual mind into the Universal mind in his two sermons.

"I talked to you of fear and its effects. Now I will take up the subject of trust, the opposite of fear, and its effect. What is trust? It is a peaceful reliance upon a law that is working your good. Trust your own efforts. Trust in the desire that produces them. Trust in their protection. Now this attitude of mind ensures co-operation because the whole tendency of the cause, which is working your good, and the effect of its operation upon you is to group your methods of action, perhaps, in a very commonplace way, but if you are a close observer, you cannot help seeing how the amount of trust in the desire has brought into action your will in the effect. Your trust in your efforts, having the double force of that highly involved principle of your being, brings into the results, providing you have worked along the lines of advancement for yourself and others, the best conditions for happiness with the object gained.

"We maintain here, that every object set forth as belonging to the bounty of man should bring with it unalloyed happiness. So often there is discomfort greater than the heart can bear. Now the element of trust is a strong redeemer. It is the **Christ of God**, to the **soul of man**. Its office is to merge the daily consciousness into the heavenly conditions of the higher man, thus tending away from separation, distracting conditions, and loss of power.

"There is no word you have been taught to speak, which has been more blindly uttered by religionists, who teach that trust is a lazy way of absorbing the good.

"Resting on the oars, is a dangerous doctrine. Floating down the stream of life, with the belief in the dead copy of the will of someone who came to save the world, is, to say the least, living a delusion that will never end. This is not trust, for in the name of the righteous, where is the life in it?

"Trust is a feeling of security in the charm of the realization of life, when it is lived as it should be, full

of action, overflowing with the recognition of a Divinity that serves your ends with a purpose, brighter than the glory of any star in the firmament, because trust in your desires—I mean by desires, good things for the good—is putting into these thoughts the God likeness which crowns every idea with love, serenity and promise.

“Trust in your efforts allies you to friendly spirit workers; let me tell you, the pure and refined souls meet you **only on this ground**. The more you trust in your own efforts, the more you will feel the clasp of a friendly hand and know there are faces looking into yours in love and sympathy.

“Trusting in yourself and the shielding influences you have gathered to yourself, bars out all intruders. The greatest safeguard against injury is to make the environment around you so strong with the elements of trust, that no thought of a degrading nature can exist in form near you. This law is universal; no element nor combination of elements can exist in conditions which do not sustain them in active motion. Trust likewise imparts the nature of its exalted state to everyone who wishes to mold his life according to its principle and methods of perfecting the creature man.”

I hope these messages, teaching the responsive acts of life as they affect the individual, will benefit you, Alice, as they have me. The newer revelations of God, through inspired souls, teach us that faults are sins. Christ said, you remember, he had more to tell his disciples but they could not bear it. Their consciousness was not awakened to the higher, finer things of life in that age. We are getting the teachings now and know that a fault may be a deadly sin and far-reaching in its consequences.

We know the thought precedes the act always. If, in trivial matters we “agree with our adversary” quickly as Christ commanded us to do, we would change our thoughts toward him.” “A little endured, a little passed over in silence, and lo, the rugged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.” What tragedies would

be averted in families, if love and self-control ruled, and these qualities made a part and practice of the family discipline.

Your loving,
Florence.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,
July 7, 1917.

Dear Mrs. Gray,

It saddens me every time I think of you, almost a complete stranger in Santa Barbara, where your trouble met you as soon as you moved there. If it had come upon you when you lived down here, your many friends would have sustained and protected you by their sympathy and daily loving acts.

Surely this persecution you are enduring cannot be endless. When your husband finds he is unable to drive you out of the home, he will leave it himself. Poor, misguided creature, to turn against the one who has always been his best friend and who has borne with his outbursts of temper and shielded him from censure so many years.

He is unbalanced at times, no doubt, but therein lies the danger, Florence, to you. What you must have suffered that night! I wonder your hair didn't turn white. You are brave, my dear, but I can plainly see this strain is telling on you. It will take you years to regain your health and strength, if you ever do.

I believe you have a work to do in the world in healing and teaching. Why should you allow yourself to be dragged down to the level of this man who is sure to accomplish his ruin? You may have to answer for this sometime. Did you ever consider it in this light?

We are really responsible for ourselves alone. Christ told us to love our neighbors as ourselves, but He didn't say to love them better than ourselves. If God has given you the power to help and uplift sick, discouraged souls in the world, and you, instead of rising to the heights where peace and harmony abide, go down into the gutter and stay with a soul who is wallowing in the mire of his own iniquities, I

believe you will find you have made a mistake, when you face life beyond the veil.

Duty is as strong a word with me as it is with you, but I see no virtue in being nailed to a cross as you are, and suffering for so unworthy an object.

Are we out of harmony in some places? And do we belong in other places? I am perfectly happy in Pasadena. The mere fact of being here gives me joy. I think if I never became acquainted with a single soul, I should still have this immeasurable contentment. The thought atmosphere is different here. The beauty appeals to me, and you do not see the demoralizing whiskey dives at every turn. The people all look so happy and contented. If the sorrow of giving up Arthur comes to me here, I am sure it will be easier to bear in this region of pure delight, where life is happy and hope is bright.

What wonderful teachings you are getting through Mrs. Grady! I thank you so much for sending them to me and I shall study them every day until I assimilate some of the reproofs they contain for my shortcomings. They are new revelations of truth regarding the tremendous responsibility of right thinking, and they are fine.

You poor little mouse, struggling along trying to understand Browning, and using up your gray matter in the vain attempt! If you will but read, "The Best of Browning," by James Mudge, D. D., you will find many other souls have been stranded on the shoals of helplessness in attempting the same impossible proposition.

I am going to quote something from this interesting book, just to make you smile for you need cheering up. I call you a mouse, and then I ask you to smile, which is only another unreasonable request of mine and has none of the obscurity of Browning in it. We will call it an attempt to be paradoxical, if we must name it. I just hate to classify everything I do and say, but my friends always make me explain myself, and tie up to facts.

Quoting from the book, Dr. Mudge says, "‘Sordello,’ for example,—and this though probably the worst of its class does not stand altogether alone—has been called, with some degree of justice, ‘A melancholy waste of human power.’ ‘A derelict upon the ocean of poetry.’ ‘A magnificent failure.’ Tennyson, with whom Browning had the most pleasant relations, dedicating to him one of his volumes with the words, ‘In poetry illustrious and consummate, in friendship noble and sincere,’ tried to read “Sordello” and in bitterness of spirit declared there were only two lines of it he understood and they were both lies: ‘Who will may hear Sordello’s story told’ and ‘who would has heard Sordello’s story told.’ Carlyle said, ‘My wife has read through ‘Sordello’ without being able to make out whether Sordello was a man, a city or a book.’ Mr. Odysee Barot in an article on this poem in a French magazine quotes the poet as saying, ‘God gave man two faculties.’ and adds, ‘I wish, while he was about it, God had supplied another—the power to understand Mr. Browning.’ Douglas Jerrold, when slowly convalescing from a serious illness, found among some new books sent him by a friend, a copy of Sordello.’ A few lines put him in a state of alarm. Sentence after sentence brought no consecutive thought to his brain. At last the idea occurred to him that in his illness his mental faculties had been wrecked. The perspiration rolled from his forehead, and shutting his eyes he sank back upon the sofa crying, ‘O God, I am an idiot.’ A little later when his wife and sister entered, he thrust Sordello into their hands, demanding what they thought of it. He watched them intently while they read. When at last Mrs. Jerrold remarked, ‘I don’t understand what this man means; it is gibberish,’ her delighted husband gave a sigh of relief and exclaimed, ‘Thank God I am not an idiot!’ ”

The Episcopal rector here has preached a sermon regarding the truth of spirit communion. A lady told me she was attracted by his sermon-topic and went to hear him. After the services she was passing out

when a voice said, "Go back and speak to the minister." She obeyed and said to him that she was both clairvoyant and clairsaudient. He gave her a cordial greeting, saying "I am glad to hear it, for I do not suppose there are more than two or three in this audience who have had a demonstration of spirit return." I remember that a famous preacher in Boston once said, "I am going to preach on Spiritualism this morning, and those who do not wish to hear me are at liberty to leave before the services begin. "Truly dear, the world is moving slowly forward."

Your loving

Alice.

* * * * *

Riverside, Calif.,

July 15, 1916.

My Dear Alice,

Affairs shaped themselves in a very pleasant manner for me this week. A family wanted to rent our house, and Mr. Gray insisted on my letting them have it, as he said he was going North on a trip. I knew I should be criticized by those who do not understand the situation, but I decided that my own health was more important than the opinion of people who care nothing for me one way or the other. He is always getting sympathy because I will not stay at home you know.

I cannot express my happiness in words at getting back to Riverside again, where I have so many kind friends. I have never lived in a place where I have found so many warm hearted, agreeable people, and so much real culture as here. I am having some trouble to avoid an illness. I came just in time, I think and you see, Alice, I always get freedom when I need it most. Sometime I shall look back and see the guiding hand in it all, though it is hard just now to see the light far ahead.

I was entertained so often the last time I was here that I was about to go to the Mission Inn to make arrangements for a luncheon to return some of the courtesies extended me, when talking it over

with a friend she asked me if I would not like to entertain at the Club House. She said the verandas are so spacious, the ride out there is pleasant, and it is less conventional than the hotel and she thought everyone would enjoy it more, and she would ask her husband to get me a ticket for the month.

I gave up going to the Mission Inn with some reluctance, having very pleasant memories of the personal attention given in the menu, the decorations and the service by the sister of the genial host, when I lived here and entertained there.

I remember spending a week once at La Solano. I know you must enjoy it. I used to sit on the veranda and watch Bishop Johnson ride out through his beautiful grounds. I often wondered if he realized how near heaven he was, living amid such beautiful surroundings.

I am giving thanks to God every hour in the day that I am allowed this change for rest, and to recuperate from my hard life up North. I have absolute faith, dear, that if I do the will of the Father, I shall be led into peaceful conditions sometime in the future. Only the person directly interested can decide questions of moment. I get advice from friends and spiritual messages, but I must be left free to settle these problems which directly concern me, trusting my own divine light of intuition to guide me.

These teachings, giving me assurance that I was doing right, and that right would prevail, have sustained me at times when I was ready to give up the struggle through physical weakness and mental weariness. The one I shall send you today was given through Mrs. Mayo, one of the teachers here in the schools. This was very personal. I suppose the dwellers on the planes above us feel righteous indignation the same as good people do here.

"Now is your time to hold firmly to the truth. Declare that nothing can harm you, and justice must prevail. 'Be not dismayed, for lo, I am with you alway.'" Your husband has an idea at present of using hypnotic power to bring you to his terms. Any move

which affects you materially will be thwarted, so have no fear for yourself, or sympathy for his trials and sufferings which he is bringing on himself. It is the death struggle with the lower forces around him. When they can make you quiver and quail, they gain a point. When you stand firm upon the **Rock**, with the whole armor of faith protecting you, you are guarded, and all the battles of hell cannot prevail against you. Have no fear, stand your ground, and rather threaten him now in place of allowing him to do so much threatening.

"You can and must cause him to fear, and that at once. Tell him you have ceased to consider how you can make it easier for him, when he is trying to make it harder for you each day. Tell him that unless he ceases to act like a maniac, you will be compelled to take measures to have him guarded. This will cause him to pause and think more quickly than anything you can do for him. The lower forces are possessing him, and they cause him to fight you. Your assertions will down them just as soon as they recognize your lack of fear and your faith in higher powers."

The allusion to hypnotism explained something I did not understand. I would awaken often through the night and find him bending over me. Soon after this message came, he threatened to take my life one day, and I thought I would take the advice I had received. The effect was magical for a short time; he was frightened when I told him he would have to be shut up if he was going to act like a lunatic. He is evidently obsessed at times and this added to his unbalanced condition makes it a hard case to handle. I will copy another psychic message regarding spirit guidance, and prophecy.

"If you trust to higher powers in the working out of life on earth, I see no way or means by which you could become acquainted with the results of the highest embodied design working toward a final consummation, until you perceive the changes near approach as it enters the environment of being. The change which affects environment, if open to view,

would soon be interfered with by astral influences which are always on the alert, and with little discretion as to ultimate good, work indiscriminately. Sometimes these astral entities do excellent work, but as a rule no plan of action is protected in their sight.

"No one as yet on your planet possesses absolute power. Consequently all changes affecting human life, should be concealed until all links are formed and the change itself in possession of its own volume of force. Your own soul is your designer. We only protect and guide you to the true manner of acceptance of what is your own."

Your loving friend,
Florence.

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Pasadena, Calif.,

Dear Florence,

July 18, 1916.

I have read and re-read all those interesting "Sermon-lessons," I should call them. The one on "Fear" has done me a world of good. I hope I can work out some of my problems through them, and assimilate some of the truths they contain. They must be from souls who have progressed far beyond the earth plane.

Don't you believe that when we live pure lives and aspire to high and holy things, we attract that class to us? Of course, it might be because one was mediumistic and could be used as an instrument, irrespective of one's moral qualities. High spirits might use one just to get their teachings before the world.

I have thought very seriously over your advice, not to break my engagement with Arthur. Is it fair to him, Florence, to let him think I will marry him, when I know I shall not? Whenever I try to talk seriously with him on the subject, he treats it as a joke.

I try to trust and feel that the Divine Mind is leading me. You are a living example of what trust can do for one. Whenever I get discouraged, I think of you and your faith in the Law that is working your good, enabling you to put your own troubles aside, and cheerily help others out of their difficulties. You

are demonstrating it day by day, and you are an object lesson to rekindle my faith when things do not come out just as I plan in life.

I am so glad you are with your friend Mrs. A—— in Riverside, as I know you love her and enjoy being with her. She has always been such a true, sympathetic friend to you. Stay just as long as you can in an atmosphere of friendliness. I may not get over while you are there, as father is getting very dependent upon me to go with him in his daily tramps. We go in the canyons and over the hills.

He is always finding some new bug or rare species of plant life, and interests himself for hours prodding into strange nooks and crannies, while I sit under a spreading live oak, gazing at Old Baldy with his snowy mantle, and thinking of Arthur. I may like bugs and lizards when I am as old as father, but I think it's doubtful if I ever do.

Did I ever tell you of the psychic experiences I had with my friend, Mrs. Clover? She is very bright, well educated, and a fine conversationalist. You would never dream she had spirit controls to talk with her. She doesn't even like to discuss psychic phenomena for fear she will be classed with Spiritualists. Only her own family and a few intimate friends know she possesses psychic power.

Mrs. Clover has had nearly every phase of phenomena. I have been with her when five different spirits controlled her one after the other until, from familiarity with these spirit visitors, I learned to know from the voice who was present. She is controlled so easily that she never knows anyone has been in and after a half hour's talk with a spirit, he leaves and Mrs. Clover continues talking as if nothing has happened.

I will only relate one of many incidents that proved absolutely spirit presence and had no relation to telepathy or mind reading. First, I will introduce Aunt Lucy, a kind old colored woman, and tell you how her protecting care has often saved Mrs. Clover when she was in danger. She controlled her once

when she was living in an upper flat and a burglar had found the front door open and was going up the stairs. Aunt Lucy saw him, and she took possession of her and locked the door. When Mr. Clover returned, he was surprised to find the street door open, and when he got up stairs, the door locked. He heard 'someone fumbling with the key, and finally Aunt Lucy got the door open, grumbling over "the new fangled locks." She told him what had happened, and said, "Massa Bennie, if you don't believe me, just go out in the hall and smell the tobacco."

Now comes the really interesting incident, one of many I have had with this lady. Aunt Lucy came in one day, controlling her as usual, and told me she would not come again for some time. She said she wanted to go down to a little place near Charleston, South Carolina, to help her old master, Colonel Dudley, out of the body. When she came again she said, "it was a big funeral and the men wore little white aprons." Mrs. Clover was from Boston, and had never known Aunt Lucy in life. I told her when she came out of the trance state what Aunt Lucy had said. Without telling me what she was going to do she wrote the Postmaster at Charleston asking him if a man by the name of Colonel Dudley had died recently in South Carolina.

The courtesy of the Southern gentleman is illustrated in the result. She got a letter from the Postmaster, and he enclosed a clipping from a paper. Colonel Dudley was a prominent man, and had a very large funeral, and the white aprons which aroused Aunt Lucy's curiosity were worn by a fraternal order. After that we were unable to get Aunt Lucy. A year later she came saying she was offended because Mrs. Clover had doubted her word and sought proofs.

All the higher spiritual teachings warn us that messages are very often colored by the medium's thought and preconceived ideas. Yet no medium is willing to apply this truth to the messages which come through his own organism. He will take issue

with ■ communication received from some prominent man on the other side through another medium, and perhaps summon that same spirit who will contradict what he was supposed to say through the other medium. But if we measure the messages received by the same standard of truth, why should there not be the same dregs of personal belief in the subconsciousness of both these instruments used? Mediums often get beautiful poems, but because they come from spirits, they will not make even a trifling change which would make them technically correct, making no allowance for imperfect transmission. And many psychics believe, or disbelieve, the doctrine of reincarnation, because they are told it is true, or false, by their spirit teachers. I do not believe the ultimate destiny of the soul can be handed down to us by any teacher, but it is easy there, as here, to give an opinion by those who have only gone a little way along the path of progression toward higher spheres.

Your loving friend,
Alice.

* * * * *

Pasadena, California.

Dear Arthur,

July 28, 1916.

You have certainly given me enough subject matter for a sermon in your last letter. I have an engagement later in the day to ride through the beautiful Oak Knoll section with a very agreeable companion, who doesn't lecture me every minute about my peculiar religious beliefs. He has already told me he has never met anyone who understood him on religious subjects as I do. I leave the rest to your imagination, and I will hasten on so as to be ready when his shadow falls athwart my cabin door.

You inquire what inspiration I get out of the Unitarian belief, that a moral life saves one. I ask you, can you be saved unless you do live a moral life? Will mere belief save you? If a man doesn't sin simply because he is afraid of the consequences, he cannot be called religious, nor has he any spiritual development. He will never get into the Unitarian

kingdom of heaven by believing that Christ is his Saviour. He will have to show by his works, his faith, his life, that he is trying to follow in the Master's footsteps.

I am really very fond of you, Arthur, in your better moods, when you are not championing a "Lost Cause," and arguing from the false premise of a belief in "Predestination," "Particular Redemption," "Total Depravity," "Everlasting Hell," and a few other comforting doctrines.

I never knew until your last letter came that your people had changed their minds and their hearts since that Westminster Assembly so long ago. I am delighted to get the news, if it is authentic information you are giving me. It shows growth and is an encouraging sign of the times. May I trouble you for the proofs? I have noticed that at all meetings of the General Assembly, any motion to change or revise that ancient document has met with storms of protest.

I am surprised that you haven't quoted B. Fay Mills to me. It seems to me you are not using all the sharp weapons within your grasp, Arthur. This noted evangelist often changed his religion, evolving and devoluting very easily, the last few years of his life. A powerful evangelist with a large following and engagements ahead for months, he sacrificed many friends and popularity upon the altar of his changed beliefs and became a Unitarian. His narrow life there cramped him, and he soon left them. He then founded an independent society in Los Angeles, practically creedless, and the Fellowship church is the monument to his memory there. He left the society in charge of the associate pastor most of the time, and went to all parts of the world, lecturing and preaching.

When he went back to the Presbyterian church, he was in a peculiar psychological condition. Before he embraced orthodoxy again he had been preaching regularly in his own pulpit. He was so abusive and intolerant of orthodox beliefs that less than a month

before he left, the associate pastor and members of his congregation voiced their disapproval of his public utterances not in accord with Fellowship principles of love and good will toward all mankind. He had drifted into an almost agnostic condition of mind. It was time he took a leap in some direction to get his bearings.

I was in Los Angeles when the associate pastor spoke on the subject of Mr. Mills going back to orthodoxy again. It was a very forceful arraignment of this inconsistent step, when everyone knew he did not believe in your doctrines. It was given in a Christian spirit, and this gifted little orator gave him a hearty God-speed in his new field of labor. He said he called up one of the prominent ministers of your faith and asked him if anyone ordained in that church would have to subscribe to the Westminster Confession of Faith. He answered, "Yes, most certainly." Mr. Blight then read a part of this creed and said, "You who know what Mr. Mills believes are saying he would subscribe to it with mental reservations." When Mr. Blight takes one of his oratorical flights in denunciation of something which stirs him to the depths of his soul, he leaves nothing for anyone else to say on the subject. He denounced with flashing eyes, anyone who would subscribe to a creed with "mental reservations."

Some people call Mr. Mills insincere and say he had an ulterior motive and wanted his old place as an evangelist again. This tempter may have beset him, when he was so capable of swaying multitudes. I believe an awakening came when he was rebuked by his own people and he saw whither he was drifting. This may have become an ungovernable psychic storm which carried him backward as far as he had gone forward. Because they loved him, his real friends spoke in kindly criticism to him. From all I can learn, the results would have been very different if he could have taken it as he should have done.

When Rev. Blight preached Mr. Mills' memorial sermon, he said, "The telegram from Mrs. Mills says

her husband died of appoplexy. I say to you, he died of a broken heart. I saw him last fall in San Francisco, and talked with him, and I wish I could tell you that this man, whom we loved and revered, found satisfaction and happiness in the orthodox church. I repeat, he died of a broken heart." His friends mourn for this bright soul, who, with his beloved wife and companion, uplifted and comforted many souls by their beautiful ministry.

My gay cavalier hasn't arrived, so I shall keep on preaching to you until he comes. It seems to me, Arthur, my religion is the hardest to live. It's easier to subscribe with the lips to a formula or belief, and then rest in the assurance of salvation by repentance and belief, than work out our own salvation as Christ taught us and live up to the Golden Rule of conduct every day in the week in all our business and social relations. Then, we, in turn, can be saviors of men. I once copied a message which Mrs. Gray received. I shall let it be a little mystery where she got it.

"Jesus gave to the world only his personal effort. He sacrificed nothing but the human on the cross. He himself stood apart from his personality, with a desire to absorb more of the Father in him, and become a god. He was passive to the world, but that passivity was the acknowledgment of his soul's growth because it is evidenced in the feeling of satisfaction he manifested, not only with himself but with every condition of his environment. All that he taught, indicated the one desire to have those whom he taught understand that all life is dual and that the substance of that life makes man like a companion picture to himself. The sacrifice of blood is the most worldly aspect of what human nature is to represent."

Don't you know, Arthur, the world of thought is changing, even in your own church with the progressive element? All the churches, while still fighting the name Universalism, are gradually absorbing our doctrines. Why not be honest and give credit where credit is due? We have been persecuted for maintaining our principles in every possible way, and now

that we have blazed the trail, enduring all the denunciation and scorn of other religious bodies in our pioneer efforts, please don't follow in our footsteps and keep throwing stones at us. We know you will catch up with us sometime, but, in the name of all that is fair and good, be decently civil along the way.

Time, and a larger culture, are bearing the fruits. There is a monument erected to Servetus, the man Calvin was instrumental in having burned at the stake, and also one for the man who had his library burned and who had to flee to America because of his Unitarian beliefs. And yet, in this enlightened age, witness the puny narrowness of an orthodox minister at Pomona not long since; refusing at a temperance meeting to speak from the same platform with a Unitarian.

Answering the last question in your letter with another question, I ask you in all seriousness, can one, believing as I do, become the wife of an orthodox clergyman? I am too strongly individualized to keep silent on matters where principle is involved, and on questions of belief which I hold essential to growth.

Faithfully yours,
Alice.

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Princeton, N. J.

My dear Alice,

August 8, 1916.

I look forward to your weekly letter with so much pleasure that I hope you will never omit writing me, even though you have to sacrifice romantic strolls in the moonlight down your shaded avenues with that charming companion you have discovered in Pasadena. I am very happy to know you have found a religious parrot, who fits in so harmoniously with all your moods and tenses. He hasn't intellect enough to disagree with you, so he echoes your opinions. I hope you enjoyed your ride with him.

I know his type. I saw his twin brother at Palm Beach two years ago. He wears a white flannel suit with a sky blue sash around his waist, which is tied carelessly at one side, all fringed at the ends; the ribbon on his hat matches his sash exactly in color. No

doubt, if his brains were exposed, they would be of the same pale shade. He was a darling.

And you hold this creature up for my inspection, and, I suppose by way of comparison, you tell me he is an "agreeable companion" and doesn't criticise your religious beliefs. Oh, he couldn't, fair maid. I'll wager my life on it, he couldn't. He would agree with you on any subject and look so interested, but he wouldn't understand in the least what you were talking about. Such dudes haven't a thimble full of brains.

I enjoyed your talk on B. Fay Mills. I have watched his meteoric career with much interest. I do not believe he came back to us because he had changed his views, but he had grown tired of the lukewarmness of the liberalists. When an evangelist, he had been accustomed to conversions by the thousands, and their testimonies were manna to his soul. He was so magnetic, had such a big brain and such a flow of language, that he was a mighty power, and he knew it.

He claims he was re-converted because he was convinced this was "A lost world and needed a Saviour." I heard him preach on "Omar, the Tent-maker," the next Sunday after we saw the play in Santa Barbara. Do you remember, dear, how we enjoyed that wonderful evening? It was such a beautifully staged play, and so out of the ordinary.

One sentence in his sermon, expressed in his epigrammatic style, has stayed with me. He called Omar, "The Robert Ingersoll of Persia, a wise fool, and a sober drunkard." Your cold intellectualism chilled this man, who was on fire to reclaim sinners and spread the gospel. The indifference of his congregation was gradually petrifying his own ardent zeal.

I must agree with you, in order to be fair, that if he preached sermons condemning orthodoxy up to the very day of his coming to us, it looks as if he wasn't entirely sincere. Perhaps the censure of his associate pastor and others in his church helped him to see that he was driving close to the edge of the precipice.

As you say, when he saw his danger and tried to save himself, he leaped clear over the liberal church into the old camp of his fathers.

When his liberal followers called a halt, perhaps he found, by self examination, how agnostic he had become in thought and speech. He may have felt his own lost condition and stated it in general terms when he spoke of the world being lost.

He is where he can see things more clearly now, and I verily believe he has more reason to rejoice over the work he has done than some of your ice-cold intellectualists who sneer at him, and who will have to face their book of life with its record of services rendered for humanity when they go to the world beyond.

If you will let me decide whether you are fitted to be a minister's wife, the difficulties will all be swept from my pathway. They will fly as clouds from the California west winds.

Your loving
Arthur.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,

My dear Arthur,

Aug. 18, 1916.

There is one thing in life that always arouses all the military instincts of my nature, handed down from my warrior ancestors, and that is abuse of dear old dad. I favor preparedness at once when he is attacked.

I want you to know he never wore a blue sash in his life of some sixty years, and if his brains are not the proper shade of gray, I haven't found it out yet, nor have any of his friends.

Why, I believe I could make you jealous if I tried. I didn't mention whom I was going to ride with, and truthfully said that my companion wouldn't lecture me about my religious beliefs. You devote a whole page in giving a terrible tongue lashing to a poor victim of your imagination, and drag a weak, helpless dude out of the surf at Palm Beach to illustrate your character.

Down on your knees and stay there until I feel better about this insult to father. Poor, innocent old darling, he is swinging merrily outside my window in the hammock, utterly oblivious of having posed as a brainless creature in a silk sash for the edification of his future son-in-law.

I have just been reading extracts from all the sermons preached in Los Angeles Sunday, and the variety of the subjects amused me. I think I shall begin by giving you a Bishop's idea of the devil, because I know you reverence his satanic majesty, and will be glad to learn a few things about him, which you may have overlooked in your research work. We can't know too much about a good thing.

The Bishop said, "God created Lucifer an angel of light, and by his own sin he became the archangel of evil. One of the clearly defined doctrines of the Catholic church, is a belief in the personality of the Devil. No one can gainsay the presence of evil, it cannot come from God, who is the principle of good, hence it must come from some agency external to God."

While he was giving out this useful information, a man in the Methodist pulpit was giving Catholicism a slap by saying, "The idea of purgatory is a fiction, borrowed from paganism," and in speaking of the Pope's refusal to see Mr. Fairbanks said, "Is it not time for Americans to omit these empty courtesies to the old gentleman in his prison on the Tiber? . . . This performance is another grotesque illustration of the infallibility of the Vatican, which it will be remembered persecuted Galileo, excommunicated Copernicus, and burned Savonarola at the stake, and then four hundred years later canonized the Florentine preacher as a saint."

The Universalist minister came out squarely, advocating the conception which Unitarians have of the Deity of Christ, and in the same paper I read of two Universalist ministers being tried for heresy, because they wanted to unite with the Unitarians.

I have reserved the best for the last, and now I quote from Rev. Reynold Blight's sermon: "There

is a Christianity of dogma, a Christianity of ecclesiasticism, a Christianity of sectarian propaganda, and a Christianity of Jesus. To find the latter, it is necessary to divert the mind of all the theological accumulations of twenty centuries, and sit at the feet of the Christ Himself as did those favored disciples of the early days.

"Alas! the voice is silent, but in the recorded gospels we come into quickening touch, with the vital personality, that inspired fisherman and shepherds, and confounded the haughty priests with a wisdom that is not of this world. To approach the gospels in this simple and sincere fashion is a great experiment, sometimes revolutionary in its results. We very soon find that the popular doctrines find little confirmation in the gracious word, and that the current belief, that the Christian life may be defined in terms of church membership and creedal profession, is wholly erroneous.

"Christianity is not a profession of faith; it is pure life, noble speech and spiritual power. The call to discipleship is, 'follow Me.' The test of the Christ-follower is 'the works that I do.' The loosening of the sin and sickness, the proclamation of liberty, the demonstration of truth, and the doing the will of the Father; these are the sure marks of the Christian. The faith that proves itself in good deeds, the worship that is at once aspiration, sympathy, altruism, and above all—the compelling force of life; these are the signs and the tokens of the Christian brotherhood."

Dr. Frederick Finch Strong, eminent in electrical research work, who is dean at Krotona, has been giving some fine lectures on his own experiments in his laboratory. He has also been an investigator of psychic phenomena, and he gave recently a lecture on the subject. Doctor Strong is unique in his methods, having informed himself and studied legerdemain, so that he could distinguish between true and false phenomena.

He has made such a careful study of the quality of the phosphorescent robes worn by materi-

alized spirits that he can detect the garments that are "made up" by fraudulent mediums.

He related a remarkable experience which he had at a seance. An object was taken out of his pocket and dropped in the home of friends in a distant city. These friends got a message from the invisible world when the article was dropped in their midst saying it came from Doctor Strong. They, at once telegraphed him of the fact. Later at a seance this same article was returned to him, with the initials of his friends on it.

He said that when a scientist took up this study there was no incentive to lie, for he always lost in the estimation of his friends, and sacrificed considerable in having anything to do with so unpopular a belief. And the desire to promulgate truth would be the only reason anyone would have in risking his reputation.

I think I have presented enough strange doctrines in this letter to get a spirited response from you.

Your troublesome,
Alice.

* * * * *

Riverside, California.
August 18, 1916.

My dear Alice,

You have given me some hard questions to answer in your last letter. There are so many sides to psychic phenomena, and mediumship, so many bright lights and dark shadows. But we have established beyond the shadow of a doubt, that we can communicate with our friends, proving the continuity of life.

Our critics, with the "will not to believe," ask us why the messages differ so, coming from different personalities. They forget that Christ said: "In my Father's house there are many mansions," and judging by the messages there are as many different beliefs. One doesn't gain the whole of truth by dropping the body. Unless a man has an open mind when he passes over he may cling to his own particular beliefs for a long time, and maintain the truth of these beliefs in messages he sends to earth. When the soul casts its garment of flesh it is absolutely the same.

The unprogressed spirits are the ones most eager to manifest, and no dependence can be placed upon their communications. And that is one reason one should be careful about taking any advice given through a medium. The spirit controlling or influencing the medium, may be of a very much lower order of intelligence than yourself, and not capable of helping you either morally or materially. I never allow myself to be guided by advice concerning temporal affairs unless it accords with my own good judgment. If I had a warning from the spirit world, I should heed it. My life has been saved several times by a "Voice" warning me of danger.

These same critics say, "Why have anything to do with the spirit world if you cannot get correct information?" I would answer, just for the same reason that I keep on associating with people on this plane who are not perfect, who lie to me, and when they go to a foreign country, let their prejudices prevent them from giving reliable information concerning that country.

These messages I have sent you were given inspirationally and not under control, and are valuable teachings of the new psychology and very helpful to a student along these lines of thought.

Yes, I am very sure we attract high influences from the spirit world when we are truthful, upright and honest in all our thoughts and deeds. I have an example of the opposite in my own home. Mr. Gray has been very psychic ever since he was a child. He can see and hear on the next plane, and his life the last few years has attracted very undesirable entities around him.

Some weeks ago a friend of his was in the city and I invited him to dine with us. He is a very bright man and a writer; he has written some very fine articles in the magazines. It was Sunday and Mr. Gray said he would go down to the hotel and walk back with him. It was an hour after the appointed time before they came in, and Mr. Gray looked disturbed. Later in the afternoon, when I was alone in the room with our guest, he turned to me and said,

"I sense such beautiful influences around you, Mrs. Gray."

After he left, I asked Mr. Gray why he was so late for dinner. He remarked sarcastically, "Because this man was deliverng a lecture for my benefit; he said he saw evil influences around me, and they would wreck my life and ruin me morally and physically if I didn't get rid of them; he acted like a fool and paced up and down in his room at the hotel, raving and raging at me." I am sure the man did not know how Mr. Gray was acting, and he must have been impressed to talk as he did and was evidently clairvoyant.

Now I will take up your second question as to whether high teachings ever come through inferior channels, morally speaking? I have noticed they do in some instances. The instrument used (the medium) may not be living any of these truths and may never be strong enough morally to do so; but that does not make the teachings any less valuable. If the one receiving them would use and live them, he would be benefitted the same as anyone else, but if he turns away from them that act doesn't detract from the high moral teachings he has received through his organism. It was a long time before I could listen patiently to anyone giving forth these truths, who did not live them. I understand the law better now, and I take the good in whatever comes and try to forget the human transmitter of the message.

When I tell you that four persons in one family were sent to the insane asylum recently through using the ouija board, you will understand why I put up so many danger signals. My teachers from the higher planes tell me the lowest criminals from the astral world get in easily through this method. And good spirits can come also and give beautiful messages, but it is too great a risk to tap the infernal regions, unless one is clairvoyant and can see who is present dictating the message. Obsession is a fact, and leads to crime and insanity.

I think there are very grave dangers for those who sit for "control." Sometimes an undesirable

spirit takes possession of one and makes trouble. Colville, who was an advanced Spiritualist, once said, "Spirit communion yes, spirit control never." I am opposed to trance mediumship because I am opposed to hypnotism and the control of one mind over another. If you must investigate psychic phenomena, study Divine Science first and develop positive states of consciousness. Then Divine Mind helps to protect you if you are living a good life, for you attract high influences from the spirit world. Any psychic is in grave danger if he, or she, lives a false life and is breaking any divine law.

I cannot close my letter without telling you how I am enjoying my visit here. Every day has its pleasures. I gave my first luncheon at the club Thursday. There were sixteen present. I could only seat that many at the largest round table, consequently I didn't invite any more, but shall have other little parties during the month I am here.

I had the most delightful time last night at the closing exercises at Sherman Institute, the Indian school here. I shall always remember it as one of the events of my life, because it was so novel an entertainment, and was such a revelation of Indian skill and scholarship.

Ta-wa-quap-te-wa, chief of the Hopi Indians, came from his reservation, bringing his warriors here to give the famous "Eagle Dance." This was considered a great honor and a special privilege. I think it is rarely given with any pale faces present. The costumes were gorgeous and said to be very costly. They looked just like Eagles, and the dancing around the campfire was weird and fantastic. They hopped and swooped down on one another, flapping their immense wings.

The school had written a play entitled, "Uncle Sam's Convention of his Indian Wards." There was an Uncle Sam on the stage, who passed on all the work done by his wards; they came in twos before him and displayed their handicraft. Some of the girls were really beautiful; they brought the finest looking bread and cake from the Domestic Science Depart-

ment. If I had been Uncle Sam, I should certainly have insisted upon sampling the latter before I awarded any prizes for proficiency. The boys brought a fine bridle they had made. The blacksmiths showed their skill and wound up with an Anvil Chorus.

The Indian nurses gave first aid to the injured, bandaging two little boys who came on to the stage, fell and pretended to be hurt. They actually cried, Alice; I sat near enough to see the tears fall. The Catholic priest, who sat in front of me, leaned over and said to one of the teachers of the school, "And you can teach them to cry?"

This Indian school has always interested me so much. I remember when I lived here, going out one perfect day in May to a garden party given by Mrs. Hall. The first settlers of America lent a charm which made this garden fete so different from the ordinary. The Indian band played all the afternoon on the spacious grounds surrounding the beautiful buildings.

I remember the pretty scene as if it were yesterday. When we went in, twenty-four little Indian tots were merrily dancing around a Maypole, and in the rose covered arbors refreshments were being served by Indian waitresses who flitted in and out through the trees. All over the grounds were beautifully gowned women in groups. I wished I were an artist to reproduce it on canvas.

Later, when we left the grounds, I turned for a last look, and I shall never forget the picture. Just imagine a background for this bright scene of the beautiful mission buildings of the school, where scores of dusky figures were lining up for five o'clock drill; over and above were the majestic mountains, bathed in that amethyst tint the setting sun was throwing over them and lighting up the high snow covered peaks of the range with an indescribable beauty. I looked across the road to a field of new mown hay, then at the orange groves heavy with fruit on the other side, and there before me was a variety of scenery that California alone can produce.

Indians under cultivation are a surprise to me and show what environment can do in changing characteristics. I didn't suppose they could smile. I was glad to see that education had brought out some human qualities and developed a spontaneity of life and expression that made them happy and joyous. Perhaps if we had been suppressed as they have been and have had our lands taken away from us, we wouldn't have looked any happier than some of those old Indian warriors. Who knows? I think right here I will give you something that came from the spirit world about the Indian through Mrs. Grady.

"The revengeful nature of the Indian arises from his keen sense of justice, which on the lower planes of the earth life, retaliates in brutality. After death it becomes a most forceful agent of the rising qualities of the soul; he attaches himself to the most unjustly dealt with, to avenge wrongs by using influences to promote good, without its distressing opposite. Never will a loyal Indian leave the earth atmosphere, so long as there is a soul embodied that he can benefit."

If my acquisitiveness only equaled my inquisitiveness, I should have vast possessions by this time; whether treasures in heaven, "Where no thief approacheth, nor moth corrupteth," no man knoweth. Skepticism is a ghost which I have not slain, and when an enthusiastic propagandist presents a new and an alluring philosophy, I free myself as soon as possible from the glamour thrown around me by his eloquence and start out for information on the subject. I have often wished that I was a sweet purring nonentity, with copy cat proclivities, pussyfooting my way along the sheltered paths of the least resistance, accepting whatever is offered me. I should then be a beloved disciple, in a negative "kingdom of harmony," instead of a dissenter outside the fold, a fit target for sharp little stones of criticism.

This unfortunate quest for truth is leading me at present to seek information regarding the Old Catholic Church. One of the priests told me it was a Liberal Church, as liberal as any church in America. He

said it was free from all dogmas of belief, or allegiance to the Pope, although he said they used the beautiful sacraments of the Roman Church. The services are held every Sunday in the chapel at Krotona, the home of the Theosophists, and since talking with him I have been to Mass. Now, while I have no criticism to make against their church customs, I cannot conceive our Liberal Clergy in vestments, sprinkling Holy Water in a stifling cloud of incense, or our people in the pews making acquiescent responses to most rigid doctrines from the ritual of the Catholic Church. The leaders of the Theosophical Society are embracing this form of Catholicism, some of them becoming priests in the Church.

Listen, in a recently published book written by a Church of England clergyman, on the present status of religion in Europe, the author speaking in praise of the Catholic Church says that the Orders, and the priesthood of the Old Catholic Church are acknowledged by Rome, as valid, and deems it of great potential importance with regard to future developments.

Your loving friend,
Florence.

* * * * *

Princeton, New Jersey,
August 26, 1916.

My Dear Alice,

With "malice afore-thought," you deliberately deceived me in your letter. You led me along by indirect misrepresentation into your cunningly contrived little trap, and then you sprung it on me and caught your victim. Pray don't picture me on my knees in your dreams, fair maiden. If your irate parent tries to prove that I have been there in spirit, dressing him up in a sash and belittling his brain capacity, I can easily get absolution by proving an alibi. I haven't studied law without learning something as I went along.

You are evidently trying to pick a quarrel and start a revolution. Have you wearied of turning all the religions of the world upside down in your efforts to find something that suits you? If you have, don't turn on me and try to destroy my equilibrium. I wish

I had had the training of you when you were a child. You wouldn't have been allowed to browse around in all the pastures that looked green to your eyes.

I think it's about time you investigated New Thought and Theosophy. Evidently you have told me everything there is to tell about Universalism and Unitarianism. I believe with a noted religionist who says:

"Morality has little power of inspiration in comparison with religion. The gospel of the eternal life is more dynamic than abstract truth, and it is in the religious procreativity of evangelical churches, that Christianization of formative social influence will largely rest. It is certain that a churchless society and a religionless morality mean social and moral degeneration."

Were I to believe your doctrines which make it so easy to get to heaven, I should say with Omar Khayyam, "Come fill the cup, and in the Fire of Spring, the winter garment of Repentance fling," and I should get what pleasure I could out of life. Take away the belief that Christ died to save the world, and you pull down the whole moral fabric of the Universe, and destroy the infallibility of the Holy Scriptures. The Bible would be nothing to me were I to believe this, and would be simply a history of ancient times.

I am weary of all this groping for a foundation upon which to build a religious faith, when we already have one given by the Father when he sent his only begotten Son to be the Saviour of the world. By His blood, though our sins be as scarlet, yet shall they be washed white as snow.

Keep right on with your work, little sister, in gathering data to hurl at my strong citadel of invincible facts. It inspires me to dig deeper into my own church history. Some fine day all this digging will result in a sermon from me that will cause your unsatisfactory, unsafe belief to fall in ruins. You will then be on your knees at the mourner's bench.

Faithfully yours,
Arthur Hollingsworth.

Pasadena, Calif.,

Sept. 3, 1916.

Dear Arthur,

If what I write only inspires you to dig up antiquated doctrines, which no one believes any more, and fails to make you do any thinking for yourself, then my work is in vain. I will cheerfully resign my position as a torch bearer of truth for you to someone with more dynamic power, any time you will release me from my obligations.

If you could read that book, "The Church and the Changing Order,"* so pregnant with liberalizing truth and get nothing out of it but that one quotation, I feel sure that you and I will soon come to the "parting of the ways." The tie binding us will be broken because there will be nothing to sustain it in harmony of thought or unity of purpose. I recognized your quotation at once, as father and I had just finished reading the book, and had commented on that part you quoted as being entirely unlike anything else in it.

Why didn't you quote this message:

"It is true that the situation is not that of twenty years ago. The number of earnest religious teachers who have accepted the critics' positions is now very numerous, and despite the assertions to the contrary, their influence can be shown by statistics to be anything but destructive to the churches. But these very facts seem to result in a more vigorous propaganda against criticism and a more vigorous appeal to the doctrine of an infallible and inerrant Scripture.

"Thus there is forced upon the Church an issue of profound import. For, to exclude the higher criticism is practically to exclude biblical scholarship. Is the church ready to take such a step? Or shall investigation be given a free but reverent hand? This simple alternative has been generally obscured, whenever a reasonable freedom of teaching has been denied religious teachers. Men have been removed from their positions in theological seminaries, and in justification of such action, it has been said were not removed because of their views but because of their lack of tact.

*By courtesy of McMillan Co.

"Such excuses are dangerously near hypocrisy. The only justification that persecution can claim is passionate loyalty to truth. Better such intolerant loyalty than euphemistic truth."

I have quoted very liberally from this illuminating and instructive book. Did you notice Dr. Mathews' statement, that while religious teachers have been talking about the beauties of Browning, and the duties of school boards, the Scientists have turned preachers? And he refers, Arthur, to Sir Oliver Lodge, and Frederic Myers, as **proving the truth of immortality**. If you have kept up with these famous scientists, who with Sir William Crookes, are proving the continuity of life, you will find it has been accomplished through a study of the laws governing psychic phenomena. They have proven by materialization under strictly test conditions that the fact of Christ's materializing his body, and dematerializing it, was because he understood occult laws better than anyone else at that time.

These Scientists by years of patient study have talked with materialized spirits, who temporarily clothed themselves in flesh atoms to prove the power of mind over matter, and that Jesus came back with a flesh body when he talked to his disciples. If I interpret Dr. Mathews, correctly, he believes their investigations have proven immortality.

You remember that Jesus told his followers, there was more he could tell them, but they were not ready for the message. The preacher of today, if he is at all progressive, knows many truths he cannot give out because the people in the pews, are not advanced enough to receive the doctrines.

Your speaking of my belief in universal salvation being unsatisfactory, reminds me of something told me by a Universalist minister. He had taken a pastorate where they had a new organization. One of the orthodox ministers from his pulpit said, "There is a sect here in our town who have lately built a new church, and they believe that everyone will be saved, but, brethern, we hope for **better things**."

A few years ago the pastor of one of the largest orthodox churches in London was in Los Angeles, where thousands listened to him, attracted by his earnestness and his definite message. Before he left the city, he spoke at a meeting of the Ministerial Union, and it was said many a gray-haired man dashed aside a tear, as this young man drove home truths that stirred every heart.

Commenting on the falling away in church attendance, he said, "If the Church of Christ had been true to its spiritual ideals, there would be no room for Christian Science." Then he spoke of the work Frederick Myers had done and of his book, "The Survival of Human Personality after Bodily Death," and said: "If it had not been for the investigations of scientific men, in one hundred years from now, no one would have believed in the resurrection of Jesus Christ," and he continued, "as a result of this new line of investigation, no scientific mind will question the possibility of the actual resurrection."

Is this not startling, Arthur, coming as it does from a prominent church man, that psychic discoveries and not the Bible alone would keep alive man's faith in the resurrection of Jesus Christ?

Rev. Minot Savage said, when he was a very young man preaching in California, he demolished the whole subject of Spiritualism to his own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of a large number of enthusiastic hearers, but he added that as he grew older, he has observed that the thoroughness with which one demolishes this subject coincides with the ignorance of the demolisher.

I may seem to you serious and mature in my thought, but father and I have been such close companions since mother died, I have learned to enjoy his philosophical wanderings in paths not often traveled by a girl in her teens. And now, dear Arthur, be serious and take up this problem that faces us. We cannot harmonize when we are so diametrically opposite in all our views, especially regarding your chosen life work, where conformity to your beliefs would be expected of me. You cannot afford to make a mistake

in the choice of a wife. Your whole destiny depends upon the wisdom of your selection. Release me and let us be friends and co-workers in every good cause. I cannot go with you any longer in the journey of life. You ridicule all that I hold sacred, and I should resent it and be unhappy if I married you. It is better to part now, although it brings suffering to both of us, than to live unhappily after we are married.

A minister's wife should be a member of her husband's church, and I could not stand up before God, and subscribe to a creed, saying, "I believe," and give assent to doctrines I do not believe are true.

I have always affiliated with the orthodox church, in places I have lived where there was not a liberal organization, and if you were not a minister, and you preferred going to the Presbyterian church after our marriage, I would go with you willingly and enter into all the activities of the church. But your being a minister, makes all the difference in the world, can't you see it, dear? "Oh, the little more, and how much it is! and the little less, and what worlds away!"

Your loving

Alice.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,

Sept. 1, 1916.

Dear Florence,

I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your letters. The psychic messages, father and I read and reread to get the true meaning when it is a little obscure, and we think these fine, helpful teachings should be given to the world; and you know father is no mean critic when it comes to literature.

Get out a new book of "Revelations." One that can be understood better than the one we have, and which will be a little more helpful in everyday living. I wonder if St. John wasn't controlled by some spirit influence when he wrote Revelations, and not the Holy Spirit! Through my investigations of psychic phenomena, I understand a great deal that has always puzzled me in the Old Testament—God telling the people to do so many things which we should consider positively immoral now. He was everlastingly send-

ing out one nation to make war on another nation. I believe when they thought God talked to them, it was spirits, and oftentimes bad ones. Now is that a revelation that has come to me?

I wish I could have one regarding my own affairs. I know the way Arthur is starting out that he is going to be narrow and conceited in his religious views. He clings tenaciously to the old theology and doesn't want to consider any point of view but his own, so do not be surprised if I write you some day that our engagement is broken off.

Thanks to my old dad, I have been taught to consider life without hysteria or foolish sentiment when it relates to problems that will affect my destiny and my work in the world. I have talked it all over with father, and he says I must consider the effect this marriage will have upon Arthur's life as well as my own. Father says if I really love him, I will consider his highest good and lay my love and renunciation on the altar of my devotion to him. He knows me well enough to know I couldn't change my spots any easier than a giraffe, and if I painted them over they would show through.

Father is so dear, he never dictates what I shall or shall not do. He quietly and mildly shows me the consequences of anything I want to do, which he disapproves, and then, after a little heart to heart talk, he tells me to go into the silence and ask for Divine guidance. He never mentions the subject again after he has talked it over fully with me. He has such a wise way of teaching me self-reliance, and although he really directs me, he doesn't seem to.

If you knew how I am absorbing truth from your Revelations, you would continue sending them I am sure. Why don't you write a book? Some one has said that every life furnishes enough material for one good novel. Your life, according to that, ought to furnish enough subject matter for twenty. Have you ever seen a genuine materialization? I say genuine because there are so many fakes.

Your simple teachings on metaphysics are more acceptable to me than those of many other healers who lead one into a maze of Astrology, Numerology and kindred ologies. These studies may be interesting but I do not think them a part of the New Psychology. As you have so often said, the whole law and the gospel of spiritual healing consists in "Being perfect as our Heavenly Father is perfect," which is the true substance of the Christ teachings. That is Applied Psychology. That is salvation for body, mind and spirit. Too often, because it takes more effort and self-denial to become, than to believe, the easier way is chosen. The responsibility of sinful acts is laid on heredity, malefic stars or un-worked Karma.

Unless one is an advanced soul, able to rule his stars, and avert a predicted calamity through a **fearless reliance upon Divine Protection**, an astrological forecast, karmic overshadowings, and psychic predictions of death and disaster, are positively harmful. A latent fear held unconsciously is a tremendous power to bring to us undesirable events. Not every soul is sufficiently poised to combat a suggestion of evil, and say with Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in her beautiful little poem, "Freedom,"

I am spirit; Spirit would suffice
 If rightly used to set a chained world free.
 Am I not stronger than a mortal vice
 That crawls the length of some ancestral tree?"

Your faithful friend,
 Alice.

* * * * *

Riverside, Calif.,

Sept. 3, 1916.

My Dear Alice,

And now you want me to write books. Every time for twenty years that I have been near a wireless station, this same command has reached me from the spirit spheres until "write the book" is a haunting spectre I fain would banish but cannot.

If I were able to get such beautiful lectures as Mrs. Mayo and Mrs. Grady, I should feel it my duty to give them to the world, but I have to work hard for

anything I get. I know I can heal. It would be supreme folly for me to attempt to write. I couldn't carry out the part. You know how much wailing I do in secret over my inability to express myself. A thought in my mind may be clear cut and perfectly formed, but when it comes to the surface in verbal expression it is a meaningless monstrosity. My brain and tongue wage constant warfare. Shall I amputate my tongue to give my brain a chance to manifest more perfectly?

I might compile information furnished by someone else having superior brain power, but a book all quotation marks would be a polite but thinly disguised plagiarism.

Yes, Alice, I believe that was a revelation of truth which came to you regarding spirit control. I say I am not psychic, yet I often get strong impressions which do not seem to come from my own mind. I remember once when writing a paper on Universalism for the church society, I took the same position with regard to the way God talked to His people.

I believe one half of the people in our insane asylums today are victims of obsession by evil, unprogressed spirits. They could be healed by Divine Science treatments just as Christ cast out evil spirits and healed.

We of the New Thought do not care to convert the church or the world to our particular belief so much as we desire all teachers of morals to understand these laws of their being in order to warn the young and the inexperienced of the dangers that lie in their paths of investigation; for without a knowledge of the philosophy governing the different phenomena, there is a peril at every step of the way if they are at all mediumistic, as so many are who are really ignorant of the fact.

The same law which brings back the fond mother to protect and influence her child, brings back the drunkard, the murderer and the sensualist with their low revengeful desires corrupting impressional souls on the earth plane.

God has been made responsible for the guidance given by spirits throughout the Old Testament writings. And the "Voice of the Lord," has certainly given sanction to war, hatred and polygamous relations from the writers of sacred history to the Mormon prophets of our own times.

In Biblical times supernatural occurrences were common and the people laid great stress on the prophetic quality of dreams. But if you were to profess any faith in dreams today, you might find yourself examined for lunacy or turned over to the psychoanalysts for mental reconstruction. And yet the very fact upon which Christianity bases its belief in the Deity of Christ was revealed to Joseph in a dream. If spirit communion is wrong why did Jesus take his disciples up on a high mountain to talk to Moses and Elias?

Making no allowance for the possibility that Christ's teachings have been man-handled, and coloured by the scribes and translators, gives rise to the belief in His second coming. A prominent minister in New York knowing by some superior sixth sense just what Christ will think and do, says, "He will come in hatred to kill all his enemies, and their blood will saturate His garments."

Criticizing most unfairly, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's belief in spirit return, one of our writers of prose and verse says, "There is too much crime, poverty and suffering to dabble in the Unknowable." But these later revelations restate and emphasize the Christ teachings as the only means of escape from the insufferable conditions which have brought wars, poverty and crime. Should we refuse to listen to a "Voice" from the ascended ones, who with clearer vision stand ready to unite their thought forces and their prayers to carry on the spiritual work He began, and help establish social righteousness in a sin-sick world, just because someone has found inane trivialities in a seance room, and judges the whole movement by, possibly, one personal experience?

I don't think mediumship is desirable unless it is the higher forms of inspiration and illumination. Trance conditions are not so profitable, as often the instrument used is weakened and wrecked by a selfish control. I grant you there are exceptions, but where one is an open organism for any and all spirits to enter at will, there is a loss of individuality and the will power is weakened. You have only to look at a hypnotist's subject after he has been used several years, and you will bear me out in my statement. Spirit control is hypnotism from the spirit side of life. There is no difference.

We need in the battle of life to cultivate will power rather than to weaken it by becoming amenable to the suggestion of anyone understanding hypnotic control who would use us for selfish purposes.

You ask if I have ever seen materialization. Yes, and under as strict test conditions as I imagine Sir William Crookes ever had. What I am about to relate may have been published by The Psychical Research Society. It is in their archives if it hasn't come out yet, as it was an ex-minister and a member of the Society who asked the medium to submit to his own conditions for a seance.

Several years ago when we lived in Los Angeles, we investigated psychic phenomena pretty thoroughly. We had been to materializing seances, but were not convinced of the genuineness of the spirit forms. There is so much fraud and often impersonation, and with the lights out, we had every chance to be deceived.

The Spiritualists say it is very difficult to get that phase, and it is very wearing on the medium, so that often, I have been told, a genuine materializing medium has all the paraphernalia to produce fraud when he or she cannot get the phenomena.

This was a private seance, and this man, who had once been a preacher, invited Mr. Gray and myself with several other friends to be present. He had a wire cage made and took it to a corner of the room after we had examined the floor to see that there

wasn't a trap door. The ladies took the medium out and she disrobed; she was all in black, not a white thread on her. We led her back, and this minister and Mr. Gray nailed her cage to the floor and wired her in the cage. Then they sealed all the doors and windows and the minister produced a rope, and after we were seated in a semi-circle around the cage, he tied us all together so there could be no confederates among us.

After music and prayer, the forms began to come out; the light was not put out but was shaded so it was dim, and everyone in the room was plainly visible. I counted over a dozen forms. They came out one at a time and went to their own spirit friends in the circle and were recognized. There were children, men and women; some in black and others in white.

A fairy like form in white garments came to me. I said, "Who are you?" She turned to Mr. Gray and said, "Papa will know me." Then she went to a pile of slates on a table, tossed off several until she came to mine, and wrote her name on the slate and I carried it away with me. A nun came out and went to each one, and would turn sorrowfully away because she did not find anyone she knew. The medium's father said she often came but never found the one she was seeking. Yes, Alice, I repeat what I said before, I have seen **one** genuine materialization.

I suppose I shall get a lecture from you if I don't give you one from the guardian spirits who are so interested in my advancement that they send a message to me whenever Mrs. Mayo drops in for a little visit.

"Let us consider the subject of the soul. Few there are who really appreciate the possession of a soul, or who understand its real meaning when they renounce all else, and give heed to the development of its power. Underneath every living organism is a germ of life, slumbering until such time as its parent, the human organism, can foster it and bring it to light.

"When the awakening comes, the result is as if a torch were placed beneath a dynamite fuse and

allowed to ignite. The explosion illuminates the entire being, causing it to pulsate with each vibration until every atom is charged. The Psychic realizes the condition and immediately seizes it, thereby storing away valuable food for the stormy seasons.

"The materialist takes the charge as an opportune streak of luck, and applies himself more ardently to making money while the Intellectualist receives new inspiration; the Sensualist becomes more animated, and those not spiritual are benefitted only temporarily, and sink back to the normal state, either indifferent to the charge or retrograding, if on a very low plane.

"To gain complete control of one's spiritual guide, then these seasons of uplifting should always be monopolized for the most unselfish ambitions and the highest spiritual aspirations. With each attack, the effect is more lasting and tends to burn away the dross of materiality, until such time as the soul takes full control of body and mind; for these individuals, perfect harmony reigns supreme.

"The storms of life are of no avail. The world is beautiful and perfect control of self and environment is attained. Every action is successful for the highest impulses always flavor of truth, and truth never fails nor brings error. Humanity suffers more from error than anything else for the reason the soul is held back, and human traits are allowed to lead the individual.

"Were it not for the complete annihilation of the physical forces, by trial and suffering, mankind would fail to discover their real selves. Their human judgment comes to a dead stand, they are thwarted on every side, they suffer, no one to help, they cannot help themselves, and they cry to God, and God is willing to answer, and the soul responds. Now is the day of salvation at hand—blessed be trial. To the sister, Mrs. Gray, there comes a quickening as of fire, and soon peace is to flow from her soul that passeth all understanding.

"A new power to heal, through the Great Healer whose instrument she is, will flow through her organism, and she will wonder where it all comes from. Her resting period simply means a gathering of psychic forces to take her upon the plane of her most active duties. Watch and pray, dear sister, for you know not the day nor the hour when the Lord will call you to work in His vineyard.

'As you know, the Spiritualists do not believe in reincarnation, and claim that their teachers do not believe in the doctrine only in the sense of the thoughts of those who have passed on being reincarnated in the lives of individuals here. The teachers who send messages through Mrs. Gray, always speak of it as a truth, and I will copy one and send you.

"In the sphere or zone into which Spiritualists enter after death, being to them a state of consciousness, there is no recognition of the law of reincarnation. They have been taught experience constitutes the law of unfoldment, and by taking advantage of their understanding of the law of associated experiences, they hold the belief of non-necessity. But you must remember there are as many mansions as there are heavens, and what appears to be an absolute truth to one state of consciousness, counts for simply nothing in another state.

"The diversity of the law of being is as multitudinous as the sands of the sea. You must be somewhat conscious of the law of attraction, that works and will take you to a state where the strongest inculcated principle of your being has sought to establish in your particular futurity, the preeminence of what your sojourn through the earth state has sought for the means of its accomplishment."

Now, Alice, are you any wiser for the information? Has the quality of the difference penetrated the gray matter of your brain? Are you asking why the same law of recognition by the Theosophists, will not work in the same manner to carry them at death to a place where **their strongest inculcated principle has established them?** I do not believe that the ultimate

states of being upon the very highest planes, can be apprehended by those living upon the intermediate or spiritual planes, and that the teachings we get for, or against rebirth, are merely opinions held by those who have passed on, and that they can only give us truth regarding their own sphere.

An impression came to me to hold a thought of freedom for Arthur; I feel he is in bondage, and I shall give him a few treatments.

With loving thoughts,
Florence.

* * * * *

Princeton, New Jersey,

My Dear Alice,

Sept. 12, 1916.

I can pass from jest to earnest very quickly when I am asked to give up my dearest possessions—your love and companionship. Why, I could not face the coming years without you, dear, you are the light and inspiration of my life. Do not wound me so cruelly as to consider breaking our engagement.

Hamilton Mabie in one of his fascinating fireside talks in his book "My Study Fire," said that "Rosalind had come in from a long walk with a charming air of vigor and vitality which seemed to impart itself to the whole room; she gave the fire an energetic stirring which brought its glow to a focus and kindled its latent flame into a sudden and fiery splendor," and then he added, "It was not the first time that something which had smouldered in my hands had caught life and beauty in hers." Were you sitting by my study fire this evening, Alice, I might not be able to use Hamilton Mabie's exquisite word painting in expressing my appreciation of you but I have the deepest and truest affection for you, dear, that can never die though worlds separate us. You are my ideal woman, and the divine law has attracted our souls, we cannot, must not drift apart because of some trifling difference of opinions.

I didn't dream you were so tremendously in earnest or I should have written you differently. I naturally tried to hold my own in the argument. I

could have conceded several points you scored against me, but did you ever hear a debater acknowledge his defeat, or ever show any signs to his opponent that he was being convinced?

And now, dearest, I want to make a confession and tell you why my plans were changed so suddenly. Mother has always been anxious to make a preacher of me. I always wanted to study law. She is a lovely character but very determined and persistent in having her own way when she feels she is in the right. She never allowed a day to pass without bringing up the subject, until father, seeing I was being overpersuaded through my love for her, told her she must let me choose my life work without dictation, or overpersuasion.

After I began the study of law, my health failed, and then came my trip to California, where my good angel led me to you—blessed be breakdowns if they always lead to so much happiness.

When I returned, mother still talked of her disappointment in my choice of a profession, and, being very fond of her, I was naturally grieved to make her unhappy. One night I went to hear Billy Sunday, and I think he must have exercised some strange hypnotic power over me, for I went home and told mother I would consent to go into the ministry.

In the morning, free from this mystic spell he had cast upon me, and recovering from the psychic wave of emotionalism which had overpowered me at the meeting, I bitterly regretted the step I had taken. My word had been given, and mother was so happy I couldn't undeceive her, though now I know it was weak and cowardly in me not to make a clean breast of it.

I once heard you say, "A conscientious, high-minded lawyer has a better chance to work for the betterment of the world than a preacher, both in a moral and religious sense, because he comes in touch with all classes of men who really need help." You also said that a minister often talks to a class of people who are on as high a moral plane as himself, while

the lawyer meets and mingles with those on a much lower plane than himself, and he can by his advice and example, lift many a man and woman out of the gutter.

Mother doesn't see anything but the trickery of men in the profession of law. After getting your letter, I was greatly troubled last night and did not sleep, allowing my brain to get too active in trying to work out my problems. A solution came to me early this morning and I want to submit it to you.

I will keep on with my theological studies but will take up law and carry them both along, and when I have finished I shall give up going into the ministry if you feel then as you do now about it. If I stay at home with mother for three years more and devote my spare hours for her comfort, she must not ask me to sacrifice all my chances for happiness, if, at the end of that time I cannot yield to her wishes. I have the courage to make the break now were it not for the fact that she is such a frail little flower; the doctors think she will not be with us many months, and tell us any shock or sudden grief would prove fatal. I shall anxiously await your decision.

Your loving,
Arthur.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,

My dear Arthur,

Sept. 20, 1916.

I am so glad you have been perfectly frank with me. It throws a very different light on your actions to know you were actuated by a sense of duty, which prompted your change of profession rather than fickleness of purpose.

Were I not satisfied in my own mind that you would do more good as a lawyer than a preacher, I could not agree to your conditions. They are not altogether satisfactory, Arthur. I hate deception in any form and I believe white lies are a snare and a delusion and are doing more harm in the world to-day than people imagine. It's getting so that we weigh everything that is said to us because of this

prevalent habit of untruthful speaking; we cannot get an honest opinion from our friends regarding anything we do.

People, from policy and also from a mistaken sense of kindness, praise where they should condemn. We often have to learn through bitter experiences, the lessons, from which friendly criticism could have saved us.

In the business world, this lack of honor, which seems to be increasing all the time, is working an injustice to the really worthy persons, whose word can be depended upon. When they ask for favors in a financial pinch, what they say, what they promise, counts for naught, as in so many instances no dependence can be placed on mere expressions of honesty because of this habit of lying. So, my dear boy, I do not think it quite fair to allow your mother to believe you are fitting yourself for a position you do not expect to fill.

I shall give the working out of the whole situation to Divine Mind. I am learning through Mrs. Gray to trust fully in this law of God, even to the smallest details of my life. She has demonstrated what trust will do in her life, but I cannot help fearing that the maniac with whom she is living will sometime do her bodily harm. She says if it were not for her science and the help she gets from her psychic friends, she would have been in her grave long ago, and I believe she would have been.

I remember once when I was living in Santa Barbara, she told me of his having one of his violent attacks of insanity. She thought he was going to kill her as he threw her clear across the room; she was ill for weeks afterward from the shock. I am sure she knows that she is in danger from him, but she doesn't want me to ever talk about it; she says **never to admit a thought into one's consciousness that can work against one.** She says if she allowed herself to fear him, he would know it and it would be worse for her. I never knew a case just like hers. Ordinarily, if a man wants to get rid of a woman, he

leaves her, but Mr. Gray is trying to drive her out of the home so that she will be blamed and he will get the property, thinking I suppose, that possession is nine points of the law.

I have been down in the Arroyo all the afternoon, sitting under the grand old forest trees in the Busch Gardens. I took with me a fascinating book, "The Hoosier Chronicle," by Meredith Nicholson. I read it some time ago when it first came out, but I hadn't exhausted my interest in it. I would rather re-read a good book which is as instructive and entertaining as this one is, and where the threads of high ideals and purposeful living run through the warp and the woof of its subject-matter, than to read a new book without a single uplifting thought in it. This book holds one's attention and is cleverly written, purity of life and action in some of the characters standing out in sharp contrast to the corrupt practices of the politicians. Aunt Sally is unique and original in everything she does, whether it is growing pumpkins or running a newspaper. Would there were more Aunt Sallies in the world to stir up things and sift the wheat from the chaff, and uncover the secret places where sin hides itself behind the gilded trappings of smug respectability.

The would-be reformer has almost impregnable barriers to break down if he accomplishes anything, for dishonesty is arrayed in such beautiful garments, and the English language lends itself so effectively in **disguising** thought, that the masses are easily hypnotized by appearances and look with complacency upon these human vampires who are fattening upon their blood, and they frown down any rude iconoclast who would dethrone their idols.

Father says the most demoralizing part of the whole business is that people are no longer ashamed of swindling each other and make it a subject of jest. These highwaymen in gilded palaces hold up their neighbors and, in some instances, it seems to give them added prestige for a while until the people waken from their mesmeric sleep and begin to protest.

I do detest the average society novel which doesn't show any real purpose in life and deals with that class of men and women who spend their lives in frivolous pleasures, winning at bridge, drinking champagne until they are not accountable for their acts which often lead to the divorce courts. The apology for such trash is that the author is depicting life as he finds it. He may be, but not the type of humanity, the noble men and women absolutely incorruptible who are working with a high and lofty purpose to make this a better world to live in.

Why shouldn't a book have a moral? What right has an immortal book to go out into the world, a deadly microbe of evil, corrupting young men and women who are reading this class of pernicious literature?

A gentleman here at the hotel told me of his father's conversion through his mother's appearing to him in a vision. His father had been an infidel for many years, he read Ingersoll's books and had converted many to his way of thinking, and he firmly believed that death ends all. His wife's spirit came to him and told him he had followed the devil many years and asked him if it wasn't about time he had begun to undo all the evil he had done in influencing others and taking their props away. This gentleman told me that when he went back to New York to visit his father he was astonished to find him occupying the pulpit in the town where he lived in the absence of the regular pastor, and when he asked for an explanation of his changed belief, he related this incident.

Your loving,
Alice.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Cal.

Dear Florence,

Sept. 20, 1916.

Whenever the postman brings me a letter with your familiar handwriting on the envelope, father hangs around with an air of expectancy until I read it to him. I have been convinced by observation lately that women anticipate men's wants before they

have a chance to ask for anything out of their reach, which they desire to possess; and let me tell you that I believe it is spoiling them, so I decided to discipline myself and show one man he would have to ask for what he got.

After reading your letter, I slowly folded it and put it back in the envelope. Father began twisting his watch chain with a great deal of impatience, and I assumed an air of innocent disapproval as much as to say, "Why should you want anything else in this world, when you can live in Pasadena and listen to the mocking birds from morn till night?" We continued this pantomime duet for some little time, neither wanting to yield until father finally broke out with, "Well, Alice, what great secret is in Mrs. Gray's letter that you can't read to me?" Of course I capitulated at once, when I was told what was expected of me.

We found great truths in your last spiritual message. Father said he had felt that power spoken of in the message so many times in his life and had never understood it until this explanation was given.

How very thrilling to read of that experience you had at the materialization seance; father says if anyone else had written the account of it, he wouldn't have believed it, but he said you are so absolutely truthful and so level headed you couldn't have been fooled into thinking you saw something without a basis of fact.

Don't you think I am a favored mortal to have a father who isn't afraid to investigate or discuss any subject with me? It's such a pleasure to me to have someone with whom I can talk things over. The majority of the people you meet are so narrow and petty. If they see you reading a book on Theosophy, it is immediately whispered around that you are a Theosophist. If you ever mention a psychic experience, you are known as a Spiritualist.

Happily for me, father isn't seeking popularity or social position and we do a lot of independent thinking. He has always insisted upon my conform-

ing to laws relating to morals and conduct and also to conventional forms in order to avoid criticism, but he tells me that when a principle is at stake I must stand firmly for the right no matter what it costs in self-sacrifice.

I am reading a book by F. L. Rawson, the London healer, who has held the thought of divine protection over the soldiers at the front and has many very wonderful testimonials of the great work which he is doing. He asserts that his way, is the only true way of giving treatments, and says that he thinks of God and Heaven, claiming it is even wrong to think of the spiritual reality of the patient, yet farther along in the book I find him making denials and affirmations—as Disraeli once said “It is easier to be critical than to be correct.” If anyone claims perfection in his methods, it is well to examine his philosophy and see if he is logical and consistent in all his statements. Suggestion, that great spectre, always hovering around to annoy Christian Scientists, comes in for its share of abuse in the book. How can there be mental or spiritual activity, or even a realization of the Divine Presence, without a suggestion of wholeness, or holiness, back of it? Someone has aptly said “Faith without will is like a windmill without wind.”

He also says that all our well-known scientists who are investigating psychic phenomena are mistaken in their conclusions, and that what the clairvoyants see are not the spirits of the dead, but cinematographic pictures, a result of the world's thought. Prophecy, he takes up enthusiastically, I may say gleefully, when he writes of the end of the world. To be sure, he failed in his heavenly mathematics, and the event did not come on scheduled time, but we can afford to be charitable when we consider what we have gained by his miscalculations. A cheerful theme for a scientist, but I suppose all materiality must be destroyed someday and we poor mortals, who believe we have bodies must have our illusions dispelled in order to prove a theory.

Your loving friend,
Alice.

Riverside, Calif.,

Sept. 28, 1916.

My dear Alice,

One more letter while I am in the peaceful atmosphere of my friend's home in Riverside. I go back to Santa Barbara in a few days. Yes, Alice, I have been tempted more than once to yield to Mr. Gray's unjust demands, and give him the larger share of the property rather than endure such persecution all the time, and I was sitting alone one evening thinking about it when I felt his mother's presence and she said, "Do not leave my boy, he is not accountable for what he does."

Here is a psychic message which I received through a friend before I left home. It came when I was so ill from the terrible scenes, that I was ready to accede to anything for the sake of peace.

"Do not concede to any business proposition which will deprive you of a home. You have helped make the home and it belongs to you. You cannot afford to treat yourself unjustly, and this would decidedly be an injustice.

"Your unseen forces, guided by the Divine Hand, can help you as long as **you help yourself**. If you step out of the way, and make it hard for them to serve you, you overthrow all the good they would accomplish for you. Your husband has no right to deprive you of the home. If he wants to throw you off, let him take his own possibilities for making a home, and make one; then he will do the fair thing by you, and not injure himself half so much. You are right in putting off a decision which must come in your favor.

"Ministering spirits are given specific work to do, and **our work** is in the home; we are interested in it more than anyone else. Upon the home life depends social life, religious life, and all other life. Call upon us when you want us and we will always respond to the call."

No doubt you have read in the papers what I have dubbed "Elephant's Day" in Riverside. The circus was here and the elephants took fright at a fire

and ran all over the country; it was a wildly exciting day with many tragic incidents, and many amusing features.

One elephant came through the business portion, killing a woman, and on his way down town crashed through the shrubbery and appeared at the low window where we were sitting. It was a very large plate glass window, and he could have walked in very easily but he must have thought we were not worth noticing, for after looking us over he turned away. We were left gasping with fear and astonishment at this strange and unexpected visitor, and I cried out to my friend, "Call the police."

Now don't be too literal, Alice, and ask me what I expected a policeman would do when he came. Everyone who came within range of the elephant that day said, or did something silly, and I wasn't any exception to the general rule.

The elephant was bound for the Glenwood Hotel, when he went through our yard; on the way he knocked down several people, went through a barn and injured a horse; when he arrived at the hotel, he decided to go into the barber shop first, and a man who was being shaved, looked over his shoulder and saw him coming in by the side door. He gave one bound for the front door, and the barber, not seeing the elephant, ran, razor in hand, after the man out on the street to see what was the matter with him, while the bystanders yelled "Murder," thinking the barber was trying to kill the man.

The funny man, in the local paper said, "The elephant intended to go into the hotel for luncheon, but concluded to have a shave first, and the landlord presented a bill so large that he left for fear he would lose his trunk."

The most amusing incident was connected with the drove of elephants that went out into the country. There was a family out some distance, who hadn't heard there was a circus in town. The man was plowing, and looking up he saw fifteen or twenty elephants coming into his orange grove. He hurriedly

put his horse in the barn and ran to the house shouting to his wife, "The orange grove is full of elephants!"

She was almost frightened out of her senses as she thought he had gone crazy. She ran to him and wanted him to lie down and let her put a cold compress on his head. She hadn't seen the elephants, and her conclusions were only natural under the circumstances. We furnish the tourists gratuitously almost anything they ask for in California, but up to the present writing I haven't heard of anyone having an orange grove full of elephants to show them. In time if there is a demand, I suppose this will come, for we have the climate and the natural conditions to produce almost anything that man can ask for here below.

And now I come to the sad part of the elephant's raid. If the woman, who was killed had known anything of spirit return she would have been alive today. A voice said to her, "Don't go out," when she went out the door to her death. She turned back and asked a woman in the room if she had told her not to go out; the woman answered that she hadn't spoken to her. She went on out remarking she heard a voice say for her not to go.

I had my hat on ready for a walk about ten minutes before our elephant visitor appeared at the window, and I also heard a voice warning me to stay in. I obeyed the command.

One day, upon hearing of the death of a man I knew here, I was strongly impressed to go and see his wife; it seemed an intrusion on her grief so soon after his passing away, and I concluded to telephone. When she heard my voice, she said, "Come out, I want to see you." When I got there she said, "I felt I must see you to tell you something." When the husband died, she couldn't bear her grief, and she went away from the rest of the family crying bitterly, when suddenly she said she felt his presence by her side comforting her. It seemed to dispel her grief to the extent that when her son entered the room—he told her

afterwards—she had a radiant, happy expression on her face. He was alarmed for a few minutes, thinking perhaps her reason was dethroned.

The minister who preached the sermon must have been told of this visitation of the spirit, for in his remarks he spoke of Life having its seasons and that the season of death is as beautiful as any other season and should cause no continued grief in our hearts, because it is all in the Divine plan.

He said, "To one who has never witnessed the glories of the other world, it is hard to believe sometimes, when we are told of those who have had such experiences. On that bright morning just as the sun was rising, I believe the curtain was drawn aside for a few brief moments and the soul of this man was able to impress a word of comfort upon his dearly beloved companion before leaving her."

My dear girl, your happiness is very precious to me, and when you wrote in a former letter that you intended to give up Arthur, I was strongly impressed that you would regret it. Everything can be worked out in Divine Mind if **you trust it and live it.** I love you so much I have been holding a thought for Arthur,—not to control him in any way, which would be wrong, but a thought of Spiritual Freedom and Divine Wisdom, which will guide him and free him from the **human control of any mind** that seeks to enter his mentality and dominate it for selfish purposes. I sense that he is in some kind of bondage, struggling for freedom.

He is too bright a soul to be in prison, either from his own mistakes or through a chain of circumstances, which may temporarily obscure his true perceptions of life. I will treat him for a month if you will promise me you will not do anything rash, and that you will keep your temper from boiling over and spoiling things, because of his present attitude towards liberal thought.

In giving a treatment, Alice, it is possible by concentration, receptivity, and aspiration, to come into a state of perfect stillness where there really

seems a "descent of the Holy Spirit." At such rare times as I have attained this consecrated consciousness, I have been able to do my best work in healing.

Your loving friend,
Florence.

* * * * *

Princeton, N. J.,

Oct. 10, 1916.

Dear Alice,

I am so joyous this morning, I must tell you all that happened to me last night. First, I will go back to the delight of getting your letter, agreeing to bear with my foibles and frailties a while longer, until such time as I can make good and show you that there is something in me besides fickleness of purpose.

Because you are so frank and open in everything you do, demanding the same truth and honesty in others, you are a constant inspiration to me, and you keep me climbing higher and higher all the time.

The sentence in your letter saying that the conditions weren't satisfactory, because it wasn't fair to mother, has followed me night and day. I have translated it into Greek and every other language that I know. I find myself singing it to the tune of an old funeral dirge. When I go to bed, this ghost which you have conjured up, is perched like the "Raven" above my chamber door. When sleep mercifully closes my eyes, I see it in the shape of an illuminated motto, every word standing out bright and clear.

I decided yesterday that this thing had haunted me long enough. I asked myself if this weren't just some catchy phrase that had caught my fancy and kept repeating itself, or was it my conscience at work? I suddenly felt an irresistible impulse to tell mother everything, and with the impulse came such courage and such a satisfied feeling, that I felt what you said was true, Divine Mind was working to make me do this.

Last night after dinner, I told mother I wanted to see her alone in the library, and I made my confession. She looked grave and kissed me, with tears

in her eyes, saying, "My boy, I cannot talk with you about this tonight."

When I went to her this morning, she turned such a radiant face to me that I was amazed at the transformation. "My poor boy," she said, "how I have wronged you by trying to dictate your life for you. God has shown me my selfishness before it is too late."

When I left her and went up to my room, I am afraid I did some very undignified things. First, my old hat went up to the ceiling; then I caught up the cat that had followed me in and started to toss him up after the hat, but he saw no reason for such capers and scratched me, which calmed down my exuberance over my emancipation proclamation, and I decided that you must hear the news without delay.

And now let the raven or the illuminated motto come again at their peril. I am free to go on with the work which I want to do, and, God helping me, I intend it shall be as great a work for humanity, as if I were in the pulpit.

I wish I were a full-fledged lawyer to help your friend, Mrs. Gray, out of her trouble. He is only feigning insanity to frighten her. I'd like to give him a sound thrashing, which is what he needs, browbeating and mistreating a woman because he is physically stronger. However, I am not in the arena yet, so I will not buckle on my sword nor swing my gavel, until my opportunity comes.

Your loving,
Arthur.

* * * * *

Dear Florence,

Pasadena, Cal.,
Oct. 20, 1916.

You have straightened out the tangled skein of my difficulties with your magic wand, and I shall be eternally grateful to you. I was about to renounce forever the one person in the world who has ever really attracted me. I was capable of making the sacrifice, even though I realize how much unhappiness the renunciation would bring me.

You were right in your impression; Arthur was in bondage. Your thought has freed him, and the shackles have fallen from him. Your work is finished with him. Do not draw any longer on your small stock of strength; you need it all to meet your own daily trials. He is free and happy, and has given up his theological studies. It is a long story and I will tell you all about it when we meet again.

I was asked by a friend to go to a Christian Science lecture the other night, but I don't seem to be in harmony with their teachings the way I am with New Thought or Divine Science. I believe there is sensation in matter, because there is mind in matter.

The lecturer said: "God knows nothing about evil in any form." Now I believe the attributes of God are perfect, but if He has divine intelligence, how can He help knowing everything? Even with our finite intelligence, we know good from evil, and the nearer we approach to perfect conditions, the more sensitive we are to any form of evil.

After we have studied Divine Science, if we sin, even by holding wrong thought, that inward monitor, the God within us, speaks much more audibly in reproof than it did in the past before we knew the sin of wrong thinking. This searchlight of truth has brought to our consciousness a great many faults which work our destruction.

Greater knowledge has a quickening power and brings out all the secret places where sin has hidden.

Write me soon, and take good care of yourself. The messages all tell you that you have a work to do. Mr. Gray, with all his fine possibilities, is not using the talents God has given him, and he is retrograding mentally and spiritually, as well as morally.

So many people are discussing the possibility of repeated incarnations. In the letter which W. T. Stead received from "Julia," she stated when she first went over that reincarnation was not a universal law. In the last letters which she wrote through his hand, she seems to have enlarged her knowledge on the subject, and advances a fantastic theory of re-birth

without taking on a flesh body. She says, "There is no total plunge into matter again." And she also suggests that there may be more than one personality incarnating from the same Ego, at the same time.

This is beyond my comprehension unless it can be explained by the spiritualistic claim of spirit influence, and spirit control. She says the Ego is a wheel with many spokes. According to that theory the hub remains in Heaven, while the spokes are being hammered to perfection through earth experiences. May I ask for your sympathy? I was beginning to embrace a few of the doctrines of Theosophy, when this problem of mathematics presents itself, and I am asked to believe in a sum in division which will scatter me all over the universe. If there are several editions of me extant floating around, it will multiply my chances to be wicked and make Heaven a goal hard to attain.

Now that people are reading all literature relating to spirit return, I hope they will read some of the books written during the past twenty years by men of fine literary attainments. One of the most convincing is "Spirit Messages," written by Hiram Corson, A. M., LL. D., LITT. D., Professor Emeritus of English Literature in Cornell University. He was on terms of friendly intimacy with the Brownings, Longfellow, Tennyson, and Phillips Brooks, and when they passed on he received messages from them.

I wish you would tell me what has been given you through spirit messages about your writing a book.

Ever your loving friend,

Alice.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, Calif.,

Oct. 25, 1916.

My dear Alice,

I have been very busy since I came home, getting the house in order after the tenants left. Some tenants are better housekeepers than I, others are worse. This lady belonged to the latter class, and I have had plenty of exercise since I returned.

I have had several patients of the nervous type come to me for treatments. They are the hardest to help because they are controlled by their emotions. They are either in the seventh heaven of happiness, or in the lowest depths of despair. They go up or down over trifles, and mental fluctuations of that kind are not conducive to health. I would rather treat organic trouble than temperamental delusions.

I am like you, I cannot accept the dogmas of Christian Science, and much prefer the "Home of Truth" teachings. They have no text book of authority outside of the Bible. The truths of healing are the same in both organizations. The same Divine principle is recognized and used in giving treatments. It is spiritual healing alike in both churches, and they are doing a grand work and following in the footsteps of the lovely Nazarene, who went about doing good, preaching the gospel of right thinking, and healing the sick.

Hidden under all the dogmatism and fanaticism of Mrs. Eddy's teachings and her absurd claim of discovery, there lies the truth that Christ gave to the world, and Christian Scientists are using that truth and obeying the commands he gave to his disciples and are preaching the gospel and healing the sick as he told them to do.

Sometimes I think I prefer studying good New Thought literature rather than going to their meetings where the speakers have such a diversity of opinions and are so often crude and uninteresting. I sit down with a book, written by Henry Wood or Horatio Dresser, and there is nothing to offend in mannerisms or diction as is the case with nine-tenths of our New Thought speakers on the platform today.

Some of the brightest minds of the age are endorsing healing. Rev. Heber Newton was one of the first great preachers who came out publicly, advocating it. There are a number of metaphysicians, who, like myself, prefer to work independently of any organization. They are writing books, teaching classes and healing.

We have reason to be proud of our leaders in the movement. They are earnest truth seekers, worshipping no personality in human embodiment, investing no one with supernatural powers to give us a key to the Scriptures, but leading us by the side of still waters to find the Christ within ourselves.

In the investigation of Psychic Phenomena, there are the shining lights of the age, such men as Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge and William James, while our own beloved minister, Rev. Minot Savage, gave us in his book, "Life Beyond Death," cogent reasons for a fuller knowledge of the future life in order to improve the sociological condition of the present life. There are scores of other brave, fearless workers, who have been toiling for years investigating psychic phenomena and making it respectable for those who are afraid to accept new truths until they become popular.

A noted minister once said regarding this subject, that to pass it with the mere turn of a metaphor, and a happy epigram, illy becomes a man and exposes a degree of indifference wholly inexcusable in a serious student.

Why did you ask me to tell you what I have received over the spirit wireless, about writing a book? I do not like to tell you for fear you will think I believe I am capable of doing what they see for me in the future. If you will promise to detach me from the psychic messages, and carry with you the thought that if I had believed it possible to write a book, I should not have let twenty years go by without attempting something for publication, I will look up some of the psychic readings on the subject.

First, I must tell you that some twenty years ago in Riverside, a psychic, Mrs. B. came over from Los Angeles to give readings. She did not know me when I went to her, and told me that a very fine soul who passed out of life many years ago in France, was with me and wanted me to write a book. She gave the name of Madame Jean Cartrie St. James.

Ever since that first reading which I had with a psychic, everyone whom I have consulted has told

me the same, and this beautiful woman has been seen by many others. They say the first book which I shall write will be inferior in quality to those which will follow. Put your wise little brain to work on a scheme that will enable me to write my last book first, then I shall "arrive" quickly, and gain a publisher's recognition without the agony of seeing an expressman at my door with a returned manuscript.

It is asserted by some people that we get through mediums what we desire, and that it is mind-reading. It was not so in my case, for I have always been very cynical when they have tried to make me believe I had any literary ability. Would you like to hear some of the absurd predictions I have received. Well, listen then, I can give you the sensational in some of the talks I have had with psychics.

A lady who was a healer, and who was also psychic, called on me one day; we went into the silence to see if she could get anything for me, and when she opened her eyes they were full of tears. I said, "What is the matter?" She said, "I saw you delivering a lecture on 'The Poise of the Higher Life,' and I heard the words, and the sentiment was so fine, it brought tears to my eyes." If there was any truth in it, it was probably symbolic of the thoughts I hold to lift my patients out of untrue conditions. Taken literally, it was absurd. Shall I continue my reminiscences? I am determined to give you such a dose of prophecies in this letter that you will never ask for any more, and will let me alone about writing a book.

This same optimistic psychic-healer said I would have a new power to heal and it would be healing the same as Christ healed, by my presence alone. I am of the opinion, that every consecrated worker has a healing aura, or atmosphere, and some persons are sensitive enough to perceive it and receive benefit without actual treatments. I have often helped people without knowing it at the time, and they would tell me afterwards of the help they had received.

Everyone sees me in New York, but my private opinion is they will have to take me in chains if they get me there, and I do not believe the spirits have

power enough to do that. I registered a vow the time I went to Florida that I should never cross the Continent again. You know I do not like to travel. If those in the Great Beyond want to write a book and send someone to New York to talk on the higher life, they had better pass me by and find someone they can control.

Here is a psychometric reading through Mrs. Grady:

"Reach out, reach out, you will get it—just what you want and plenty of it. Head over ears in work. There has appeared a gap in circumstances, which admits a new power to take hold of you vitally, and put you just where you belong. You will read over a manuscript, send it to the publisher, and rejoice in the feeling that it creates. You need to be constantly reminded that you are capable of doing anything you set out to do; the trouble is to get you started. Your real face is going to shine. The laxity about making effort must be overcome, because you have a great deal to do before you make the change. I urge upon you the fact of the necessity, in your case, of believing in yourself.

Life holds much for you, but it remains for you to reach out and take the opportunities that come to your very door. You are a wise soul born to wield a sceptre, a power in more than one country. There are more unseen forces around your life than anyone ever dreamed of.

"Why don't you get your powers to work and startle the people with what they supposed you never possessed? You will go East for success. A rich blessing that is rolling up and gathers up more and more all the time. Oh, don't have any fear! The lines are laid, and the string is pulled—provision here—unexpected supply. What you see now doesn't mean anything because the appearance of the present is deceptive. The time is coming when the truth of this question will be revealed through the inner consciousness. Asking always implies the receiving because asking with the eye turned up brings the object."

If you are not sufficiently impressed with my importance in the world by all this proof, I fear I cannot convince you by anything I might say, so I will bow myself out and let you digest the prodigality of the gifts I am hiding under a bushel. Here is something more helpful and sensible that came through Mrs. Grady:

"The impression of events reaching you instantly sets up a new vibration and the mind is so constructed that it grasps every bit of material coming this way for image making. Impressions gain their volume of force by being handled in this way, and every time an impression is molded into an image the impression itself is intensified, so that when you get an impression make due allowance for the extensiveness of it by your power at the time of making images.

"Perhaps there is no better definition of repetition than is right here brought to light through the faculty of the mind. **If you could prevent people from making an image of the impression of pain and suffering you could obliterate disease.** All impressions of distress are the result of continued repetition of some creature's imaged thoughts coming to you through a physical environment. Pleasurable impressions are likewise imaged and intensified by action though as a rule the world today is a swarming mass of unpleasant images.

"The tendency to over-estimate and exaggerate a condition should be held before the people as productive of pernicious results, and great carefulness in this matter should be taught, as it leads to better conditions for the generations following. People are very conscientious about matters of little value, while the life of each person is like a book, or an act in the drama of life, which builds or destroys his fellow beings, yes, destroys, as far as this life is concerned.

"Here before you is a case, this woman bereft of her husband does nothing but build images, and every image helps to make less possible the escape from trouble. There is great need of teaching, but it must strike more at the root of the difficulty, and people

must understand psychological effects and how to overcome them."

The lady referred to, who had lost her husband, grieved until she became totaly blind, and I have known cases where continued grief affected the eyesight and the hearing. We must realize that we are registering our thoughts on our bodies, and guard our image making. Another spirit message which I received the next day after President McKinley was shot, indicates that the President had a premonition of danger.

"People in authority should avoid promiscuous crowds where an undercurrent is rife among people. It is easy to generate a volume of force by simply coming in contact with a supposed foe. The President had his doubts concerning a favorable result before reaching the place of the calamity, and this is what I wish to impress upon you, the necessity of calling in question our inclinations regarding what we undertake to do in life.

"There is no virtue in becoming so fearless as to undertake an apparent risk. But above all things put fear far from you, as the introduction of it into your life makes you so filled with questionings that proceed wholly from the surface man, that protection is almost impossible. You are safest when calm and when you rely upon yourself. The lives of others touch you so closely that it is difficult to distinguish when there is any danger, which one is subject to it."

Your devoted friend,

Florence,

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,
Oct. 20, 1916.

Dear Arthur,

I am more joyous this bright autumn morning than the meadow lark, singing out in the oak tree, whose branches shade our bungalow. The solution of all our difficulties has been brought about so harmoniously that it has left us all happier than we were before.

If we could always think and act nobly in accordance with Christ's teachings, trusting in Divine Mind

to direct us, I believe it would be a living, moving force in our lives, which would give us tremendous power little dreamed of today. We could "move mountains" in the sense of removing obstacles, which seem like mountains to us, and cause so many to take their lives.

They go to the other world before their work is finished here, and the only harvest they have garnered for eternity is their crime of self destruction and the inability to round out their lives. They have missed the primary department of eternity's school for discipline and service, and it will cause them great suffering. You may ask me why I believe this. I do not believe, I know.

As it seems to be the season of confessions, I think it is time I made mine, before we have a frost. My friend, Mrs. Gray, knew of my perplexities. I had told her I could not conscientiously consent to marry you after you decided to enter the ministry. I should have broken with you long ago, Arthur, if it had not been for her influence.

She has been insistent upon my keeping my faith with you and trusting to God to clear away all the obstacles. She wrote me she was strongly impressed that you were in bondage to someone or something and she was going to treat you for spiritual freedom. No doubt her treatments gave you the courage to tell your mother how you felt, and they may have helped her as well. I have heard Mrs. Gray say she has to treat a whole family sometimes in order to help some individual out of trouble. Mrs. Gray thinks she isn't psychic, but she gets so many true impressions that I feel she is psychic without being conscious of the fact.

When I read of the way you disposed of Mr. Gray in your letter, I laughed outright, waking father, and disturbing old Tiger, who was stretched at full length in the sunshine. He gave one of his disgusted growls (the cat, I mean) and walked out of the house to find a quiet spot where my hilarity would not disturb him.

I am going to write a book sometime on cats and their characteristics which will make John Burroughs

hang his head when he gets to the spirit world and has a clearer vision, for he has failed while on earth to find out what human qualities cats possess. When I get old and lonely, I expect to refute all his statements that affect the cat kingdom in the slightest degree. It would not surprise me if he would be compelled to come back and help me write the book for slandering them in the way he has done. He classes them with other inferior species of the animal kingdom, and tells us they have instinct but no intelligence.

Old Tiger is just as sympathetic with my moods, as one who loves me would be. He wails dismally when I am sad, and if I am happy he gambols all over the yard. I am not sure that cats gambol, I think lambs do that, but no matter, you get my meaning. I can not drag a sheep in here to literalize Tiger's antics.

If you don't like to hear about cats, you had better stop corresponding with me, for I shall probably bring Tiger into my letters upon no pretext whatever, other than that I think his history ought to be written. I carry him with me everywhere. Wherever they bar cats, we are not found, for there are always places where they are considered respectable additions to society. We have a bungalow on the hotel grounds, and Tiger reigns supreme .

Well, well, just as soon as we dispose of one trouble in life and think we have smooth sailing, another one arises on the horizon to try our souls. If you are going to thrash the husbands of all your lady clients, I shall be in mortal terror for fear you will get worsted sometime in this novel way of defending your clients. I see I shall have to lay in a supply of adhesive plaster with my family linen, so if you come home with gaping wounds, I can render first aid to the injured.

Keep on, my friend, your righteous indignation will lead you somewhere, either to jail or Congress, where you may be made Speaker of the House of Pugilists.

Now I shall try to be serious for five minutes, which will give me ample time to say something very sweet and solemn, so that I can end my letter with becoming gravity.

I am so happy that I would rather be silly, but I do want to tell you how much I appreciate your interest in Mrs. Gray. It shows your nobility of soul, and strength of character. The people who consult you will be more than mere clients, for you will take a personal interest in righting their wrongs.

The world looks so bright to me, dear. We shall have our sorrows and our disappointments, but sharing them will make the burden light and wipe away all tears.

Your loving,
Alice.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,
Oct. 20, 1916.

Dear Florence,

How I do enjoy your letters I am keeping them all and refer to them frequently. It's very sweet of you to take so much trouble in answering my questions.

I wish you would take those predictions a little more seriously. Your friend, Mrs. Grady, is a pure-minded, truthful woman. I know her very slightly, but I do not believe she would give you anything out of her own mind to flatter and deceive you. Why don't you try to write? You have so little in your life, it might be a great pleasure to you, and you would have inspirational power and your brain would be illumined by unseen intelligences.

I have just had an inspiration myself. It's something I wouldn't divulge for worlds. I see with prophetic eye that I can tell you this secret when the apple blossoms are out next spring. It concerns you and two others. It is an epoch making event. I do not think empires will fall because of it, though they may. Now doesn't that sound weird and uncanny?

Are you familiar with the writings of Charles B. Newcomb? His books are very fine and "Steps Along the Path," a book by Katherine H. Newcomb, should be in everyone's library. It is so helpful for those

who are struggling for freedom out of untrue conditions. I will quote from Mr. Newcomb's, "Discovery of a Lost Trail," a luminous volume without a dull page between the covers.

"Matter is objective mind. Mind is subjective matter. When we understand matter, it can no longer crucify us. We should neither fear nor hate, despise nor love, either matter or mind, but recognize in both the servants of the soul. If matter had no existence, how could we have an objective life? Matter is mind at a slower rate of vibration. Mind is matter at a higher rate. Spirit is infinitely more rapid than either, and rules both.

"It is as disastrous to have too little respect for matter as to have too much. If we appreciated it better, we would value more highly the power of mind that governs it. It is as wrong to distrust our bodily organs, or our fortunes, as to distrust our minds. The body we despise will shrink away from us and lose its power and beauty. The fortunes we neglect and spurn will pass to other hands. Matter offers the resistance necessary for demonstration of the superior order of mind."

He also says in his book: "A recently developed school of metaphysicians impudently asserts that matter has no real existence. It denies it even the respect of recognition, except to denounce it as a will-o'-the-wisp. This should entitle it to sympathy, and it is time we came to its relief. In the past men have denied the existence of spirit and taken away our wings. Today in denying matter, they do not leave us a leg to stand on. Is not one illusion as bad as the other? We have as good reason to distrust a teacher, or philosophy that defines life as a dream, and matter as non-existent, as those who assert that there is no reality outside material form."

Do you remember, Florence, telling me that a psychic predicted accidents for Mr. Gray? The accidents occurred just as predicted and you saved his life by holding the thought of divine protection over him. I think you did fine work the time he was so seriously injured, and the bones exposed from the

cuts on his face and you healed him without leaving a scar. I recall the fact that the doctor wanted to stitch the wounds saying, "there would be scars anyway," and you would not allow him to take any stitches. Is it not possible to make a moral transformation in Mr. Gray, and heal him by science treatments? Did you ever treat a case of insanity?

I must append a message I received from the spirit world:

"You are a creature of habit and to overcome chronic difficulties you must deny the effect of habit and see yourself free from the law of continuation. This you should do and observe that the opposite does not assert itself directly after your affirmation.

"There is no reason why you should not be exempt from your old difficulties no matter what the appearance may be if you understand and put in practice the law of non-acceptance of old conditions. The first work of every healer is to prevent a return of what has forced itself by continuance into the habit of life. All bodily functions are dependent for action upon very few laws and the understanding of these laws, one of which I have given you this morning, constitutes you a restorer to that which belongs to every creature, namely,—the realization of perfect health and a gladsome spirit."

Jesus said that some diseases were cured only by "fasting and prayer." This teaching which I received shows the importance of fasting from the thought, or spoken word, regarding any disease or inharmonious condition one wants to get rid of. Here is where the patient can assist a healer by fasting from any discussion of his ailment. It might take away the joy of living from many invalids to deprive them of a daily bulletin of their feelings carefully prepared and spread out for public sympathy, but it would make them more agreeable to live with.

Rev. Henry Victor Morgan says, "The man or woman who denies the existence of matter can never attain perfect health." My Christian Science friends tell me that one who believes in matter, or in evil, cannot do perfect healing. As the Christian Scient-

ists have demonstrated health without belief in matter, and Mr. Morgan has made many remarkable cures in spite of the fact that he is unable to dodge the existence of matter, I cannot see that mere belief makes any difference in the results. :

Happily, between these extreme views, there is a little spot of green earth, where one can stand and philosophize without danger of being carried off to the moon, or dissolved into ethereal nothingness where all is mind. It seems reasonable to me that continued denial of the body would bring a manifestation of disintegration. It may work so gradually that it will take a century of negative thought to make a noticeable change. By that time I shall have my harp, and if "all is mind" it will not matter.

Your loving
Alice.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, Calif.,

Oct. 30, 1916.

Dear Alice,

You cannot arouse my curiosity by alluding to any mysteries in "Apple Blossom Time." Your scheme may amuse you and keep you out of mischief for the time being, which no doubt will prove beneficial. Your epigrammatical phrases fell on deaf ears. You are such a typical little human chameleon—all colors, all radiance. But, Oh! so transparent! Your thoughts show through every time.

Instead of wasting your time on a thinly disguised plot to get me to write a book, you had better help your father discover some new bug which will immortalize him and benefit posterity.

Why not get a Chautauqua engagement and lead me on the platform to give my lecture on "The Poise of the Higher Life?" Of course you are aware, having conversed with me on different topics, that I invariably get my object before my subject, and it is a little difficult to know just what I am talking about. for I often forget there are pronouns in existence for the use of man.

I have shed tears enough to start a new irrigation system in Southern California, because of sen-

tences slipping out backwards from my brain. That is why I cultivate the owl's traits of looking wise and saying nothing.

It would be easy, by way of encouragement, to say that Browning had this affliction, and to tell me it was said of him: "When he sent a telegram, the one receiving it, couldn't make out whether there was a death in the family, or if he were wiring of an intended visit." I am not Browning and would be sent to Coventry for doing the things he did.

Obscurity of expression is not always a mark of inferiority, you see. I attribute my impediment of speech to some branch of my ancestral tree, and absolve myself from all responsibility. However, I am too wise to do any more talking in public than is absolutely necessary. If I could only have been born dumb, I could have expressed myself.

You ask me if I have ever cured a case of insanity. I will tell you about a case I had after I have answered your other question relating to Mr. Gray. I have always been able to help my husband as you know, when he has been ill. You will remember that I wrote you of having treated him during an entire night. The next day he said to me: "You saved my reason last night."

I believe he realizes his condition at times, for I once had a lady in to dinner who made a specialty of healing mental cases, taking insane patients to her home. She was talking about her work and said she never attempted to cure insanity caused by an accident. Mr. Gray started, and almost arose from his chair, staring at her in such a peculiar manner.

To go back in Mr. Gray's life, he has had three accidents, and each time his head was injured, this is one reason I have been so patient with him. I feel he is not wholly responsible for his acts. About six months ago he had an illness with severe pains in his head. I asked a psychic friend to give me a clairvoyant diagnosis, and she saw a clot or obstruction there. He was very angry with me at that time, because I wouldn't leave him and let him have the property. He didn't ask me to treat him, but sent for a doctor.

I had heard through those who knew this physician that he had clairvoyant powers. I followed him out one day and asked him if he saw clairvoyantly any reason for Mr. Gray's illness. He seemed surprised that I knew he possessed this power, and said it had been of great benefit to him, enabling him to get an absolutely correct diagnosis. He told me there was a pressure on the brain and that he would get more and more irritable as time went on.

Mr. Gray didn't seem to get any better, and I felt so sorry to see him suffer that I asked him if he wanted me to treat him. I put my hand on his head where the pain was so severe and relieved him immediately. He has never complained of it since, so, Alice, I may have dissolved that clot and saved him from being violently insane. Who knows?

I never lay my hands on a patient unless it is to save life or in extreme cases, where there is great suffering. I have added power when I do, but it is hard for me as I am very likely to take on the conditions. If Mr. Gray would do right or had any desire to live a moral life, I could help him.

I feel that he must work out his own salvation and if he doesn't work it out here, it will be harder for him on the next plane of expression. He will bitterly regret his wasted life which was so full of promise. He was so capable of helping and influencing others because he inspired confidence by claiming to have such lofty ideals.

I once healed a boy of insanity, who was at the time in an Eastern asylum. He had been put in the incurable ward when I began treating him, and was not sane enough to write letters. After I had been working on the case for several weeks, he began to write to his relatives here. The letters were incoherent at first, gradually getting better until he wrote a perfectly sane letter. I read one in which he said there was so much stagnant water around the building that he feared there would be sickness. Some time after he had a fever, and the doctors discharged him from the asylum, cured. As they had pronounced

him incurable, they gave as a reason for his recovery that a fever restores one's reason. His letters were proof that he was cured before he had the illness.

You will be interested to know that when I first began with this case of insanity, I was in Los Angeles, and had a psychic reading with a medium there. Without my asking any questions, or she knowing anything about this circumstance she suddenly exclaimed, "Why, you are treating a boy who is insane, and you will heal him." Then she told me the number of weeks before he would be discharged. Her prediction was fulfilled and he left the asylum when she said he would leave it.

I must have treated him several months. It was several years ago and I have forgotten how long I was working on the case, but the prophetic forecast was so accurate, it made an indelible impression on my mind regarding the possibility of correct predictions when the conditions are favorable. I have always quoted it as one perfect example of correct prophecy, where mind-reading could not possibly figure in what the medium told me.

When the aunt first told me of the boy's sad condition, and her own grief at the shadow over her home, the boy having lived with her before she went abroad, I heard a "voice" say, "You can heal him," and I offered to treat him.

While I am speaking of this family I must relate several incidents that occurred. The aunt was bitterly antagonistic toward my kind of treatment but I never realized to what extent her prejudices would carry her until I went to see her a few days after the death of her husband. She had had the news of her nephew's discharge from the asylum, but I hadn't heard of it. She accepted the doctor's statement regarding his cure, and spoke so unkindly about my efforts, that the ingratitude hurt me cruelly.

The tears came, but at the same time I had a most wonderful psychic experience, which seemed to lift me up and give me great spiritual strength, so that I did not resent what she said. Speaking of it after-

ward to our dear old pastor, I said I was very curious to know what this unusual exaltation of mind indicated. It was an invisible power which apparently took possession of me and led me "By the side of still waters." Before I left her that day I told her that her nephew should know how he was healed, so that if he ever needed help in the future he could take treatments. I think, even at that early day, spirits impressed me, for I just learned that this boy grew to manhood, had a fine position in Chicago, and went insane again. If he had been instructed along Science lines, he might have been perfectly well today.

Soon after this I was talking with a psychic, and she said a spirit was present who had just passed out. From her description I knew it was the boy's uncle. I said for a test: "Were you in the room when I was told a boy was cured, one whom I had been treating?" Through the psychic he answered, "Yes, and it made me very sad, for you healed the boy, and could you have seen as I saw the good angels that lifted you up in spirit and comforted you, you would have known why you were able to rise above your own sorrow and speak the words of comfort to my wife. I consider this as good a test as I ever had for I worded the question so that the psychic could not have any clue as to the relationship.

Some little time after this I was making a friendly call upon a healer who also had psychic power. She said: "There is a spirit very anxious to give you a message." It was this same man, and he said: "Treat my little girl and save her life. She is in a decline and will pass out if she hasn't help, and I want her to live for her life work is not done. I shall have my little boy with me soon. He is coming over here."

I treated the little girl because he had requested me to, and several months later a friend called from the town where this family lived. I asked about these people and learned that the little girl had been in very poor health, and it was thought that she was going into a decline, but that she had recovered and was perfectly well.

I saw the little boy after I got the message from his father saying that he was going to die, and he seemed such a healthy sturdy little lad, I saw no indication of the prophecy being fulfilled. He was stricken with a very peculiar disease, blood oozing out of the pores of his body. He told his mother when he was taken ill, not to grieve for he was going to his father. This man had his little boy, and the girl has grown up to beautiful womanhood.

One more incident where I heard a "voice" bidding me treat a perfect stranger. I was in Riverside watching a parade; and a friend came up and told me of a sad case of friends of hers, a doctor's family, who had lately moved there from Illinois, and had now given up all hope of saving the life of their only child, a little girl. The doctor had just returned with her from Los Angeles where as a last resort they had tried to operate on her. The operation was not successful and the wound was sewed up where the incision was made. My friend said the physicians didn't succeed in getting what they were working for—a discharge. A "voice" said to me, "Go home and treat that child." I obeyed and there was a discharge, I think, the second day. Spiritual surgery was successful where the knife had failed.

Your true friend,
Florence.

* * * * *

Princeton, New Jersey,
Nov. 2, 1916.

Dear Alice,

Your letter was full of sunshine as all letters from California should be. Until this one, they have all indicated a high fog and a lowering barometer that chilled me to the bone. The usual temperature prevails now with not a "Santa Ana" in sight.

Don't contradict me now and tell me I couldn't see a "Santa Ana," if it were blowing. That's an old exploded theory. California doesn't grow by clinging to fossilized opinions. She has never changed the law of gravitation yet, but it is only because she has been too busy doing other things to take it up. I maintain that I can see the wind in California, that is, when my eyes are not so full of dust that it is a

physical impossibility. When tons of dirt are hurled at you, you see it unless you are a Christian Scientist and deny the existence of matter.

I am so happy this morning, no one could make me miserable. I am not even jealous of Tiger and your devotion to the little beast. Eleanor Kirk, one of our New Thought writers, says: "If you can't be happy when you are miserable, you can't be happy at all." I suppose your trips in religious fields, will enable you to explain this paradoxical statement.

I am studying hard and allowing myself few pleasures, so do not expect very entertaining letters from me. The things I am absorbing now could not possibly interest you if I wrote about them. Hear me, fair maiden, the assimilation of these hard, uninteresting facts will materialize some fine day in flights of oratory that will make you dizzy, as you watch me from the Halls of Congress, delivering my maiden speech.

Now, I will be serious and tell you of a fine book I have read, written by an eminent Baptist minister, Dr. Lorimer. It is "Christianity and the Social State." The book convinces me, Alice, that I should never have made a "popular preacher." I should have spoken against the shams of society, and if I could not have done constructive work, and been allowed to speak in behalf of needed reforms, I never could have preached the gospel. The empty compliments from the women in the pews, wouldn't have satisfied me. Dr. Lorimer can talk better than I can, so I will quote from his book:

"During a somewhat extended and varied ministry, I have usually had to endure a running fire from the pew whenever I have ventured to discuss such subjects as fewer working hours, or more humane treatment of girls and women, or the advantage to society of reforms which in all likelihood would diminish the dividends of certain corporations. So long as I have contented myself with vaporish and feathery generalities, and with fluffy sentimentality, I have been let alone; I have generally been treated, as Howells declares Tolstoi has been regarded ever since he

accepted Christ's message, as erratic or crazy, or as dangerously inclining toward the Avernus of anarchy. At such times some pious bondholder has significantly whispered, "Preach the gospel," and other pastors, when they have protested that street car conductors should not be despoiled of their rest day, and when they have rebuked the authorities for shooting helpless miners in the street, or have raised their voices against lynching, or have pleaded for more equal distribution of the good things of life, have frequently been reminded that they should "preach the gospel."

Dr. Lorimer has one chapter on "the crimes against humanity," which is a strong arraignment of the liquor traffic. I believe, Alice, that you did have a prophetic vision that time you saw me in a boat, and that your mind was illumined to interpret the symbols. I thank God that I have won out in the battle. I am absolutely free now.

I am so glad that you have such a sense of humor, dear. I couldn't marry a woman who didn't see the funny side of things, if there is a funny side. Coming home from the University last night, I picked up a torn newspaper on the street with a part of a story laid in Florida. It is so absolutely true to life in all its details, from the description of the slowness of everything animate and inanimate, to those queer, long-legged wolflike hogs that are so perfectly ridiculous when one tries to regard them as hogs and not as wild animals from the jungle. I laughed long and heartily over this writer's wit, so I will pass it on to you, and you can send it to Mrs. Gray. Having lived in Florida, she will appreciate it I am sure. Tell her, dear, that I know some power outside myself, and my own efforts, brought matters to such a happy culmination in our family, and that I am very grateful to her.

Your loving
Arthur.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,
Nov. 5, 1916.

Dear Florence,

You answered my questions very satisfactorily. I have often been asked why you didn't heal your own

husband if you had any power. People are so unkind in their criticism. If you heal anyone, that class wouldn't give you credit for the cure, but they are always watching for your failures. They never pass them over in silence.

I do believe you saved Mr. Gray from becoming violently insane, the time you mentioned in your letter. No doubt, if the pains in his head had continued, it would have resulted seriously. You certainly had double proof of a pressure on the brain; the doctor's diagnosis being the same as the psychic's. Can you always depend upon a clairvoyant diagnosis? I understand perfectly that Mr. Gray must save himself and unite with the divine forces or you can do little, except to furnish temporary props over the hard places for him. Salvation by character and by personal effort is the only power that will lift him permanently.

In a book recently published by Harper's, the author gives her own experiences in spirit communication through automatic writing. The teachings which she received are fine, and the personal messages convincing and comforting to those receiving them who had lost dear ones. As is often the case, false communicators crept in when they found the gates ajar, evil entities, always alert, and ready to discredit truth when opportunities offer. It may be discouraging to find there are contending "forces over there," which we must meet and over-power in our evolution, but if the battle between good and evil continues on the next plane of expression, our ignorance of the fact only retards our progress.

We must not dodge the real issue, which is to establish truth at whatever sacrifice it may mean to us in overthrowing our pet theories and preconceived opinions.

The book written by Anthony Philpot, entitled, "The Quest of Dean Bridgman Conner," would scatter the spiritual hypothesis to the four winds of heaven, were it not for an understanding of malignant, and mischievous forces in the unseen realms of space. The Psychical Research Society, through its medium, Mrs.

Piper, directed a search for this young man, who was supposed to have died in a hospital in Mexico; her controls maintained he was alive and held for ransom. Three expensive expeditions were made through this misleading information, and almost international complications followed as a result. The author of the book was sent the last time, his expenses being paid, by the Boston Globe. This book is rather disquieting to those who believe in the infallibility of messages coming through spirit guides, but it teaches me that conversation on some of the planes beyond is no different from what it is here, and just as unreliable as to facts. Then too there are many on the next plane working against those who are trying to establish spirit communion between the two worlds.

So many people are accepting the doctrine of re-incarnation. It seems to me that re-birth for the morally depraved might be possible to give to them a chance to attain some degree of spirituality. I can also understand that very exalted spirits with a world-love for struggling humanity, might elect to return for some great purpose. Coming back as saviours, not perhaps in the sense of coming to be a moral Saviour, as did Christ, but to be a leader and a saviour of a country in some great national crisis. But, as yet I cannot accept the very unsatisfactory belief that every one must keep on endlessly making successive incarnations, losing that precious possession, personal identity.

I enclose a funny story, laugh and improve your digestion.

Your loving,
Alice.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, Calif.,
Nov. 12, 1916.

Dear Alice,

Laugh! Why, I haven't done anything else since I got your letter. When I waken in the night I see that train going out under a tree to rest. Yesterday when I went to church, the minister was trying to impress upon us the importance of taking life more seriously, and just then that troop of razor-backs

came up before my eyes and I had to bow my head on the pew in front of me until my sense of gravity was established again.

Dear old Florida! I spent many happy days there in spite of the mosquitoes and the snakes, and all the other crawling things that contributed to my discomfort. We went down there in pioneer days, and I remember that before we left our northern home, I insisted upon Mr. Gray buying a gun and taking it along. I had a vague idea it was a country where bears and alligators came right up to the front door.

After we had bought an orange grove and invested in a flock of chickens, the smaller ones began to disappear. Our neighbors told us owls were taking them. One moonlight night I reported that there was an owl in the trees close to the house. You would have thought from the preparations Mr. Gray made to kill that little owl, that he was going out to shoot elephants in the jungles of Africa. I may not know all the details necessary to get a gun in the proper humor to shoot, but I did lose all patience when he began to polish the outside of it with a chamois.

You see I was holding my breath all this time for fear the owl would get our thoughts telepathically and fly away, and it was a strain on me, and seemed an eternity. The procession moved at last, and we crept along until we got pretty close to the owl, when Mr. Gray aimed very deliberately and fired. After the smoke cleared away, there sat that owl as complacently as if we had thrown confetti on him—he knew he was safe. Mr. Gray crept a little nearer and fired again. The powder neither ruffled his feathers nor his composure. He sat blinking in the moonlight. Mr. Gray, without a word, turned abruptly and went back into the house, stood the gun in the corner and went to bed.

I could see the next morning that the gun was doomed, and I was not surprised a few days later to hear him say he was so tired of Gail Borden's canned milk that he had traded his gun for a cow.

He had started a bank to help support our fifteen acre orange grove in luxury, and he argued that the cow would furnish the exercise he needed after banking hours, besides giving us all the cream we wanted. In the light of subsequent events he was half right in his conclusions. Buttercup gave him plenty of exercise and a chance to use his inventive powers and prove himself a disciplinarian many times over, during her short sojourn under our vine and fig tree.

I well remember the day when a lank, lean, wizen-faced Cracker led in a butternut colored animal not much larger than a good sized dog and I realized we had a cow. That evening Mr. Gray called for the largest pail in the house and sallied forth to "milk the cow with the crumpled horn." He soon returned with milk dripping from his curly locks and all over his immaculate shirt front but there was none in the pail. In explanation he said: "She kicks, but I'll fix her."

The next morning he arose before the sun and after a couple of hours' work, he came in and wanted me to go out and see how he had outwitted the cow. Buttercup was pleasantly located under the spreading branches of a fig tree, and Mr. Gray had driven two posts in the ground and tied a leg of the cow to each post. The milking was a funny wriggling performance but Mr. Gray was the star actor this time and bore off triumphantly about a teacupful of milk that looked as if it had indigo in it. Occasionally in the next few weeks she would wiggle out of her harness and kick that teacup of milk all over him, and it's surprising how far a cup of milk will go when it's spread out. At such times she was severely punished.

One day he apparently had a revelation. I had been telling him our grain and hay bills for this De Luxe edition of a cow had assumed proportions which the supply of milk she furnished us didn't justify. He said, "I don't believe I've taken the right course with that cow. I have beaten her until she is afraid of me. I am going out this evening and I shall pet her and talk to her and take her harness off." Not having

very much faith that Buttercup could be converted so easily, I stationed myself at the window to see the next picture on the screen. A few minutes later I saw Mr G. ray with the milk dripping from his ears, leading that cow through the gate into the piney woods and giving her a parting love-tap with a stone. She never came back.

I am fond of the South, the people are so hospitable and warm hearted. We often went for little trips up through the beautiful Piedmont section in Georgia, and the Carolinas, during the summer months. Sometimes I feel as if I belonged in the South, and I am more in harmony with my surroundings there than here. California has many superior advantages of climate, fine roads, and freedom from insect pests, but there is a charm about the South that is very alluring to me. Here the climate is stimulating, and you are keyed up all the time. There in the Southern States, the climate is restful, there is no nerve tension and you take life easy.

You ask if a clairvoyant diagnosis can be depended upon. Not always, unless it comes through a reliable psychic. It has to be proven. The Bible says, "Try the spirits and see whether they are of God." Some public mediums get a great many unreliable communications. No one should be guided by them and feel he is getting absolute truth. I should no more take the advice of someone out of the body in business matters than that of some one in the body, without weighing the advice and using my own judgment. We develop our own individuality by deciding matters for ourselves.

Let us be thankful for spiritual messages from our loved ones, proving the continuity of life, and that we shall meet them again in a very natural state of existence in a world the counterpart of this. Through these spiritual teachings received from the more ethereal planes of thought, we know that we shall have bodies, live in houses, and renew the friendships of earth. When it comes to investing money, for instance, let us seek the legitimate channels of trade

rather than depend upon the "control" of some medium.

The physician who diagnosed Mr. Gray's case clairvoyantly, is well known here and a very fine man, and the psychic who gave the same diagnosis is one of the loveliest women I ever knew. She told me that when she lived in San Francisco, the most prominent physicians there went to her for a clairvoyant diagnosis when they had cases which they did not understand.

You ask me for more of the teachings which I have received from the invisible realms. I have a number to select from, and I hope I may be guided to send those which will be helpful to you in your daily life, enabling you to realize the tremendous importance of thought control, and evenness of mind in manifesting the highest states of consciousness, and giving you power over all the petty annoyances of life, which will master you, unless you rise superior to them by the force of the spiritual will.

"I wish to say a few words concerning the consuming process of life, and give you an inkling of the working of the law through which justice is administered. To work, to enjoy and be happy in a result, to prosper extensively enough for absolute and perfect provision for every emergency of existence is rightful and necessary to individual life. The law of limit in these matters is in the opposite balance to the unlimited powers of the apprehension of truth.

"Now we will tip the scales for the sake of explanation and allow covetousness to interfere with the law of limit; this brings a third element into the composition, and the law of the third element is to make or to break. The break is the disintegrating process which begins in consumption, and sooner or later all inordinate desires consume the vital life of the public. Well, now, how far? Until it grows to the proportion of ability to sustain itself as a thought force, moving and existing in the nature of a gigantic whole.

"At about this period the scales have tipped wholly to one side, that is, it has reached its limit.

Then each individual putting forth these sordid and destructive desires begins to be the food of the perishing whole. That is, this body of desire intelligent enough to foresee its destruction, draws its life through the slow process of disintegration, from the very ones who have helped to call it into existence. There is no escape, the results are inevitable.

"I do not wish this to be understood as pertaining wholly to currency and coin, for all forms of debauchery are the result of desire for more pleasure than the law allows to man. All extravagances beyond the unit of the limit return in the same ratio of extravagance. Why? Because to a greater or to a less degree, the fund of inordinate desire has been increased and what is going forth from individual life in the waves of desire, maintains its connection with the individual until the law of the limited, or unlimited, is fulfilled in his special department of being."

Trace the working of the law which is explained in this spirit message, Alice, in Germany's present condition, where the inordinate desire for more than the limit, is consuming all that is best and highest in a strong and powerful nation. The spiritual forces have been neglected and despised, while the brute instincts have been cultivated in order to strengthen the military system. Sympathy, love, altruism and religion have been crushed out as weaknesses by the German war lords, because in their scheme for world conquest, where might makes right, these characteristics would be a disintegrating force. If her idolized material possessions are taken away from her through her disregard for the rights of others, she will have lost much, and gained nothing. I will copy a few more messages, since you enjoy them so much.

"Spirit is in the body for preservation and protection. It is the spirit that cries out when you are hurt. Spirit has put tracks of sensation on the surface of the body to protect it. The internal organs are not so sensitive. Stones have very little sensation, vegetable life more, and human life is where comes the close touch. When you say matter is

highly organized, you mean that spirit is in possession of it."

"Do you wish to know why it is best to love your enemies? Enmity breeds revenge, and as you already know, entering the next state quickens and makes keen all powers possessed. A revengeful person going out of the body seeks other revengeful spirits, and they seek the object of hatred, working through a suitable instrument. How strikingly illustrated is this truth in connection with the head of the government who no sooner assumes an office of dignity ere he offends some one, and not being able to use this law where love would kill revenge, he often becomes a victim of combined influences from the depths of iniquity. Love kills by its tenderness what ought not to exist.

"You may think it strange but the serpent charmers use love in the eye, by power of will, directing their gaze upon the strange sensitive organ of the serpent eye, awakening such a sensation as to render it perfectly harmless, and so are the forms of iniquity paralyzed by its rays."

It is always interesting to me when any of these higher teachings can be applied, or the prophecies fulfilled in my own life, or in the lives of others. Several years ago when Mrs. Grady was visiting me, a mutual friend called one evening, a storm-tossed soul who has never made friends with her environment, or cultivated a love for the only work in life for which she is fitted. She has an unusually bright mind and could have risen very high in her profession if she had not wasted her time in multitudinous schemes, which her fertile brain evolves from time to time, without the practical knowledge to carry them to completion. She was depressed almost to the point of desperation and seemed to have lost all hope for the future. Every trial of life instead of sweetening her nature, makes her more bitter and morbid, and consequently less attractive and magnetic in drawing to her friends, and the environment which she craved. This evening gloomy thoughts had complete possession of her, and we were not able to say any-

thing which uplifted or comforted her, when someone from the invisible world gave her the following message through Mrs. Grady.

"You must not lose interest in life now that the field of your better experiences is to open to you, giving access to a life work that will bring satisfaction in that it contains food for a starved nature. You must not blind your eyes to this opportunity surely coming your way. Heart and hands must work together, for a higher education will be required to fill this position. Put aside all matters that unfit you for preparation, trusting in the merits of your own soul to work out what is best for you, and yours. You, dear child, how you do need more trust in the higher powers. Why you will be torn in shreds if you do not lay hold of the spirit of trust. You have will enough to incorporate it in your being and live above your difficulties.

"I wish you would all three bear in mind, that when your way is hedging in the path, to trust to the working out of your higher self upon the foundation of obedience to Divine law. In the past, contending with circumstances has driven this soul to the bottom of the sea of life. When it comes to control of environment, you are able to master only in one way, and that is by keeping close watch over yourself, that you adopt only the measures which you are able to secure without dislodging any of the fortified hopes you have formerly established. In other words, you must keep **all that you are, and all that you have compactly together**. Hold your own forces with that silent grasp which means a surrender of disturbing elements to your higher powers.

"You are a soul capable of great things. You have a mission launching you into the great beyond, and cannot afford for one moment to be drawn into the whirling vortex of thoughts that have no aim for your future good."

I consider this fine teaching my friend received, well worth serious study but she was in such a bitter mood that evening she did not take it away with her. She is a kind, noble woman, with high ideals and has

an intellectual grasp of spiritual truths. Since then her restlessness and her erratic love of change have taken her into many new fields of labor, and this lure of "far pastures," and her lack of self-control keeps her from demonstrating success and satisfaction in her own life.

During the long winter evenings when Mrs. Grady was with me and we had read and talked until we were weary, I would propose that we have psychometric readings. It was very interesting to me to see how well the readings fitted the persons for whom they were given. There was a very progressive man preaching in one of the churches here, one we both enjoyed hearing, and I wrote his name one evening with several others, and as usual I mixed them so that neither one knew whose name she had. At the time this was given there had been no intimation of this minister leaving here, as predicted in the message, but several months later in the spring he resigned. Here is the reading and then I must close this long letter.

"When corn is planted in the East, there will be a pleasurable change for this person. A great deal of learning here, books piled high. The atmosphere around this person makes people feel when coming into his presence as though they would like to sit at his feet and learn. Investigation deep and far-reaching. This person has a planet guide. A planet guide is a soul who has repeatedly overcome, and introduced into his environment all the wisdom to be obtained and has left the earth entirely to return only when called for by the soul of the individual ready to make this great sweep of existence during the present cycle, so that you need not be surprised at anything this soul upon the earth plane will accomplish."

This minister preached several years longer in a city church and then left the ministry to take up law and is now a judge, dispensing justice and no doubt saving more souls than when he was preaching, as he is a humanity-loving man and possibly finds greater opportunities for usefulness than when

he was in the pulpit where he was always too wide-minded to please the conservatives in his congregation.

Your loving,
Florence.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,

Nov. 16, 1916.

Dear Florence,

We enjoyed your amusing experiences even more than Arthur's story, knowing everything happened just as you wrote. Father says tell you to write something humorous for publication. But I said to him that I was sure you couldn't improvise, you are so literal and stick to the truth so closely. We need people who will make us laugh more. I was so sorry George Fitch was taken from us—another victim of an operation. He was so witty. We are all too serious or too frivolous, and in either case we can't appreciate true humor. It's the spice of life, and keeps us young and attractive.

We have so little of the home life now. If people were only content with fewer clothes, and enjoyed simple pleasures more in the home, with good books how much more satisfaction one would get out of life, and how much more cultured we would be. People rush from the theatre to a ball and still feel there must be some new excitement every night. They never stop long enough to think about what they have seen or assimilate any truth given them in lecture or sermon.

Then, Florence, it is such a drain on the pocket books of the bread winners. My sympathies go out to the men who find a strenuous life along legitimate channels of trade insufficient to meet the many useless extravagant demands made upon them by their families. They resort in desperation to speculation and dishonest business methods, which often bring them behind prison bars or to a suicide's grave. I remember you told me once that there were many unhappy wanderers on the lower planes of spirit life, through this great sin of self-destruction, these souls

having left the earth plane before their work was finished.

It may be that in the other world, where absolute justice reigns, the wives and children of these men, who have sacrificed their honor in order to minister to their family's vanity and love of display, will receive more condemnation and suffer more than the men who are considered the criminals on earth. When you realize what a short time we are here, and how long eternity is, aren't you surprised that so many people are indifferent about the future world?

How can we rouse people to a realization that they will reap what they sow, and if they lay up no spiritual treasures on earth, they cannot expect any great happiness in heaven? If people only knew that it is possible to have a knowledge of life after death, and that salvation by character is absolute truth, it seems to me it would influence many who are not helped or made better by the belief in a revengeful God and an endless hell.

If our belief were only presented right, that the world is governed by divine law, and that when we die we face, not an angry God, but our own lives, our own acts, our own thoughts, all recorded in our book of life, would it not make people stop and hesitate before breaking these laws?

There is a fact in history given in the written record of an archbishop, and attested to by him, and the son of Lady Beresford, which furnishes a most thrilling and convincing proof of spirit return.

Lady Beresford, and Lord Tyrone were great friends, and they entered into a solemn compact that the first one passing over should return and say if the revealed religion were true. One night Lord Tyrone appeared to her, assuring her of the truths of religion and immortality. He told her the hour he died, and that she would give birth to a child who would marry his heiress. She asked for a proof of this ghostly visitation. He laid his hand on her wrist, and the sinews shrank and the nerves withered, saying as he did this, "Let no mortal eye, while you live, see your wrist." Ever after she wore a ribbon on her wrist,

and not until she was dying did she relate her experience. After her death the ribbon was removed and her arm was found to be in the condition described. Everything he predicted was fulfilled even to the year of her death .

Your true
Alice.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, California.

Dear Alice,

November 29, 1916.

You have asked me to take up large subjects in this letter. I can say but little about reincarnation, and nothing worth while regarding annihilation, as my information is limited upon these subjects. Personally, I do not like the idea of coming back to earth, repeating my incarnations for the perfecting of my soul. It would be unjust, unless one were furnished with a copy of his own biography so that he could improve upon his life and not make the same mistakes again. I suppose if re-embodiment is true, I shall have to submit to it whether I like it or not, but it doesn't appear to me as being necessary for spiritual advancement.

Some Theosophists claim it is the only way to even up the inequalities of life. They instance the riches and honor some have as against the squalor and misery of the down-trodden. That is too materialistic a premise to argue from. We are here a few hours, figuratively speaking; we are in the next world for all eternity. When I go to a spiritual world, it matters little whether I have had fame or riches on this plane of expression. It will matter how I have lived and what I have done for humanity. It will bring a blush of shame if I read in my book of life, where all acts are recorded, that I took advantage of some one weaker than myself, or kept the Lord's day through hypocritical piety, and on Monday committed one or all of the sins of the Decalogue, in my dealings with my neighbor.

A blacksmith can have just as great a spiritual development as a millionaire, or the President of the United States, and no one can prevent him from attaining it. Why should that blacksmith come back

and go through this darker phase of earth life, in order to accumulate a million dollars which he can't take away with him? If reincarnation is true, I do not believe it is compulsory with those who have made any spiritual growth. If one had wasted all his opportunities here, he might be given a chance to try it again. They tell us we are creating our conditions over there by our thoughts. It might be possible we hadn't done enough creative work to hold us together in spirit. Do you get my meaning? A soul that has not won any identity as a spiritual being might have to come back to get self-consciousness.

Here is something in an old magazine I saved which relates to reincarnation. I can only give you a portion of it. The article was in "The Coming Age," a magazine published by B. O. Flower. Rev. Todd, a Unitarian minister, and some friends were getting messages from the spirits—the questions are by the minister, the answers by the spirit.

"Must those who miss the lessons of earth come back and start again?"

"Start again and again until ready for an actual start."

"You believe then in reincarnation?"

"I know. A soul must centralize and hold to some selfhood before it can have a spiritual development."

"In what condition do these souls remain until embodied?"

"The principle of life has ever evaded analysis. They return to the life principle."

"And there lose their identity?"

"Have they won any identity? That which has not been gained cannot be lost."

"I have a friend whom I would like to have come here to become acquainted with your thought."

"Does he think it is my thought? It is thought."

"Now you puzzle us again with the Universal."

"I take you back to principles."

"Is reincarnation true as you see things?"

"Souls that fail to get the discipline for which

they were put on the earth must get it somehow or become lost, and there are no lost souls."

"Then all have vitality enough to start again?"

"The soul germ remains intact."

"With no identity?"

"No identity until self-consciousness is gained."

"What special discipline is needed to attain this?"

"Unselfish good is the soul's saving."

"Is it not good to improve human conditions?"

"So good a thing that from my sight, this work seems to be the one work on earth."

"Will you give us your estimate of the life and works of Madam Blavatsky?"

"Madame Blavatsky belonged to a non-existent earth type; non-existent I mean as a normal expression. Heavily weighted with sensuous magnetism and also gifted with glimpses of laws transcending earth. She, for her followers, stood at once as an angel of light and as an instrument of abnormally developed wickedness. Madame Blavatsky lived in a double world; nor did she harmonize her worlds. Truth was so enwrapped in gross errors that in her life it was less radiant than phosphorescent."

"How did you feel at the moment of death?"

"Lighter and lighter, it was I, yet not I. I was freed."

"Here a little child softly asked her mother, 'How can people climb up to the other world?' Immediately was written, 'Sweetheart, going is as easy as going to sleep. You just float out and away, and leave the old heavy body behind you. The body has helped you get a start, and was a good old body while it was needed.'"

"Do you know in spirit life the writers who once pleased you?"

"Yes, very well. I still love the large serenity of Emerson. He bore dying far better than some. There was less to drop away. He was large and simple with fewer accretions than most."

Here is a communication from a friend of mine who was preaching in California at the time of his death:

"I look at you now with a deeper sense of gratitude than I have ever felt before and know it is the privilege of some souls to prepare the way for others. I do not shrink from duty as I did before, and do not desire to be recognized as many do, for I know how impossible it is to discern our kind of flesh. We are still living matter of a finer type. We know the old law has ceased to act upon us, and yet we are conscious most of the time, we have not lost anything, not even our bodies. Do not speak of us as disembodied. We have a far more substantial form than you have, having come into more perfect unison with what is acting upon us to clothe us.

"The great reward for right thinking and doing is the finally adjusted body which we call into existence by our superior power, seeking our highest expression of the elements that combine, and are thought into our new structure. It is true that some souls have no bodies, because there are no strong centres of light to draw from the only resources at hand.

"The spirit body is the outgrowth of the states of environment in which the will of the operating internal structure of the being has harmonized to the extent of a verification arising at a conception of perfect mechanism. It is impossible for us to conceive of the beauty and glory to be revealed through a perfectly embodied immortal being with no discordant vibrations, a face and form like unto a god.

"After passing through the death change, to those who have inquired the way to eternal progression, there is a strong incentive to overcome discordant vibrations and use the new formed body as an instrument of gain for them. Before this change, you do not appear to comprehend how necessary it is to conserve every atom of the body for a purpose, and when you teach body building, it is confused with the selfish propensity for permanent residence in a lower state.

"We are told by people beyond us, as we are telling you, of the possession of so perfectly an attuned structural organism as to reveal Divinity itself. We do not wonder the Hebrews believed in the ineffable glory of a Divine presence, for the condition the earth was passing through at that time a few souls were able to catch glimpses of these harmonious bodies. The harmony of life consists in being tuned properly to the changing law that governs alike death and birth. The same power that enable you to draw your first breath, passing into the organism, is much stronger when passing out of the body. If acknowledged as a factor to enter into the next breath to be drawn under the conditions favorable, if you choose to make them so, for a more systematic combination of what is higher and beyond for a more beautiful body."

Some people claim spirit communications are trivial and commonplace and of no benefit to humanity. Rev. Minot J. Savage, D. D., often related incidents from his pulpit where assistance was rendered to people in distress who, but for this timely help, would have committed the great crime of self destruction.

He told of one case where a famous preacher of the poor in Boston died, and finding he could return and talk with his associate pastor's wife, did so and directed the charity work, continuing it in connection with his associate pastor. He came back once and told this lady to ask his daughter to send twenty dollars immediately to another town to a party whose address he gave. His daughter sent it reluctantly as the name was unknown to her. The reply to her letter stated that this family was on the verge of starvation and the deserted wife had pawned her last piece of furniture and was preparing to end her life and the life of her starving children when the money came and saved her from this awful crime.

Goodnight,
Florence.

Pasadena, Calif.,

My dear Arthur,

Nov. 15, 1916.

We are still laughing about your Florida romance. The short story is taken from a novel, by Earl Derr Biggers, entitled "Love Insurance," and it was published in the Pasadena Star-News some time ago. Have I ever told you how much we enjoy this paper? It is well edited and has a good staff of writers, non-partisan in the sense of weighing men and measures in all parties without political bias, and it doesn't seem to truckle to large interests, representing a high class of journalism on the Pacific coast.

I passed a part of your letter on to Mrs. Gray, and she fully appreciated the writer's wit. It seemed to bring the fun loving spirit in her to the surface, and she wrote me a humorous account of her experiences while living in Florida. I will enclose it.

We seem to have finished our religious debate without either one converting the other. I must tell you of a very amusing incident which my sister-in-law told me about. A Baptist minister whom she knew years ago in Kansas City, had a debate with a Universalist minister, and each one converted the other to the extent that the Baptist began preaching in a Universalist church, and the Universalist in a Baptist church. That ought to be written up in church history just because it is so unique. It was so equally balanced there wasn't much glory in it for either denomination.

Arthur, I do believe that Unitarianism is growing faster than you think. Not long ago I read an article over three times before I could persuade myself I had read aright. It is a report of the annual session of the Baptist Conference, at which the ministers discussed whether a belief in the virgin birth is essential to Christian faith, and the consensus of opinion seemed to be that it was not—this from the Baptists.

Rev. J. W. Phillips, from New York, said: "The doctrine of virgin birth in these times is not essential to a true Christian life, as Christ transcended his

birth, no matter in what way he came into the world."

Another speaker was warmly applauded when he declared that the doctrine of the virgin birth has nothing to do with the life of a Christian, nor even his belief in Christ.

The State Conference of Religions, which was held in New York, showed the same broad spirit and desire for unity. Their conference motto being, "Religions are many, religion is one," and meeting for this practical end—"The promotion of the social righteousness now menaced and dishonored in America." And yet the Bishop of London gives us a word of praise; on his return, he preached a sermon saying: "It was like another atmosphere to pass from the wrangles of Great Britain into an atmosphere where they are unknown. What services we had out there. Talk of lively services! Talk of a mechanical ritual! Why I have heard the rafters ring with praise, and there was no sneaking home afterward dispirited and discouraged." Are they getting tired of a mechanical ritual?

I understand perfectly the philosophy of your quotation: "If you can't be happy when you are miserable, you can't be happy at all." You don't deserve any praise for being happy when everything is coming your way and, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox says: "Life flows along like a song." It's when the storms of life come, that you need your courageous optimism. We who have been in New Thought long enough to demonstrate its principles in the slightest degree, know there is a Law which will work for us, if we use it, when health and money are lacking.

We must furnish the right conditions if it works through us; our mental attitude determines the results. We must believe first that there is a divine law working, and then we must have faith and perseverance in demonstrating it. We must build up a strong structure by our faith, and not allow the anarchy of doubt to tear down in an hour what it has taken weeks to build up.

We must be poised, steady and true in our thinking, and not let appearances, which are opposite from what we desire, make any impression on us in the way of discouragement. Then we will understand that Scriptural saying, "To him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath." The law used adversely, in yielding to despair, or to any untrue condition of mind, and body, works for our destruction and holds us in bondage until we reverse our thought.

I am so glad that you realize Mrs. Gray's treatments helped you. I should be sorry to have you oppose New Thought, as I am very much interested in its principles, and I believe that the New Psychology, in some form, will be incorporated into the coming universal religion of the twentieth century.

Christian Science has almost emptied some of our liberal churches, and it is making even swifter inroads into the orthodox folds. They all seem blind to the handwriting on the wall, which spells to me gradual disintegration. It is too bad to have the Christ truth represented by such irrational idealism, and yet all the ministers do is to rail against it. In most cases they do not study it enough to make a polite showing of its defects and present a more reasonable philosophy which appeals to the thinking men and women in their congregations.

When people criticize the various fantastic theories held by some of the metaphysicians, it is comforting to be able to call attention to the Unity School of Christianity, in Kansas City, founded and ably conducted by the Fillmores. The spiritual philosophy of Jesus is taught there, and their healing ministry goes out to the whole world, while their periodicals are found in every corner of the globe. I am told that one room in their fine building is consecrated to healing alone, where each day the workers assemble and send out their united thought to bless and uplift humanity. I can easily understand that there would be added power "Where two or three are gathered together," in perfect accord, sending out spiritual vi-

brations of health and harmony to afflicted discouraged souls.

Your loving
Alice.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,
Dec. 15, 1916.

Dear Florence,

How very interesting your last letter was. I thought that a fine character delineation of Madam Blavatsky. I am glad I never tried to wade through her voluminous writings. I have read some books written by Annie Bezzant and enjoy her ideas very much. She is broad enough to see truth in other philosophies and doesn't force you to accept so many theosophical dogmas as absolute truth. I believe they have received their doctrines, many of them at least, from discarnate spirits. There seem to be many countries "over there" and each speaks a different language when it comes to interpreting truth.

Here is an extract from one of B. Fay Mills' sermons after he left the orthodox church and was preaching in a liberalist pulpit:

"These are not times for compliance, for pouring the waters of concession into the bottomless buckets of expediency. We have learned that a saint, weakly and amiably in the right, is no match for a bigot, tenaciously in the wrong. We must learn, not to speak always the popular word, but the anger provoking truth. We must learn to enjoy the beatitude of malediction that is visited upon those who refuse to answer the people after their false idols.

"Better be the champions of a flouted truth than smoothly to accept a gilded compromise. Unless the liberal church be roused to take its share in a zealous self-sacrificing gospel, I believe God will take the kingdom from us, and give it to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof. What does God care for churches, to whom the truth is not burning, vital, while the world perishes."

Even then, years ago, Mr. Mills showed his disappointment at our lukewarmness and now he has gone from us entirely. I think if we must have Evangel-

ists, it is too bad that he ever gave up the work because he was a refined, cultured man, so different from the Billy Sunday type.

Do you know anything of the work being done by Prof. Elmer Gates in his laboratory in Washington?

What a big club H. G. Wells took to demolish all the creeds of Christendom in his book, "God the Invisible King." He atones for this wholesale destruction by sending all repentant sinners straight from the gallows into glory, and the Ineffable Presence. Orthodoxy has been doing that for some time, so that Mr. Wells cannot copyright that system of belief and hand it out as an original document on easy salvation. In the changing order of things the Liberalists will soon be the only ones believing that sin will be punished. Mr. Wells wants us to pray but he gives us very little encouragement that our prayers will be heard, or that God will heal us, or help us in any material way.

John Muir found God an "ever present help" when climbing a mountain in the High Sierra; he looked down over twelve thousand feet, he could neither ascend nor descend and he knew, humanly speaking, that there was no escape from the perils of the situation. Invisible power carried him up over the glacier to the mountain top and safety. Call it God, spirit levitation, what you will, John Muir knew, and acknowledged the fact to a friend of mine, that it was a power transcending earth which saved his life and made possible his book, "The Mountains of California." The world is not ready for miracles yet, and he probably realized it and touched lightly upon the occurrence when he mentioned it in his book. But to a student of the occult it is of tremendous value and shows the great latent power which, if we understood it more perfectly, could be called upon and used in times of need.

Your loving

Alice.

Santa Barbara, Calif.,

Dec. 19, 1916.

My Dear Alice,

I have found only one interrogation point in your letter, and I breathed a sigh of relief, fearing you would continue to ply me with questions regarding re-birth, and ask me if I remembered my former incarnation.

Divine Science is my hobby. I would not pursue it to the exclusion of other things, were I not convinced that the world needs it more than anything else. Christ taught that a wrong thought is as much of a sin as a wrong act, and in the light of the new psychology, we have proven that wrong thought is destructive thought, not only acting as a poison to the blood and interfering with the free circulation of the divine life forces in the body, but going out as well, a deadly microbe of evil, depressing and contaminating others. Truly, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Prof. Elmer Gates, of whom you spoke in your letter, is a scientific investigator in psychological fields of thought, and has one of the finest laboratories in the East. He has invented an apparatus that registers thought. He tells you to hold steadily in mind some of the destructive thoughts, such as grief, anger, fear or anxiety. You breathe into a glass tube and emanations from your body carry with them compounds containing such deadly poison, that if placed in a culture of developing cells, they will destroy their life. Constructive thoughts treated in the same way, produces a substance highly beneficial to life.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." In order to dwell in the secret place of the Most High, we should learn, Alice, that our thoughts must reflect Divinity. No one can think high and noble thoughts, without its affecting someone in the world, and a knowledge of this fact enables us to realize the tremendous responsibility of life. No matter how circumscribed our sphere, were we shut up in a dungeon, we still could benefit suffering and discouraged humanity, by getting so in harmony with the Divine

Mind that the vibrations sent out from us in the world would make us saviours of men.

Alice, my spirit is strong but my body is too frail to contend with the present conditions much longer. Now that is a weak thought for me to give expression to, is it not? Ah, well, if you knew what I had to endure yesterday, you would not blame me for this momentary weakness. A psychic friend was just in to see me, no doubt guided by my need of a little encouragement today, I will give you the psychic message she got for me:

Florence Gray has reached the transition period of her existence, where her soul demands an upward flight. The flesh may be torn, but the spirit is strong and will carry her in safety to her journey's end. A soul recognizing an upward tendency cannot remain stationary, but must climb higher and higher towards its destined goal. Whatever comes to this pilgrim, recognize as a divine blessing, sent for purification and a living reincarnation of the soul.

"The dross of her flesh will be burned away, and she will mount upward like an eagle in its flight, until she rests upon the pinnacle of her soul's higher aspiration, from which she will give to the world what God has given her. She must banish fear from the great plan of her uprising. Her body will become an illuminated temple, a fit abiding place for the Holy One whose servant she desires to be. She must feel herself spirit and not flesh.

"God is spirit, and He can and will sustain her in trial, sorrow or suffering. The world suffers, not knowing the blessings to be obtained therefrom. You of the higher faith gain the blessing through knowledge. Every pilgrim senses a tearing of the flesh at each new step in his onward march. Each pain or sorrow means a conquering of flesh, where resignation, patience and resistance are held by the disciple. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and His mark is upon all who experience trial of any kind. The way of the Neophyte is hard. The Saviour traveled it before, and he triumphed over it, so must his followers or else they are not good disciples."

Injustice seems to be the greatest trial which I have to endure at this present time. Mr. Gray is working in such a subtle way to prejudice people against me here where I am a stranger. One of his sympathetic friends has been getting his evening meal for him for some time, and she tells everyone how sorry she is for him, as she says he has an illiterate wife who doesn't understand or appreciate him, and who will not even prepare his meals for him. But sometime his true character will be known, and already there are signs pointing that way. A fraternal order here has notified the man who presented Mr. Gray's name for membership that he had better withdraw it unless he wanted him black-balled. One member said, "I may not be a saint, but I do not lie about my wife, and blame her for my own wrong doing."

Some of the liberalists look with smug satisfaction upon their work of slaying the devil, and putting out the fires of an endless hell. It was not an easy task for those iconoclasts to depose so powerful a monarch intrenched behind the strong bulwarks created by the crystalized thought of past centuries. And they have tasted the bitterness of martyrdom, suffering abuse and ostracism for championing this once unpopular belief. But they must not feel that their mission is ended or that they can rest from their labors. They had better restore the devil to those who reverence him and re-kindle the fires of hell, than to make salvation easy, by a belief that God stands ready to blot out our sins by His forgiveness. The seers of all ages, from Swedenborg to the present day prophets, have seen with clairvoyant vision the hells beyond, and they tell us that some souls are in torment for centuries. Salvation has been made more difficult by these revelations of truth. Our hells and our devils have been multiplied. Consider a man, the petted idol of society, well-born and accustomed to all the refinements of fine living, yet who is vile in his morals. Think you that he will be forgiven and passed on to the spheres where the pure abide?

**Good Night,
Florence.**

Pasadena, Calif.,

Dec. 23, 1916.

Dear Florence,

When you go to the point of complaining and seem ready to give up the battle, I get alarmed for I know it takes considerable to bring you to the place where you lose hope. What has that man been doing? If you do not tell me, I shall go right up to Santa Barbara. I can read between the lines, and I know something has happened.

It's all very well for those spirits, giving the messages, to stand around and see you dying by inches, and predict great things for you in the future. I want deliverance for you from the hard conditions right now before you sink under the strain and go where you can't be of help to the world. I am in a savage mood or I would not criticize the messages that comfort you so much. Yes, I did notice that the last one was from a different personality—he needs New Thought, for there's too much resignation in the reading to suit me.

If you were only surrounded by your friends, it would be easier for you to bear your hard life. When I think of the lovely cultured people you have always attracted wherever you have lived, and how proud you were of your husband's agreeable personality, which won friends for him so easily, I can hardly credit my senses that so complete a metamorphosis of character, as there has been in him, is possible. Stevenson has given a truth in his story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—Mr. Gray proves it.

Your husband seems so reckless of consequences to himself, and heretofore he has always been so careful of his reputation that it must be as you say, an unbalanced mind, coupled with an unscrupulous woman's influence, which is working his ruin.

Did it ever occur to you that the minister in that "little church around the corner" is especially grave? So many have spoken to me about him, and have asked me if he ever laughs. Of course he never shows any mirthful tendencies in the pulpit, he is too cultured to lack dignity. I always thought him a very genial man.

Isn't it strange, Florence, what different qualities two people will find in one person? Is it because I draw from that person some quality by my own personality that he doesn't show to others? People meet sometimes who are so antipathetic there is no point of contact, no responsive give and take in association, and conversation is difficult and misunderstandings easy. I have been with people I couldn't talk with and after the conversation was over (if something that never began, could be said to be over), I felt that I had but feebly defended even that live subject, the climate of Southern California. I was more exhausted in the effort to be entertaining and drag out new subjects than I would have been if I had written a long treatise on one of the new bugs father is always discovering and wanting me to take an interest in.

I believe I shall begin to relate psychic experiences. We will ring down the curtain on your "Patriarch," who thinks it's so good to suffer. You be the audience for awhile and I will get before the footlights and give you a spooky shiver. You can't be on the platform all the time, there are other people in the universe who have "seen things." A friend here in Pasadena, had a sister who came from the East with her invalid son. She rented a furnished bungalow through an agent in Altadena. After she had lived there awhile, she told her sister that if she were at all superstitious she would move out of the house, there were so many noises about the desk, and she could hear voices at night.

My friend is clairvoyant, so without telling her sister of the fact, she tried to see if there were any uneasy spirits there. I believe those who claim to have an acquaintance with the spirits say they never haunt houses to the extent of being heard, unless there is a wrong to be righted. My friend did not know who owned the house at the time she got this vision. In the room where the invalid boy lay on a couch, she saw a sad-faced old lady who went over to him and laid a crucifix on his breast. Then a young girl was seen working over papers at the same desk where the

lady heard the noises. My friend did not understand the vision, but after inquiry she learned that an old lady, a Catholic, had lived there with a young girl not related to her. When she died, she left her property to this girl, cutting off her legal heirs, and they are now contesting the will, charging that undue influence was used.

I agree with you that we should emphasize the belief that sin will be punished. If we have transgressed the divine laws of our being, and have broken the commandments, injuring ourselves and others, we must suffer the consequences sometime, somewhere. The harvest may be delayed, but the seeds sown will bring forth of their kind. The messages which come to us from beyond the grave, tell us that the way of the transgressor is hard, so hard that if people were all clairvoyant, and could see into what dark conditions the wicked go at death, it would be a moral stimulus which would usher in a kingdom of righteousness on earth.

The old fallacy of the church, that a moral life alone cannot save a man, no matter how much of the God in him is expressed by his Christ-ministry of love and service to humanity, and exalting above him the rich communicant in the church who has a separate business-conscience through the week allowing him to devour the substance of widows and orphans, is a salvation-insurance at variance with the teachings of the lowly and just Nazarene.

Christ made righteousness the only way into the kingdom. There will be no accusing judge to condemn us, but the law will be fulfilled, as Christ has said again and again.

How far do you think death-bed repentance would take one in celestial spheres? If the sinner who has wronged others repents and atones for his sin by helping those whom he has wronged here on earth, it will be a most helpful start toward salvation, if he begins the work of reconstruction here, but if he waits until he is ready to go, I think it will take more than a priest to usher him into glory and conditions of

peace that will bring him satisfaction, where absolute justice reigns, and all the acts of his life will confront him.

Your loving friend,
Alice.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara. Calif.,
Jan. 3, 1917.

My Dear Alice,

How intuitive you are. I cannot seem to keep anything from you. I would rather not go into the details of this last humiliation that has brought me so much sorrow. I am too crushed, and it brings the tears even to write about it. When I see you I will tell you all that has happened to bring a crisis in my affairs. To relieve your mind, I will say that Mr. Gray has gone East to establish himself, and I shall never live with him again. He has treated me so shamefully and this last insult has been so public that even his own relatives feel I would lose my self respect if I remained with him longer. I shall enclose a letter from his favorite niece, who loves him dearly, but she loves truth better and puts justice above mere ties of blood. I wrote her fully what had happened and this is her answer:

I suppose I shall still get his murderous hypnotic thought. New scenes and new people may divert him for awhile, but he is too nervous and unbalanced mentally to succeed in a new field of labor, and he will, no doubt, return to annoy me. I promise you, Alice, I shall never live with him again. I may be slow in making up my mind, but I am very firm when I once take a stand. Do not ask me to institute divorce proceedings. I shall never seek a separation, although I have plenty of proof in the shape of letters. I shrink from the publicity and the harm it would do him.

I have very little patience with those who are seeking affinities. I do not like even to discuss such a silly and demoralizing subject, but so many people are making mistakes through their wrong conceptions of life that I suppose we should give it some consideration, as so many families are broken up because of false ideas concerning this matter. Sometimes we have to handle filth in order to purify conditions.

Granted that people do make mistakes in marriage, there are no perfect relations of any kind on earth, unless we work hard to make them perfect. Discipline is good for us, for it brings out the best in us sometimes. It is a crime to bring children into the world and then shirk our duties and follow a will-o'-the-wisp that leads to ruin for ourselves and everyone connected with it, in the selfish pursuit of happiness. No one can be truly happy through broken vows and unfulfilled obligations. If perfect companionship ever comes in the next world, it will come as a result of a man and a woman evolving perfection of character. An ideal union can only be possible from living ideal lives.

I have rented my home and have a room with kind people who have been loyal friends all through my trouble. The man belongs to several fraternal orders, and whenever my private affairs are discussed, he has risen to his feet more than once at the club in my defence, telling what he knew of Mr. Gray's acts. He was warmly applauded the other night for his championship at one of the meetings. He is a high minded man, and he does hate a liar. His wife, too, has helped me so much with her cheery practical sympathy.

This promises to be a lonely evening, my friends having gone out, so I believe I will look over your letter and take up some of the topics you touched on. I shall have plenty of leisure now for long letters, and I shall not write of my difficulties after this and I don't want you to refer to them. Let peace and harmony have a chance to come into my life. The only way to get rid of anything that annoys one is to stop thinking and talking about the annoyance. We keep a thing alive when we talk about it.

If Job were only on earth, I might look him up and propose to him to write jointly a "Book of Lamentations," he to write one chapter and I the next. After I had written one chapter, showing him what real afflictions are, I think he would be ashamed that he had ever complained. He would load his camel and go back to the land of Uz, and let me finish the book.

Yes, I perfectly agree with you in your estimate of the minister to whom you referred in your last letter. A humorous situation always finds instant response and genial recognition from him. I never could understand why people think he is so serious. He never depresses me unless he preaches against the things I believe in. Do some people impress you as having generations of culture back of them, or is it a fanciful notion of mine? This minister impresses me so, and I once had an aunt of whom I always thought in the same way, as expressing the perfection of courtesy in manners and speech; and Aunt Angie remains with me, a beautiful memory, though she passed from mortal sight many years ago.

Once when Mrs. Grady was visiting me, I wrote several names for her to give psychometric readings, this minister's name being among them. After writing the names I always folded them so neither of us knew which one she was reading from, and I also mixed them to preclude mind-reading. She would hold each name which I handed her and with her eyes closed she would dictate the spirit message and I wrote it down. I always numbered them and did not read them when they came but after they were all given. Mr. Gray came in that evening and put a name in with the others.

I would not repeat this only it follows as a sequence to what we have been talking about. This is the minister's reading.

"A great deal working out in this man's life that will make him strong. The zeal of his life will take on new coloring. Will read up on new subjects. Why doesn't he laugh more? The atmosphere clears up around this person every time he makes an effort at mirth. He ought to consider that to be light hearted drives away more shadows than praying to have some hand remove them. This man will live longer by cultivating good cheer. This life started out under peculiar conditions, but will end with a recognition of a life beyond, some days previous to death. There is plenty of time for this man to work out all his theories and depart in peace. He should laugh more.

Heart is light, why shouldn't the body be? This person takes strange views of things. He is influenced by someone associated with him. A spirit influence about this person and he is always inspired when Saint Cecilia is with him, because his magnetic body is a highly attuned instrument. There will be a tendency to laugh more in the latter part of his life."

There is one thing I want to impress upon you, Alice, never tell this minister that the **spirits** want him to laugh more. He would never smile again. Why? He has a growing antipathy towards spirits. Even to mention one annoys him. It is to be hoped that he will never have to associate with spirits when he goes to the other world.

One name Mrs. ~~Gray~~ held for a long time and then said, I cannot get anything but a "comfortable feeling" with this name. When I opened it I found that Mr. Gray had written our cat's name. Wasn't that a fine test?

Here is the one which I received that night.

"There is great psychic power connected with this soul, which if directed right in the spirit of faith and prayer will lead her forth as the prophets of old, and she will accomplish great good. She must concentrate upon spiritual thoughts to the exclusion of everything else, for her forces are changing and she now possesses some of the Masters of the age who will give to her messages that will prove a great blessing to her and posterity. She must give little thought to the petty annoying details of material life for her wants will be supplied as the dew to the rose."

Now I will give you a psychic reading I got from another mediumistic friend before Mr. Gray left.

"Your husband little realizes the dangerous ground upon which he stands. Remorse will come too late to give him the full increase. He is under the influence of those who scoff at psychic truths, and he therefore seeks to appease his own discontented mind by resting in the atmosphere of others. He is in physical bondage and will be brought very low before he passes from earth. Dismiss him from your mind as though you never knew him, and he will

some day call for the help he now rejects. It will be too late this side of eternity. He tries to appear contented and satisfied, but he is obliged to seek company in which to hide his real feelings.

"When alone, the quiet gives him opportunity for reflection and he is miserable. Trust in the power of unseen justice to bring you above the trammels of life, and the way you know not of will open to you. Patient, simple abiding in the shadow of the Almighty will give you strength and courage. Leslie Gray does not realize his power to overcome sin. Let him rest in his own way, and he will find the snag that will trip him up. Everyone must learn how to live, and some learn harder than others.

"You will ere long feel yourself rise to a pinnacle where you will laugh at these events as mere trifles and wonder that they ever caused you a sigh or a tear. Feel a sense of justice and right in your own life and your own will come to you. The purity and honorable sense of your life will reap for you a rich reward. The soul of this man has departed to the God who gave it. Never more will the psychic powers which have been his guide, surround him again. He is now launching his bark upon his own human judgment which is weak, and it is only a matter of time before his sails are torn, his mast broken, and his rudder is carried away. When he turns for help to the source from which his help has always come, remorse will sweep him away like chaff before a storm.

"He will turn to you to save his life—you have done it before to your own harm—do it no more. Dismiss him now from your life as a dead thing not to be resurrected again. If you do not possess yourself mentally, your physical will succumb, because there is a serious ordeal before you, and you must gain strength and mastery to go through it. Hold on to Divine Wisdom, Divine Power, Divine Love, all else is bubble."

That was a true prediction, Alice, for the "trying ordeal" came. One reading suggests another and as it is early yet, I will keep on writing until I get sleepy.

At one time I went to a psychic in Riverside who knew nothing of my life. She said, speaking of my husband, "Oh, the remorse that man will feel when he faces his life in the other world." I said, "If his actions were due to mental derangement from his accidents, will he be responsible?" She answered, "He will suffer because he has as truly murdered you as if he had administered slow poison. He has degenerated, and from having clean morals, he has become unclean, and he will be held responsible for the violent temper, which uncontrolled has caused you so much suffering. The duplicity of that man." He even now tells people how he loves you, and treats you with gentleness and consideration in public, and at home he is a perfect fiend. It will be some time after he passes over before he will change, and at first he will come and annoy you and seek to do you harm, and his vindictive thought will disturb you from the spirit world."

As this young girl did not know me and had never seen him, nor did she know anything of my history and I didn't give her any clue to work on, I thought it a fine character delineation. We will remember the prediction Alice, that "Leslie will return to injure me," and see if it is ever fulfilled. I have always thought he would be so remorseful for his treatment of me that he would return if he could, to make amends. But if as I have been told in the teachings which I have received that every emotion is intensified by the change, it may be many years before he is spiritually awakened. I shall need legions of angels to protect me, if I am obliged to continue the battle when he passes over.

In the book to which you referred, "The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner," I was disappointed to learn that Richard Hodgson took the stand he did with reference to the part Mrs. Piper played in the search. Spiritualists usually resent being told their messages are not true, but we have been led to think the Psychical Research Society is on higher ground and working in an unbiased manner for truth alone. Exposing the vagaries of psychical intercourse, and

scientifically stating facts as they occur, so as to establish a working hypothesis for the philosophy; but this cannot be done unless they separate the tares from the wheat, and recognize the tares.

I have discovered that a good many people are discontented in the spirit realms whose lives here were considered very exemplary. One evening when Mrs. Grady was in, I commented on this strange fact, and told her one friend whom I had known on earth and who was cut off in the prime of life, always came with so much sadness whenever he talked with me through psychics. Her spirit teacher gave me a long communication regarding this departed friend, and talked with him, while he was giving the message through her. I will only quote a few passages from it. Its whole trend was to point out the importance of having an understanding of life on this plane in order to begin right there. This man had fine attainments, and I verily believe would have been living to-day if he had not been so antagonistic to spiritual healing, and had not turned to other methods which hastened his death.

"This soul came into the earth life with high aspirations but with a consciousness that he had been unsupported in the past. This feeling of non-support should have been overcome before entering this state. If this had been accomplished the soul would have been free to choose for itself its means of advancement. He says, 'I ask myself the question, 'Why I came thus?' and the reply is so far away from me in the future, I have little hope of reaching it.' But I say to him my brother, courage. Your moral standard of life has begotten in you the purpose for the working out of this realization (I talk to him between my pronouncement to you my sister). Yes, this soul must feel secure in himself. Will you, my sister, help him in your thoughts? It will brighten his path. It will born hope out of despair arise. You see the soul at the change went through the lines open to him through his own building, which to say the least were narrow and uncontrollable. If one reach an untimely end in your state of existence and be friendless, as

far as the adaptation to a higher life is concerned, he is constantly chilled with the thought of the unreality of the life he has lived, and that into which he has entered. Souls that leave the body often find souls in the body advanced beyond the state through which they must pass. His constant demand upon you will aid in his advancement."

Your loving,
Florence.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,
Jan. 6, 1917.

Dear Florence,

I am so happy to know that you are free from that man at last, and can have peace once more. I shall not annoy you by asking any questions as to what brought about this sudden change of affairs, but it must have been something unusually trying to cause you to take so decisive a step. You led me to think in your letter you would rather discuss other things now, so I will drop this harassing subject.

I want to tell you how we enjoy Pasadena. Automobiling is such a joy here, the roads being paved for miles in every direction. The houses on the best residential streets have extensive grounds and are beautiful. The finest residences are in the southwest section where we live and in picturesque Oak Knoll. They vie with each other in the charms they present to the prospective buyer, who has millions to invest and has only his own choice to consider in the selection of a site.

How foolish it is, Florence, to hold envy towards the owners of beautiful homes. It makes me happy to see so much beauty, and I believe I enjoy it more than the owners do because I have no care regarding the property. If people could only get that one idea incorporated into their mentality that they do not have to possess a thing in order to enjoy it, they would cease being envious and would be much more agreeable to live with.

How very interesting that psychometric reading was that Mrs. Grady got for the minister. These character delineations must come from a different

personality than her "spiritual teachings," as they are in a lighter vein and the style is different. I believe it is true that he is inspired at times. I have heard him preach sermons that were spiritual and heard him preach sermons that were spiritual and knew when he went into the pulpit that he was going to give a spiritual sermon. I sensed a lovely thought atmosphere around him at such times, and when he began to speak I could see clairvoyantly bright lights scintillating over his head. When he preached on the "Valley of Vision," everything was dark and no bright lights were inspiring him then. Whenever he spoke against truth, it was from his own mentality. If Saint Cecilia, the celebrated martyr of Rome, is with him occasionally, no wonder he is sad from her influence. If you had been beheaded as many times as she was, you would be sad, too, when you came back to earth.

You spoke in a former letter of the great mass of misinformation reaching us from the invisible spheres through mediums. Danger signals are needed at every wireless station to warn the people against the opposing cross-currents which may meet and twist all truth out of a message which our spirit friends are trying to get across to us. Intercourse between the two worlds is a very difficult proposition, even if the instrument used, the medium, is truthful and honest, and mischievous entities on the astral plane do not interfere to intercept and change the messages.

The spirits haven't super-normal powers to materially change conditions of environment which we have built up around us, by our thoughts and our acts. Teachers from the ethereal planes say that they only show us the way, spiritually guiding us to adopt the best means for our advancement in soul growth, in order to prepare us for the larger life beyond. It is only the unprogressed inhabitants of the plane nearest the earth, who claim wisdom and power to direct our material affairs and make safe investments for us.

But when we receive counsel from those who have only been in that far country a few years, we should remember that giving advice is a strong human characteristic, which would naturally survive that "shock of atoms" we call death.

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind" unfitted him for large transactions when he lived here in his happy hunting grounds, makes an incongruous metamorphosis when he returns as the "control" of a medium, transformed into a master mind of high finance, and attempts to form and direct syndicates.

Your loving,
Alice.

* * * * *

Princeton, N. J.,

Jan. 18, 1917.

Dear Alice,

I am beginning to understand the wily duplicity of women. You never left a stone unturned to get me out of the ministry. Why, forsooth? Because you wanted to preach yourself. You knew I would take all your laurels away and you didn't like the prospect of shining with any reflected glory borrowed from me. Do you expect to drag that cat around everywhere you preach? I suppose it will be my duty to carry a little black bag containing your sermons, and when we are on the train to run out every few minutes to the baggage car to see if that little beast has his milk. And the husband of the Rev. Alice Hollinsworth will be delegated to see if that wonderful cat, which she says, "Knows more than most people," hasn't chewed up the directions on his destination tag.

You advocated the "clinging vine" theory once in my presence and it is with sorrow I have watched you traveling in an opposite direction ever since. Jokes aside, your letter was intensely interesting, showing the trend of thought towards liberalism. I am working so many hours on my studies and do so little general reading that I am dependent upon you to furnish me current events.

Do you not think, my dear, that a great many New Thought teachers are claiming more advance-

ment and power than they really possess? No one living has attained the Christ ideal sufficient for perfect self control. It is a mastery we are all seeking who are trying to live the higher life, and some are attaining it in a small degree but none of us to the extent of assuming to be an example for mankind to follow. Helen Wilmans expected to live forever but she passed on. There are many lecturers and writers to-day who openly advocate the mastery of death. Continued life in the body seems absurd and undesirable to me under the present conditions. When Christ referred to death as the last enemy to be overcome, I do not think he meant continued expression in the body but rather some psychological change we should make in ourselves whereby death would have no terrors for us.

An extreme exponent of your faith gave a lecture here claiming to speak from the Absolute, whatever that may be. When she came on the platform I was under the delusion that she was beautifully gowned in yellow, and had a very pleasing personality, but this was a mirage, due to my imperfect reasoning. She informed us that although we might think we saw her, it was an illusion, for she did not exist. I had scarcely nailed this truth over a port-hole in my dazed consciousness when she added in a sepulchral whisper, "There are no people in the world." By this time we were all reduced to a state of idiocy where we were willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil, and let the Absolute have us. However, this dissolving slaughter did not satisfy the speaker and she turned her big guns on the sun, moon and stars, and dimmed every twinkle as easily as one would snuff out a tallow candle. Why, she did not leave a single creeping thing on the earth, not even the Kaiser, who could have been of so much use to her in helping her build up a new and a better world.

As a chaos-promoter, Noah was a pigmy in comparison. He preserved a few types for future wars, but she wielded a free lance to submerge all materiality into the Isness of the Is. Talk about an air raid

over London being exciting. It is a tame experience, as an adventure, after you have been whirled into the Whith of the Whither, and find yourself floundering in a sea of Absolutism. To speak mildly, I was in a state of frenzy by the time she had reached thirdly in her discourse and had destroyed all matter with no gleam of hope that she would allow a "survival of the fittest." A gentle thought finally percolated through my fast-disappearing brain. "St. Peter will never allow this destroying-angel to slip through the gates," I murmured, and I shall meet Alice in Heaven. As if in answer to this, the High Priestess said, "There are no disembodied."

There is nothing better as an antidote for such mental hysteria, than Horatio Dresser's sane philosophy of New Thought, which can be found in the books he has written on the subject.

Your devoted,
Arthur.

* * * * *

La Solano, Pasadena, Calif.,

My dear Arthur,

Jan. 30, 1917.

I have waited several days before answering your letter to punish you for calling me a preacher. I shall have enough to do if I keep you in the straight and narrow path wherein you should walk without going out in the highways and byways to look up other sinners. I am not shrinking from the task, and in my most cheerful moments I am even looking forward with pleasure to reforming you. I don't underestimate the responsibility, nor do I think it is an easy road to heaven, nor that there will be more wheat than tares the first few years.

Another matter of importance. If you think from something I said that I have any clinging vine qualities, get rid of the thought at once, so that it won't take root and prove an illusion which you will have to dispel later on, and the next time you call Tiger Templeton a "little beast" you will not get a letter with the Pasadena postmark on it for three weeks.

I have had so much happiness lately, I believe it has come as a result of living my principles, not simply theorizing and making affirmations and denials, but putting into practice what I know. When I first began the study of science with Mrs. Gray, she cautioned me to read less and think more, as she saw I was reading everything I could find on the subject. I expected to get a wonderful revelation from some writer who would show me a luminous road to power and understanding that I could travel easily and speedily and attain results without effort.

Mrs. Gray told me that mental indigestion would be inevitable if I kept on, and that probably I would reach the point where I would be disgusted and say there was nothing in the principles that would bring health and harmony in our lives. She said after I got the basic principles firmly grounded and knew positively that the right mental attitude held steadily was the only path to power, I would begin to grow.

I would know then that every wrong thought I held would work against me. If I held a thought of hatred or fear, or worry, for one hour, it would show forth in my body or my circumstances and I might hold some statement such as "God is love," or "He is my strength, my life, my prosperity," for weeks without any visible results. Why? Because I had disconnected myself with Divine Attributes.

When one is hating, fearing, worrying, it is not true to say, "God and I are one." It is as "sounding brass or tinkling cymbals." Mental affirmations are easy, but living the principles is hard.

Mrs. Gray says we must not expect to attain mastery over conditions, until we live in accord with the divine law of our being. She says a person can be temporarily lifted by a healer to where there is a manifestation of health and harmony and prosperity, but the real salvation for anyone comes in living the Christ life. It comes through sacrifice, but one is only sacrificing the lower for the higher. He gains a spiritual victory that helps him all through eternity. When he has faith, love and charity and stops fearing and worrying, God will work through him and do

mighty works undreamed of now, but without living the life he can call upon God and make mental affirmations by the hour without changing his conditions in the least.

Mrs. Gray said colds often came from impatient states of consciousness; there may be exposure, but it is often due to a contracted thought that interferes with the free circulation of blood and of the life forces. I have tested it, Arthur, and I believe it is true. The calm, happy people, who have poise and a knowledge of these laws, suffer least from colds.

In the beginning of my class work with Mrs. Gray, I used to be morbid and blue over trifles, and she told me she could lift me out of my gloom, but if I chose to lower my vibrations by my anarchy of destructive thought, I could tear down in an hour more than she could build up in a week by her treatments.

Truly, dear, practicing New Thought isn't an easy way into the kingdom of heaven, but it is the Christ way and teaches us to save ourselves. How anyone can believe that a person can sin all his life and then have a priest come in when he is dying and absolve him from the consequences of his acts, is more than I can understand. Repentance is all right if it is not a mere lip-service through fear of a hell that awaits one.

You remember that a certain lawyer said: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus answered: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Did he say, "My blood will save you," or that a mere statement of belief that he was immaculately born was necessary? It is service and love that brings one eternal life and happiness.

If we are saved through Christ, it will be because we follow him and obey his commands. He is the one pure, perfect man, sent by God to redeem the world through his teachings and the example of his life. New Thought teaches us that if we live the Christ life we can do the works he did.

I think I have preached long enough, but I don't believe you have been sufficiently punished for calling Tiger names, so I propose to give you a cat story that is absolutely true. All the people and all the cats who figure in it are still living. It can be verified. It takes one on the psychic plane, and it gives me a chance to talk about cats, and I am right at home with my subject for I adore them.

I will introduce the smallest member of this cat family first, "Tubby," a half grown kitten, whose name is finely engraved on his collar with instructions where to return him if lost. He was dubbed "Tubby" when he was little and round, and the name was appropriate, but now that he is long and thin, my critic friend, who finds fault with a lot of things, says it's a misnomer and wants him renamed "Slim." I haven't heard of his being rechristened, so I'll keep on calling him "Tubby."

Well, Tubby got into trouble the other day. A little mocking bird got out of his nest and was murdered by Tubby. His owner took him out under the tree, where the mother bird and the father bird were giving shrill cries of grief, and she threw him down, saying: "Here, father bird, is the culprit, do what you will with him." The bird flew down, lit on his back and pecked him. I know you are saying: "What is there psychic about this?" Will you give me time to tell my tale, Arthur? I like to talk about cats and I am going to make this story as long as I want to. I suppose if I don't get to the point pretty soon, you will be asking me if the ghost of the murdered mocking bird came back, which wouldn't be an impossibility, for birds live again.

The lady who owns the cat is clairvoyant; so is Tubby, so are the other cats. When spirits come in the room, the cats, all but Tubby, cry out in distress and fly into another room; not so, Tubby. The lady says the spirits stoop down and pet him and he rubs up against them or tries to, and she says it is very comical to see him standing in the middle of the room rubbing up against apparently nothing. The owner of the cat is a humanitarian, and since the mocking

bird episode Tubby has worn a bell attached to his collar, so that future generations of birds may be saved by being warned of his approach.

To pass from what you will term "the ridiculous to the sublime," I want to say that you once wrote me to go and hear the Presbyterian minister. I did not need your invitation, nor any persuasion to do so, as it has been my privilege and pleasure to hear him many times. But you people in the East, must learn to put away covetousness. You seem to want every good thing we have in California. Now you have baited your hook with gold and the offer of one of the most influential city parishes, in order to draw to you this bright and shining light in our Presbyterian pulpit. But you failed. He has preached a sermon which in one of the papers caused these headlines in big, bold type, "**Pastor overturns dogmas. Rejects idea of hell.**" It is a very courageous stand to take, for his criticism extends to some of the accepted ideas of the Atonement. I will send you the paper with a synopsis of the sermon.

Your loving,
Alice.

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Santa Barbara, California.,

January 30, 1917.

My dear Alice,

I am sitting out on the little balcony off my room this bright morning enjoying the glorious sunshine and thinking about the strange complexities of life. I brought my pen and paper out concluding to share my thoughts with you. You are always a sympathetic companion when I wander down the little used lanes of metaphysical thought, and we gather flowers where other people would only find weeds and thistles.

Now that there is comparative harmony in my life, the subject-matter of my letters to you will consist mainly in what I have thought out in my quiet hours about the people I meet, and the trend of modern thought towards liberalism and healing. Mark the prediction, Alice, if Christian healing is not recognized and the principles taught in the churches, there will be no use for the churches. It is growing by

leaps and bounds; and they cannot build Christian Science churches fast enough. I have been told there are just as many believers in the independent organizations. There are so many like myself who are not affiliated with any society but we are all spreading the gospel.

I do not think one who is healing should be expected to lecture and teach classes. If the healer had many patients requiring attention and tried to do public work at the same time, one of the two lines of work would be neglected.

I have a very warm spot in my heart for the Methodists. They believe in divine healing, why do they not take it up and add one more jewel to their crown? They are doing more today for the abolishment of the liquor traffic than any other church, and I verily believe God will hold those churches accountable who are lukewarm on this subject. When the saloons are closed the Methodists will have reason to rejoice, for the drink evil is bringing more crime and misery to the world than all other causes combined, and what are the churches for if not to fight evil in every form? I think Christ will say; "What have you done for me?" not, "What have you believed of me?" when certain preachers come into his presence. He will be so far ahead of some of them that it will be difficult for them to find him.

Do you know, Alice, I believe a little wholesome self-communing would benefit the Unitarians and the Universalists, if they were not so self-satisfied. They are making a fetish of their one or two revelations of truth, worshiping their "Key to the Scriptures", and unwilling to add anything by subsequent revelations that would come to them if they were in a friendly receptive attitude towards progressive thought. It makes me sad to see the liberal church so antagonistic towards healing and psychic discoveries.

The Unitarians are getting farther away from the mysticism of the Bible every day and are proud of the fact, while many of the orthodox denominations are investigating these mysteries, their clergy working "behind closed doors," perhaps, but here and

there, we find a preacher bold enough to come out and proclaim the truth.

Ministers denounce healing from their pulpits, and it grows all the faster for being denounced. They may try to convince their congregations that healing was a small part of Christ's ministry. The man or woman who is unable to carry on his or her work in life because of ill health will not agree with the statement that Christ's healing was unimportant and insignificant, nor that suffering or continued ill health is a means of grace. If it is so, why do they call in a doctor, when they are ill, or submit to operations, which seem to be depopulating the earth more rapidly than disease?

We may have sufficient strength of character to develop spiritually in spite of sickness, weakness and poverty. I believe sickness in the majority of cases tends toward irritability and selfishness. I am very sure I would have been more useful in the past if I had had better health, and had more love and kindness shown me, instead of the unfavorable environment I have had.

The fearless, progressive souls in all churches are raising their voices from the pulpit in a word of praise for those who are investigating these newer truths, finding the supernatural in the natural, when we understand the finer forces. They see our most eminent scientists spending years in psychical research work, proving the miracles of the Bible, and their scoffing has been changed to admiration for the valuable service given by these scientists in proving immortality.

Irrational idealists may deny the existence of matter as materialists denied the existence of spirit, but there is many an undiscovered country in both realms. If we fail to learn our lessons in this primary department of eternity's school, so much the worse for us. Sometime, somewhere, we must all conform to the law of righteousness, though we may put off the hour of our salvation far into the eternities by our mistakes.

An Episcopal minister once came here to fill the pulpit during the absence of the Rector, and he preached a sermon on "Spiritualism." I didn't hear it, but an intimate friend of mine who is a member of that church told me about it afterwards. She knows that spirit communication is a fact and she was delighted with the sermon.

I met this minister before he left town and had a pleasant talk with him on these subjects. I told him that I didn't care to convert the world to a belief in spirit return, but I did want all to have a knowledge of psychic laws so they could guard themselves against existing dangers if they themselves had mediumistic powers. Dr. V. said I had the right idea. He said he had seen a drunkard followed by a host of decarnate spirits, who had fastened on him, urging him to drink more and more. Of course, Alice, this minister was clairvoyant or he couldn't have seen this. Doesn't that prove the "Law of Attraction?"

If we think and live purely, we have helpers who are spiritually minded, but if we are on the sensual or lower planes of thought, we are drawn still lower and our desires intensified by their vile suggestions. I heard of a pitiful case the other day in one of the neighboring towns. A young boy asked his parents to put him in an insane asylum, and my informant said his parents were going to do it. He heard "voices" and they told him to do all manner of evil things and he thought his mind must be affected. Instead of being cured, if he is shut up with the insane, he will no doubt become unbalanced mentally. Christ cast out evil spirits, and it can be done now. I cured a case of obsession once by absent treatments.

I have friends who belong to the Spiritualist church, and I often tell them they are their own worst enemies. They have dragged this beautiful truth in the dust by trickery and fraud, and by not driving out everyone whom they detect in giving fraudulent phenomena. It makes the world denounce their faith, because of the sins of the few. They usually say in reply, "Drive out all the men guilty of wrong doing in the other churches before throwing any stones at us."

Some of their public speakers are taking up the principles of Divine Science and teaching it. Colville has written many books and is teaching it in his classes, and that will be their salvation, for they will learn to demand conscious mediumship. Trance mediumship is the control of one mind over another and is not unmixed with danger. It is hypnotism from the spirit side of life.

On one occasion when Mrs. Grady was with me, I wrote her son's name for a psychometric reading. He has recently gone into the ministry, and as his reading contains more of the philosophy of life than the others which we received that evening, I will copy it for you.

"Your son has struck the right vein which will make possible the control of his environment, but he must remember the law of species and this is the strongest evidence of a great designer. Now this law of species carried up and unfolded in human growth bearing the blossom of individuality, must be nurtured and kept distinct.

"When persons seek to obliterate the divine image of a personality by offering the possibilities of their environment, they do a grievous wrong. You can never say of us that we have touched the blossom of your particular growth. Now let me ask you, why has the design of individuality worked around it an environment? Environment must be protection, not as you would understand protection in your brief span of existence.

"The stronger the individuality becomes and the more distinct of itself, the stronger does it bear the likeness of itself. We are growing into the likeness of a God by virtue of the action of the God principle in us. A helpless condition should be driven to the centre and this could be done much earlier in life than it is. Many children, it would seem, from appearances, work half a life time to overcome an environment of the parent, projected into theirs at birth or a short time previous to birth.

"To work out a plan of redemption is to bring out a distinct embodiment of what one has been before

this life. Every birth you have had, my children, has had the one object in view, to make you more separate and distinct an entity; why all this diversity of expression in the faces of the millions who walk your earth? If the design had not passed beyond the animal state, all would have had a more similar likeness. It is this very thing which gives expression to the face, tone to the features that you want to bring out with a marked significance. Look at the ignorant and lower races with such slight variation.

"The greater and grander a soul becomes, the more does it reflect its perfect and natural beauty. Hold to the unfoldment of your own selves regardless of any other life for as we have investigated, Nirvana is not absorption, but where glorified and diversified willed creatures are made perfect in themselves. The one mind and sentiment that should be taught is the harmonizing of circumstances, that is, in order to produce the highest results of individualization. The same conditions of harmony so far as environment of the people intimately related are concerned, and this striving for the oneness of thought is essential. Now take the thought of freedom, we must grant to another the same thing we wish ourselves. This produces blending of the thoughts that would give to each one more accessible measures of development and yet it would be the same mind."

I asked Mrs. Grady to see if she could get anything about marriages in heaven, and this came:

"There are earth planes and one psychic plane or soul habitation. On both earth planes the one preceding and the one following death, there is a law of marriage in which the participants are drawn together by the law of generation and the law of regeneration, which is a higher aspect of the law of generation and the fulfillment of the purpose incarnated with birth. The second earth plane, that to which you pass after death, is alive with people who see the need of proper alliances in order to progress into the next state beyond. The undeveloped souls of the first earth plane, where you are now, acquiesce to the law of union from one general producing cause, being

wholly swayed by surrounding influences. But on this next plane, man has developed on the immortal side of his nature a desire and control of affinity, and no sooner do we discover a possession than we set about to use it. The love instincts are strengthened by death and brought into action, and this is a necessity for further unfoldment as that part of the being must be made alive for the next death or entrance into the sphere beyond where it is said they are neither married nor given in marriage."

Your loving
Florence.

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Pasadena, Calif.,
Feb. 5, 1917.

Dear Florence,

What a feast of good things you spread out before me in your last letter. I nearly lost my beauty sleep sitting up last night discussing it with father. The concensus of opinion in our household is that you might have been happier, healthier, and able to do more good if you had been more pleasantly situated in life, but you wouldn't have been so interesting.

By your sad experience you have gained such an insight into life that you can help other souls similarly situated, and your sorrow has made you turn to books and spiritual teachings which you might have passed by in your absorption of more material pleasures if you had been perfectly happy.

Read in Hamilton Mabie's, "My Study Fire," where his artist friend dropped in to sit by his fire-side, and they discussed the non-recognition of genius. It has always seemed cruel to me that so many of our writers have suffered for the bare necessities of life and had to wait so many years for the recognition of their genius. This artist cleverly argued that it was their salvation. If they had been lionized and success had come easily, they would not have had time to give their best to the world. Solitude favored their work.

Pardon this short note. I have ordered my burro Festus this morning for a trip up Mt. Wilson. Burros have no occasion to look as sad as they do, and I have named mine Festus to see if the meaning of the word

—joy and gladness—would not penetrate his gloom by suggestion and change his lugubrious expression.

Your loving
Alice.

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Santa Barbara, Calif.,
Feb. 10, 1917.

Dear Alice,

I think I shall begin my letter by giving you the best first, copying some of the readings you enjoy so much, before I jot down the uneventful happenings of my stormy but monotonous existence.

Dr. Benjamin Rush had often given me instructions regarding my work of healing through a psychic friend, and one evening when Mrs. Grady and I were enjoying the cheer of our open fire I was telling her of the fact and I said I would write his name with others and see if I could get anything from him or about him.

This teaching came regarding him:

"Here's a great soul determined to make himself known and felt by people in the body. He went to the spirit world by occult means which he had discovered himself before he left the earth plane. Consequently, he can operate better on the physical plane and understands the objects of living or real meaning of life, because the next stage only increases the knowledge gained in the earth life. Consequently, this previous knowledge enabled this person to begin the new life more intelligently.

"In most cases it takes a long time for a soul to adapt itself to the changed conditions. This person's work lies in a great measure in preparing souls for the spirit world, and wherever his influence is felt, fear will be removed to a great extent. Healers should treat every person against the **fear of death**, because that fear is the flesh bond that holds disease to the individual. The human race suffers as a whole more from this delusion than from any other of the so-called errors named by healers. Every thought that overcomes this tendency of the flesh approximates to the teachings of Jesus who commanded the overcoming of the last enemy."

I will copy another psychic message showing the advantage of these spiritual laws when one passes to another plane of expression.

"The body of mind and the body of flesh are essentially united by the governing principle of the will. But in order to establish control of the conditions that come to you in your life, you must realize the matter of which your body is composed as simply a substance desire in appearance, but of no relative value except as it holds together the growth of the spiritual body.

"This is a great truth and in it lies the secret of perpetual youth and the powers of regeneration. The erroneous ideas concerning a material body prevents the conserving of the proper chemical combinations to insure the stages of growth, bud and blossom of the beautiful internal structure, the God man. Remember that the attitude you take towards particles composing the flesh house determines the rate of vibration of the unfolding spiritual structure.

"The aversion to giving up the body has originated in long continued misconception of the true use of matter. Now, do not misunderstand me and think that I advocate bodily release for unless you understand the approximation of bone, cell and tissue to the growth of the beautiful and enduring structure as a holder of unity, you had better remain on your side of life. In the next state beyond yours, you will be keenly alive to your imperfections; and your undeveloped body, upon which you must depend for an immortal recognition of a diviner life beyond, will appear insufficient for the ever increasing demand of your nature to triumph over events lying in your path along the soul's passage from eternity to eternity, back from whence it came to assume new powers and adaptation to worlds of sometimes greater or lesser value as the case may be. A bodiless soul would have no sphere of attraction, no polarity of desire, no enveloping substance through which to flash the light of its divinity to other beings."

I wonder if I shall ever learn that I am a child of earth and not of water? I made another attempt to stay an hour at the beach this morning, and I repeated the usual performance of coming back on the first car. I can go up into Mission Canyon and sit under a tree and let the little babbling brook talk to me by the hour, but when I go down to hear what the wild waves are saying I get restless and I am unhappy and I run away before they have a chance to say anything. I don't know why this is so. I don't feel the same when I am near lakes and rivers.

I never enjoyed anything more in my life than riding on the beautiful lakes and rivers in Florida. I remember one bright moonlight night going from Jacksonville to Palatka, stopping at Magnolia, Green Cove Springs and the other pretty resorts along the St. Johns river. Whenever an ocean voyage has been suggested by anyone in my family, I have used all my ingenuity to direct the conversation away from the subject.

I recall how long and industriously I labored to avoid an ocean trip when we were coming to California to live. Mr. Gray said we would go to New York on the steamer, which settled matters with him, and I couldn't argue him out of the plan, with no better reason for changing it than my preference for traveling on land. I had to resort to other methods in order to have my way.

I began informing myself about the different points of interest along the route. I studied all the time tables which that writer about Florida called "excellent books of fiction," and after I had all the information I needed to convince anyone, I broached the subject cautiously and asked Leslie if he intended to leave the South without having seen any of the beauties of the Blue Ridge mountains. Could he afford to go West without having seen the historic battlefields?

I mentioned the beautiful peaks of Otter, Asheville with its fine scenery and its rivers; the French, Broad and the Swannanoa. I told him it was such

an opportunity when we had plenty of leisure to see Washington, and that I wanted to spend a month in Atlanta. My itinerary was carried out according to my carefully prepared plans. I wish I could say Leslie yielded through persuasion, but truth forbids. We were invited to visit friends in Virginia, and an invitation is something he never refused in his life. He certainly does like to visit better than anyone I ever knew.

You once spoke to me of Doctor Whiting, and his accident which happened sometime ago in Pasadena. You asked if I thought he went to his sister, who was abroad at the time, and let her know of his death as Kate Field did. I do not believe he passed out with a belief in spirit return and perhaps it did not occur to him to try to communicate with anyone. I once talked with him and, while he was a bright man, he simply couldn't converse on the subjects his sister has written about. He laughingly admitted his ignorance, and when he left he spoke in a serious way and said: "I am going to read up and be better informed on these subjects and the next time we meet we will discuss them intelligently."

You see the tie between Lilian Whiting and Kate Field was unusually strong; their friendship was ideal; it was almost idolatry with Lilian Whiting. They were both mediumistic or sensitive at least on the psychic plane. They both believed spirit communion possible, and if Doctor Whiting did not believe it he may be of the same opinion still.

I enclose a letter from our mutual friend, Dora. She is still agnostic in thought and says not only her reason, but something within, tells her this world is all. Some materialist may be impressing her if she is psychic, or auto-suggestion may have caused a habit of mind. I told her I thought as long as she cultivated unbelief she would find plenty of material to strengthen her doubts. I have always cultivated faith and have had wonderful evidence of the continuity of life. Through my psychical investigations belief has changed to knowledge. She needs

faith in metaphysics to make her healthier and happier. If she had been as persistent as I have been she might be demonstrating today.

In looking back over the years that are past I feel that I have had some very wonderful experiences, and my association with many fine psychics who have been personal friends, not public mediums, has opened the door very wide into the spiritual spheres.

I remember there came to me a miracle almost as great as "turning water into wine." I was alone in the house, no psychic being present, writing to a friend, and mentioning my husband in the letter the sentence referring to him was as red as blood. I was using Carter's black ink. At luncheon I mentioned the matter to Mr. Gray, and he ridiculed it. I then tried to get it but I wrote a whole page in his presence and did not get the red writing. I said, "I got it when I wrote your name." When I wrote his name it was as red as before, and he seemed frightened at the phenomenon. Since then I have had it at rare intervals, when writing friends, and at one time when I was getting it a note sounded on the piano.

This recalls something told to me by a lady who is a Catholic. She said before a death in the family, there was sad music on the piano. As she had always been alone in the house when this occurred, her family did not credit it. She said before the last death, however, that the family were dining with the door opened into the room where the piano stood, and the piano was in plain sight when the funeral dirge was played, and everyone heard it.

As you know it has always been hard for me to demonstrate health for myself because of the hard conditions of my life. When I first looked into Science I took treatments for nine months without any help whatever from the healer only that she aroused my faith. For twenty-five years I had suffered horribly night and day from the effects of a very bad spinal injury. Finally after taking treatments of different Christian Scientists for two years, almost continuously, I met a lady who said, "Do the work yourself. Ig-

nore that pain until you get it out of your consciousness; when it is out of your mind, it will be out of your body." I began the experiment, and at the end of eight months there had been no change, but I continued, and at the end of nine months, I was healed.

Your loving friend,
Florence.

* * * * *

Dear Mrs. Gray,

Arizona, Jan. 3d.

Your last letter, dated October twelfth, lies before me. It was so interesting, so vital with your personality, that I wonder I could let anything prevent my answering it immediately. I have let time go by, thinking of you often, but never feeling impelled to write. Today I shall not write as I wish to, for my mind is so dulled and my body so full of pain, that I am in a comatose state mentally and spiritually.

Arizona has been bad for me in every way. Ever since I came here, I have felt sick in body, restive and unhappy. If my experience here has been meant to instruct me, I have been too dull to learn my lesson; If here there has been material for the building up of something good, I have been too blind or too perverse to see it. I have never before had such a beaten back feeling—do you know what I mean? Spiritually, I am spent. The heart has gone out of me and my one desire is a frantic one to flee from the wicked, squalid place where my soul has seemed to dissolve in the vast, unfriendly loneliness of this desert town.

I am beginning to lose all faith in the "Law of Attraction." Before the last few years, I came in contact only with the best people—people of fine ideals, pure minds, of aspiring spirits. Now without change in my own desires or tastes, I am forced into the association of those of impure mind, no ideals and low tendencies. Surely I do not attract to myself such people, because I feel the strongest repulsion when I meet them.

Sometimes I think it is best never to think about the soul's destination—never to direct one's mind to the mystic and the occult. Those who do so are often

lacking ballast, and in time disaster comes their way, either in a disintegration of the mind or a fatal damage to the moral fibre. And then, where do you find a really happy mystic? They are usually sad by nature and often have more than an ordinary burden of sorrow to bear. The more sensitive the spirit, the harsher seem the jars of life. A grosser soul can laugh at storms if he sees them at all, but the delicate souls with all their philosophy suffer and faint.

After all, happiness is all that we are seeking. It is the universal quest. So few people who have what should be a sustaining religion find happiness in life. The Christian religion is a religion of sorrow. Its founder was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Its ministers preach sadly of resignation, of a dreary heaven. And so it seems to me, there is no joy for me except in the homely joys of earth—scenery, cities, pictures, the morning dew upon the flowers, companionship, literature, and, if I had it, the exercise of some talent; the activity of my mind, its training and use. Religion gives me nothing.

Well, I have written a long letter after all. Tell me of your work. I know you are happy in it. To do the work we find joy in is to have a happy life.

Yours faithfully,

Dora.

* * * * *

Princeton, N. J.,

Feb. 8, 1917.

Dear Alice,

If you did not have so charming a personality and had not cast a mystic spell over me that is hard to resist, I should hesitate before trusting my happiness in your hands. No man likes to be outshone by his wife. Why, honey, you are taking up subjects which would puzzle old philosophers, and in a free and easy way you are tossing these serious questions over to me in bunches. You believe so and so, consequently it is labeled **truth** and sent on to me.

And yet with all your learning, I feel the same reckless spirit the Florida chauffeur felt at Sunbeam when he was asked to take his car out of town; I am

“ready to bid all my family and friends good-bye” and risk myself in your hands, just as he was tempted to start out in untried fields. Let me tell you one thing, little girl, I cannot tell you how much I love you under this intellectual strain that drives sentiment flying galley west in my endeavor to keep up with you on the mental plane.

I am glad New Thought interests you more than Unitarianism. Their cold intellectualism chills me. I know you will say some of our most spiritually minded men are believers in its doctrines and will name Edward Everett Hale, Emerson, and many of our purest minded writers and ministers of the past century. I refer to the atmosphere in the churches; the people lack warmth and interest in each other and in the “stranger within their gates.” It seems to me if the preaching does not impart vitality and brotherly love to those in the pews, there is something wrong with it.

If anyone can work out the problem, you can. You are in the business of revising creeds, and you are trying to run the universe on new and improved methods of your own. No doubt, I shall get all the information I seek in a few terse sentences in your next letter. I shall learn that the Unitarian church, which you attend, has put in a new heating and ventilating plant, that insures an even, comfortable temperature.

If I were in your place, I should try to purchase “Tubby” and send him to the Psychical Research Society. No doubt he could be hypnotized and his spirit sent out to locate Zeppelins, he is so wise in supermundane affairs. Now if I wanted to tell what I know about celestial communications, it would be about someone higher up than a fuzzy little feline. Have I aroused your curiosity?

When Woodrow Wilson was President here in Princeton, a psychic predicted that he would be elected Governor of the State, and following that would be elected President of the United States. Was that not a most remarkable forecast? It almost seems

as if he were a man of destiny to meet this terrible crisis in the history of the world, and was chosen by higher powers because of his fitness. The same psychic gave several prophecies concerning public men, predicting accurately for Roosevelt and many others.

Will future history record that our President be allowed to fulfill his high mission, or will he be thwarted by his enemies through blind partizanship because another election looms in the near future? God pity the man, or men, who would pile up obstacles for selfish purposes when the destinies of all the nations are trembling in the balance. They will bitterly regret when they pass beyond and with clearer vision see the ruin they have wrought, and what might have been accomplished had they been true statesmen, loyal to truth instead of sacrificing their honor by allegiance to a political machine.

This war must tend toward the solidarity of all nations and make altruism more than a name. It will teach us that we cannot live in smug safeness and prosperity when a sister nation is being unjustly attacked. And if we do not learn the lesson it teaches we shall have a greater war following this one, until we recognize the Brotherhood of Man, and work unselfishly for the benefit of the whole world. You remember Christ said, "I come with a sword," and it seems to me He had less provocation than we have today in entering this great struggle to help free the world from the domination of lust for power and possessions, which would destroy all civilization which we have built up.

Alice, dear, do you think that Mrs. Gray could help mother? If you believe that she could even lighten her sufferings, and make her more comfortable, I wish you would arrange for the treatments, if she can give them without mother's knowledge of the fact, as she is so prejudiced that it would not do to tell her. I am not unreasonable to expect a miracle in her weakened condition; the doctors tell us we must be prepared for the worst at any time, as it is valvular heart trouble, and she often falls uncon-

scious and we have trouble in reviving her. She rarely leaves the house now.

If she could only live a few years longer until my brother Raymond is older and more settled in his ways, as he is inclined to be wild, and mother has more influence over him than anyone else in the family.

Little woman, you are scoring too many triumphs lately in clinching your theological beliefs, for when our great and good minister capitulates, as it seems evident from the sermon you sent me, it is time for me to re-examine the Westminster Catechism, brush the cobwebs from my brain, and let reason and my conscience work.

There was a fine editorial in the New York Times, commending the stand Dr. Henry Van Dyke took when his son and two other young men were about to be ordained into the Presbyterian ministry. Charges of heresy had been preferred against them, and Dr. Van Dyke said, "I hold, with them, that the questions which they could not answer about the patterns of the tabernacle and the literal interpretation of the virgin-birth and the physical death of Lazarus are not essential to the Christian faith. If I refused the right hand of fellowship to these young followers of Jesus I should be ashamed to look my Saviour in the face. If the Presbyterian Church should reject their service or cast a slur upon their sincerity she would cripple her own strength and betray her own cause."

Your loving,
Arthur.

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* * * * *

La Solano,

Dear Florence,

Feb. 15, 1917.

Another good letter from you. I was glad to hear from Dora again, but sorry she is not yet anchored in any religious belief. She has such a white soul, and she is so broad and aspiring, it is too bad she cannot grasp the truths of Science which you have been trying to impress upon her ever since you first met her. She would be a great help to humanity if

she could only forget self and repress the feeling of repulsion that she feels towards those less refined than herself.

She is too self-centered to find real joy and satisfaction. You know happiness comes not by seeking it but by so living that it comes as a consequence of the lives we lead. Do you suppose Dora's utter lack of faith in another world could come from pre-natal influences? It is very seldom that one so spiritually minded is so lacking in faith.

The sworn statements of hundreds of soldiers who saw the "Angels at Mons" attest the reliability of these heavenly hosts, who saved Paris by driving the Germans back when they outnumbered the French and English three to one. Officers and men testify to these white horsemen with swords led by Joan of Arc and forming a line which caused every horse of the Germans to whirl and rush madly back as if they had come to a precipice.

It was a cause of much comment with the Germans afterwards why they could not get their horses beyond a certain place. It certainly proves the clairvoyance of animals.

The London papers and magazines have published a series of articles on this strange occurrence, and the different chaplains of the regiments are adding their testimony, while well known scientists are collecting evidence regarding it.

The wounded soldiers were so uplifted and inspired by these celestial helpers that they seemed insensible to their sufferings. I suppose, Florence, that it was a state of spiritual exaltation that transcended the physical, and both the body and the mind were stilled, and spirit ruled.

A friend loaned me a magazine published in London, containing a long article about this vision, which was interesting and convincing. It was witnessed by a large number of French and English officers and soldiers at the battle of Mons, and there were many personal experiences with names and sworn statements given.

We need books written by men and women whose experiences have familiarized them with all the different phases of psychic phenomena, and who know the great danger of spirit communion through such means as the ouija board. Ministers are trying to check the growing interest in the subject by denouncing it as superstition, and using the powerful weapon of ridicule to intimidate those who fear social ostracism and who have not risen to the point of fearless thinking. But now that the subject is not taboo, they will find many in their congregation who have had peculiar experiences, and who will not be satisfied or dictated to by one who has had no personal experience, and only speaks from prejudice. One of the stock arguments against Spiritualism is that it has come through illiterate men and women. Why? Because the lowly men and women who had these gifts could use them without sacrificing their social position. There are just as many mediumistic people among the cultured classes, but they have kept silent fearing public opinion.

The recent books on the subject deal with personal messages, and the truth of the continuity of life, without saying very much about the dangers incurred through contacting the lower planes of spirit life. In most cases it is a new experience, and the author has no knowledge whatever of spirit realms. Now you have been investigating for twenty-five years. Help posterity by compiling your own adventures behind the veil, and those of others who have suffered from their ignorance in not knowing how to handle the forces they have set in motion.

I have received a letter from Arthur and he wants you to treat his mother. Is he not growing in grace? But for your wise counsel I should have broken our engagement fearing that we were too opposed regarding the vital and important things of life to ever harmonize.

Your loving,

Alice.

Santa Barbara, Calif.,

Feb. 20, 1917.

My dear Alice,

I suppose if I do not send Arthur's letter back you will be telegraphing for it. Youth, youth! It is a far cry to when I was twenty and tying up letters with blue ribbon but I can still remember that illusive period.

I have begun the treatments and I shall also hold Raymond in the right thought. If parents only knew how much could be done by holding for their children high ideals in the silence, having of course the understanding to do this intelligently, they would take this course with those who are wayward. They would stop lecturing them and not hold fear thoughts over them every time they are out of sight.

That fact of the positive effect of fear thoughts is explained so originally in the two psychic readings I sent you. Until I received these messages, I never had an explanation of the reason why the thing we fear often comes upon us, as it did with Job. These two articles should be published.

Do you know whether Arthur's mother is taking very much strong medicine? It is so difficult to make people understand my position on this point. They think I must be for it, or against it, and I am neither one nor the other. I have made cures in connection with a doctor and his remedies.

I do not think as our extremists do that God cares whether we take medicine or not, nor do I think medicine itself hinders a perfect manifestation of spiritual healing. It may at times be a valuable adjunct. What I oppose is the taking of strong medicine which lowers the vitality of the patient. These drugs cause overstimulation, which at first makes the patient feel he is better, but the reaction which follows is much harder to cope with than the disease itself.

Many of the specifics on the market are heart depressants and positively injurious, as are the serums; the latter, many reputable physicians say bring on paralysis and other afflictions in later life.

Pain is a friendly messenger sent ahead to announce a violated law of health. Let us bear with it until we find the cause and treat that, not the pain alone. Here is where the people are to blame, they will not allow this friendly visitor a lodging until he can give them a chance to inform them by his cries what is wrong; hence those remedies so generally used for headaches and colds.

A doctor once said to me: "Beware of any medicine strong enough to stop pain." Seek and remove the cause, but don't take some material opiate which will lull you to temporary forgetfulness, lower your resisting qualities, and bring on paralysis.

Examine your life. See that you are thinking right, living right, eating right. Temperance along all lines is an important factor in keeping well. I have known many victims of the morphine habit who first took it as prescribed by a physician to relieve pain.

When I lived in Los Angeles, a man having spinal neuralgia came to me for treatment. He told me he had consulted the best doctors in the city and all they could do for him was to fill him with morphine. He took treatments for two or three months, gaining in health all the time. One day he confessed to me he had become addicted to the use of morphine and was taking it in large quantities. He said he had tried to stop and was praying all the time for help, but that he hadn't will power sufficient to discontinue its use. He said he was so much better that he thought I might be able to cure him of that habit as I had of the spinal trouble.

I told him Divine Power can do anything if we co-operate with it, and that he must do his part. All went well for some weeks and he was using less and less of the drug, when one morning he came in and said: "Don't treat me any more for the morphine habit. I hardly ever take it any more, and I got to thinking last night of the situation and my growing aversion for the drug, and I said to myself, 'What if my neuralgia comes back and I dislike morphine so that I can't take it, what shall I do?'"

I didn't argue with my patient, merely saying, "Very well," but I redoubled my efforts to break him of the habit. It wasn't his higher self that made the request. Fear had taken possession of him. Soon after this we moved back to our old home at Riverside, and my patient said he was so well he didn't believe he needed treatments any longer; he felt he couldn't afford them as he had spent considerable in the last few years. I said, "Very well," again, but, Alice, I kept right on. He was too fine a man to be wrecked by morphine.

Three or four months later I was in the city and ran out to his home. His wife told me he was perfectly well and cured of the morphine habit.

Going back to the subject of medicine, If I couldn't help a patient after treating him a reasonable length of time, and he wanted to use some simple remedy or take an osteopathic treatment to free the circulation or correct some lesion, I certainly should not object. There is good in all forms of treatment. I would take any kind of treatment myself if my own way failed. Why should I restrict others? Everyone should be roused to use his influence against unnecessary operations and specifics that are positively injurious.

Don't accept what I say as truth—work out a better theory for yourself, if you can. If we accept anyone's ideas absolutely, we may suppress something better that could evolve from our own consciousness. I think some Scientists still cling to a wrathful God seated on His throne, who will frown upon them if they take a material remedy.

When we have risen to a more perfect knowledge of His laws and use them, we learn that the soul power within us can rule mind and body. Every deviation from His laws is a destructive force, tearing down the physical and spiritual powers, when we hold anger, fear, worry, jealousy and selfishness.

We do not realize what a tremendous power we have within us if we live right as Christ did. None of us are living that life perfectly, we are only approach-

ing it. It has been held by many religionists that we cannot live the Christ life, because He is God. Jesus told us we could live the life if we were his true disciples. Whom shall we believe?

I feel sure, Alice, that if Christ's teachings had been accepted as possible of attainment for all of God's children, and the "voice of the Lord" in Bible history had been recognized as "spirit voices," good or bad, according to the character of the messages, we should have a higher civilization to-day. We know the bloody religious wars would have been averted. I verily believe the unspeakable horrors of the present world-wide strife would have been an impossibility if the Christ teachings had been taken literally, and taught by the churches. Religion is something more than a belief; it is a **life**. Christianity hasn't failed because of this fratricidal frenzy. **Christianity has never been lived**, or brotherly love would have made impossible this unholy strife which is a disgrace to the twentieth century civilization.

I wish you would send this letter on to Arthur as I want him to hold the thought of **Life** for his mother. Get a picture of her in his mind as being **strong and well**. See her as he wants her to be. I am impressed that the **death** thought which the doctors and the family are holding over her is hurting her. I have treated cases of heart trouble, and the fear thought is the hardest to change of anything. The consequences are so real to the sufferer and those around him that there is a constant state of expectancy of fatal results, which makes it hard for the healer.

In mind, the friends see that person "dropping dead" which is the opposite of what Henry Wood calls "Ideal suggestion through mental photography." It is suggestion, but not the kind that builds us up. While we are climbing to the heights of demonstration, using this God power which can heal all our difficulties, let us not despise the simple material remedies nor ignore climate in our ascent until we are strong enough to live in the spirit entirely and have

a more perfect control of matter than any of us have attained at the present time.

I cannot close without telling you of my dream last night. Several times I have had prophetic dreams. God grant that this one may come true and prove that "coming events cast their shadow before."

I was in a very large barn like building, and I seemed to be the only woman in a company of men. Suddenly to my surprise I saw W. J. Bryan, wearing a khaki suit that looked travel worn and as if it had seen hard service. He had such a peculiar expression of anxiety and soul-weariness on his face, as if he had been through much and was worn out with the conflict, but his indomitable spirit shone out from his eyes. I hastened to speak with him. After I had shaken hands with him and was turning away, I saw a beautiful white bird fly down from above and light upon his head, and I cried, "Oh, Mr. Bryan, it is the 'dove of peace.'" If there is anything prophetic in the dream, Mr. Bryan was shown merely typifying peace, and his expression of soul-weariness, and the travelworn suit of khaki, an indication that it was not close at hand, but coming, as the dove indicated.

Shall I tell you of an experience which I had several years ago when I was living in Florida? It was most gruesome and terrifying, and happened one summer when I was North. I was spending a week with relatives in Illinois, and one night I awoke screaming out in terror at a dream which I had had. It was so real, and made such a vivid impression on my mind, that I remembered every little detail connected with it and related it to the family the next morning at the breakfast table. I dreamed that I was in a large room where two girls lay sleeping, and I saw a man creep stealthily up to the bed and murder them. I knew that one girl's name was Gene, and that one was visiting the other, and that the murder was committed in Gainesville, Texas.

In the press dispatches the following day this dream was verified and there was an account of the murder the night before, just as I had witnessed it.

One girl was the daughter of a judge, and the other was the daughter of a banker. The name, Gene, was correct. I had never been in Texas, and knew no one in Gainesville. Why was I attracted to strangers, in an unfamiliar part of the country? Wasn't it a strange trip for my spirit to take the first time it ever attempted an excursion into space?

Your loving friend,
Florence.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,

Feb. 22, 1917.

My dear Arthur,

I sent your letter on to Mrs. Gray, and have just received one from her on the afternoon mail which I enclose. I shall await results with much interest, and do remember, Arthur, the mental attitude you hold towards your mother will help or hinder her recovery.

Now I will take up what you say about the Unitarians. I see their faults as plainly as you do, and I also see their good qualities from mingling with them more or less the last few years. They do lack cordiality and they are losing by it in the way of church attendance and membership, and that is a fault with the Universalists. They are not interested in spreading their gospel as the orthodox people are, consequently the "stranger within their gates" has a lonely time of it.

I have known regular attendants of the church, contributors to its support and "known on the books," who have attended church year after year without receiving a call from anyone except the minister. I have seen many leave our liberal church in the places where I have lived and go to other churches because they were treated more cordially. I am heartily tired of being met with the usual response from our people when I mention this fact. They say we should all love the liberal church so well that we would go no matter how we are treated. If the liberalists were not so self-complacent they would see that the mere name, or traditions of any church, cannot hold the

thinking people of any community very long in this enlightened age.

There are a great many lonely people, wearing velvet and going about in limousines, who would appreciate a little kindness. They often need it as much as the laboring men or women, who hardly ever find their way to the polar regions of our churches.

The Unitarian services are just as devotional as the services in other churches, Arthur, and I never heard more emphasis given to Christ, his life, his example, and his precepts, than their ministers give from their pulpits.

I believe the liberal church has had a wonderful opportunity to draw to it large numbers if it had only been willing to grow, and add new truths instead of opposing them, which the people are finding for themselves and assimilating with profit, in the various organizations which are growing so rapidly. If we stand still, as Rev. Mills says, "God will take the kingdom from us and give it to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof."

How dare you make a comparison between that murderous "Tubby-Slim" and my Tiger who never ate a mocking bird in his life? He doesn't have to wear a bell in order to keep the mocking birds alive so that they can utter their shrill cries, when they are imitating everything in the universe, at four o'clock in the morning. He has his meals served A la carte, and goes out for his siesta under the trees and the mocking birds walk all over him. You may read between the lines here and learn that I do not have the same affection for them that I have for the meadow larks.

I cannot understand why the mocking birds pick up so many discordant sounds and reproduce them at the same time every morning, when everyone is "wrapped in slumber," or wants to be.

Never mind, dear, about telling me how much you love me now; wait until after we are married when I shall appreciate it more. There are other men who are willing to tell me how much they love me now,

and are writing sonnets on the "sheen of my golden hair." I shall have to give all that up when you slip a circlet of gold on my finger, and then I'll need affection to compensate me for my "losses."

Ever your loving,

Alice.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,

Feb. 23, 1917.

Dear Florence,

I have just sent your good letter to Arthur. I feel so happy over the way our lives are being adjusted by our knowing how to get into the right currents. You, dear woman, you haven't much to rejoice over yet in your own life, but you will have, of that I am very sure. You have been too conscientious in your ideas of duty or you would have been free long ago.

Your good thoughts are building a beautiful structure for you. I believe you will have great happiness before you pass to the other world. You must find satisfaction in helping others. You are certainly laying up treasures in heaven by your work, but I want to see you in possession of a few here before you go. You see I am of the earth earthy, and I can't quite grasp heavenly rewards.

My dear Florence, you certainly write inspirationally at times. Your belief that the world's concept of Christ and God is affecting the moral and social status of our present day civilization strikes a vibrant chord in my soul. I have always contended that a God of hatred, revengeful and remorseless in the punishment of His children, would beget the spirit of cruelty and revenge in those who believed Him to be such a monster.

I just received a letter from Winnie, who has been in Redlands, visiting friends at the Wissahickon Inn. She gave one of her lectures while there. She says, "The Eyes of the World" is not very popular in Redlands with the ultra fashionable set. I suppose it is too personal. She said someone told her the author wrote as he did because he wasn't lionized in "Fair-

lands." I imagine Mr. Wright would have been very miserable if he had been forced to drink champagne with them and submit to their lionizing, don't you think so, Florence, from reading his books?

Winnie wrote of hearing a parlor lecture on "Auras" and the effect of thought on the human aura. She said it was very effective for it brought home to one the fact that everyone of our thoughts produces a certain color in our aura, and sets up vibrations that go out into the world, as a good or evil influence. It was an illustrated lecture showing on the screen what a clairvoyant sees.

Anger looks like chain lightning, love is a beautiful rose color, selfishness is a muddy brown, impatience makes the aura look like a speckled hen,—little spots all over. Depression is a dull grey. When that assails one, the lecturer said it must be fought off at once—read, or do anything to divert the mind.

Winnie said the most beautiful effect produced on the aura is that of sincere aspiration and heartfelt prayer; it is like a blue pointed light going heavenward and met and enveloped by divine love, flooding down from heaven. She says that since she saw this, she has had greater faith in prayer than ever before.

The next time you meet Mr. Bryan in your dreams ask him why he disappointed all his admirers by deserting his post at a time in our history when men like him were needed. He was a hero of mine, and I have been wearing mourning in my heart ever since he resigned. Some day I hope to learn of extenuating circumstances, which he could not describe at the time.

Write me what you think of Christian Science. I noticed an article in a paper the other day, which may have escaped your notice, entitled, "A Weird Messenger." I will quote it for you.

"One of the leading priests of the Catholic church in Washington told me, relates Mrs. Champ Clark in defending an interest in the occult, of a very interesting psychic experience of Father Walter, who was so

well loved by all Washingtonians until the time of his death. Father Walter was always revered for his self-sacrifice and adherence to the truth. This is the story the priest told to me, as related by Father Walter long ago:

“One night I was aroused from my sleep by a little boy who came to me and said: ‘My mother is dying and I want her shrived; come with me and I will take you to her bedside.’ I went with the boy to a neighborhood unfamiliar to me and to a home that I had not entered before. The husband opened the door to me and said, ‘Oh, Father, I am so glad you came.’ The boy led me to his mother’s side and when the last rites had been administered, I turned to leave. The father of the boy said: ‘How providential that you called when you did; I could not leave my wife and had no one to send on this errand.’ ‘Why the boy brought me here,’ I said to him. ‘What boy?’ he asked. I looked around and the boy had disappeared. ‘He told me that the sick woman was his mother,’ I said. ‘We had a boy but he died,’ said the father, ‘and that is his picture on the wall.’ I looked up and said to him—that is the boy who led me here.’”

I went in the city to hear the Unitarian minister preach on Christian Science and Mysticism. He spoke of the different schools of “New Thought” and paid a high tribute to them, saying that they bring the people to a realization of building up the kingdom right here on earth rather than a place to escape from ‘n order to realize its blessings. At the last he criticised the fanaticism of our extremists who do not represent us any more than the out and out agnostics in his own church represent true Unitarianism.

I do not agree with him that the gaining of health is an unimportant part of life. To me, it is the foundation of sane, helpful living. We may accomplish something in life in spite of ill health, but we can take our places in the world of activities and do far more if we are strong and well.

If ministers would only study the principles of New Thought, they would learn that the healing of the body is considered secondary to the healing of un-

true conditions of the mind, and that the true healing comes only through a spiritualizing process which brings harmony on all planes of expression. I verily believe that in two hundred years every church will be obliged to teach the truth for which we are doing pioneer work, or else they will close their doors. The kind of a sermon which someone humorously called, "An attack on the ear drums," will not be tolerated in the future.

Cordially yours,
Alice.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, Calif.,
March 1, 1917.

Dear Alice,

I was so interested in Winnie's account of the lecture on auras. How few people would believe there is such a thing as a thought aura about one.

Regarding Christian Science, I think Mrs. Eddy deserves credit for getting this truth of divine healing before the world. However much we may dislike her methods, they are effectual. I do not believe she discovered anything. She has only applied principles that have been known and practiced ever since the world began.

She was helped by Dr. Quimby, and through his teachings and her own mediumistic powers, no doubt, she received messages and help from unseen intelligences in writing her book. I have met people who told me they had attended her seances in Chicago—that was years ago before she denied being a medium. Her followers say she pretended to go into trances to deceive people and not because she possessed mediumistic powers. This statement, if true, throws a sidelight upon her character which Christian Scientists fail to grasp or they would prefer to look upon her as an instrument through whom messages came from behind the veil, rather than as one who practiced deception to comfort mourning hearts and give messages from the so-called dead.

Mrs. Eddy was commercially keen and she knew that the success of her church depended upon a close organization; even preaching was discontinued by

her orders and the present form of worship adopted which precludes inharmony of thought, because there is nothing to criticise as there would be in a sermon or talk. Her followers may have different views about the scriptures, but did you ever hear one venture a criticism on the "Key to the Scriptures?"

If Mrs. Eddy has denied a truth once made manifest to her soul, which a writer has said is "The Sin Against the Holy Ghost" that is her Karma to work out as the Theosophists say. She has done a tremendous amount of good in building up a strong organization, and she has resurrected spiritual healing which will never be allowed to die again. I thank God for Christian Science. I know as time goes on, the people will think for themselves and evolve from their prejudices against other schools of thought along the same lines, and then we shall be united.

Christ's teachings are so simple that they do not need a key to unlock their mysteries. The Homes of Truth and our Divine Scientists take his word alone and preach from his texts. Some of the New Thought people may be mentalists and work from that plane, but very few of them are and they do not really represent us.

I have often noticed that mediumistic people seem to have a good angel and an evil spirit. Since the good angel whispered in Mrs. Eddy's ear the truths of healing, we can forgive her when her "lesser self" said things that jar on our finer perceptions in withholding the truth of mediumship because it would detract from her popularity.

I will look over my psychic readings now and see if I can find something to send you. One lady who gave me a number of beautiful teachings has become a Christian Scientist and doesn't seem as willing to give them now. I tell her that just as helpful truths are coming through her organism as any truths Mrs. Eddy ever received. That is my objection to Christian Science. Its adherents only look at truth from one angle, and that angle has been given them and

keeps them from evolving anything from their own consciousness.

I told this lady that God is continually revealing Himself to man, and if she refused to accept these messages, I believed she would regret it when she went to the other world for they are really very fine. If I had her gift, I should write all the time. I have found one of her readings.

"From this time on, Mrs. Gray, you will have a greater sense of the Cosmos. You will realize to a fuller degree, what it is to be in the world but not of the world. As you work among men, you will feel they belong to you. You will be a spiritual adviser and counselor, and earth ties will vanish. This spirit will carry you beyond the bondage of earth which is physical, and you will dwell closer to the spirit of the planet upon which you live and the other planets.

"If you cut loose from all earth ties, you rise to the point where truth dwells. Your communications will be from the foundation head. Treasure each message as a great truth given through you to the world. Record them, and you will have occasion to use them in your teachings. Your own will come to you, and as Christ sacrificed all to save the world so must earth-born spirits sacrifice to rise to the true Christ spirit.

"The flesh is torn that mortal mind may be humiliated and a realization of spirit as the only real, eternal thing. Those most closely bound to earth ties must suffer greatly to loosen all hold on any but spirit. You will transcend the body rapidly, and as you carry the human mind higher and higher towards the spiritual light by spiritual thought, it will become illuminated and you will live in spirit and in truth.

"The new year means great progress for you and your environment will shape itself so you will be able to spread the New Thought and help many struggling creatures. Do not expect much of the human, selfish souls who appeal to you, but in faith work for the uplifting of ignorant, blind humanity. Your Father will lead and direct you and give you strength to overcome

all evil. The blessing of the Father is upon you. Amen."

Sometimes I get impressions when I treat people, and I feel that I can help Arthur's mother. If you wish to send her any literature on the subject, get the helpful comprehensive books by H. Emile Cady, published by the "Unity School of Christianity," at Kansas City. They are easy to understand, and spiritual simplicity is so valuable for those beginning the study of Divine Science. Many of our writers make too much of a mystery of healing, and truth seekers are lost in a fog of philosophical speculation.

Your loving friend,
Florence.

* * * * *

La Solano,
Sunday.

Dear Florence,

Whenever I am in a fog of doubt, I sit down and write to you about it and you clear away the mists immediately by your sensible talks on Science, and I rise to the sunlit peaks of peace and understanding at once. I shall let you "thank God for Christian Science," and I will thank Him for you and your friendship which means so much to me.

Now that is the last bouquet you will get until orange blossoms come again. Praise doesn't seem to make you vain. I wish it did for then it would make you feel you could shine in this dark old world of ours with all the brilliance of an old-fashioned country lamppost on a dark night, and you could. You won't even consent to be a tallow candle when you might write books and be an electrolier.

I regret the close communion spirit of the Christian Scientists; but for their narrowness, all the organizations that teach divine healing could have been united in one church. I was told the other day that there are just as many believers in spiritual healing outside their church as in it, so you see we are a goodly number by ourselves.

In your letter you mentioned the writer, Henry Wood. I met a lady who knew him very well. She

said he was very ill with Brights Disease and he had tried the noted baths of Europe and physicians here and abroad without relief but was cured by a Science practitioner.

This lady told me that the Christian Scientists extolled his learning as a writer at first and made much of his cure. He then wrote several books on healing but he must have lost his "Key" and also the autograph of the inventor of the "Key" before he wrote the books for no mention was made of either in them. It looks as if an encyclical went forth from the Far East, for no more mention was made of Henry Wood, and his inspiring, scholarly writings are not found in the Christian Science libraries.

That is my objection to Christian Science. They have founded a church in the light of the twentieth century where one's reading is prescribed and where dogmas of belief are insisted upon. They condemn all other healing organizations and call them unspiritual, evincing a narrow intolerance of which they should be ashamed.

Their leaders discourage and discountenance the reading of books by our most spiritual writers. They haven't any literature in their libraries which compares favorably with Henry Wood's books or with the writings of Horatio Dresser, and I might mention a score of other metaphysical writers. These authors are teaching the truths of Christian healing.

There must come a reaction from this hypnotic spell which has been thrown over the people in their churches. I can see the light already breaking in the desire of some of them to read our books and learn of our doctrines. God speed the day and hasten its coming, for true spirituality can never be attained in this spirit of condemnation. There is room in the world for Catholics, Protestants, Christian Scientists, and the many Metaphysical and Liberal organizations. Each one has a drawing power for good and is a magnet to attract those who are in the same rate of vibration and progress in the upward climb of the soul through matter. But we can have unity in di-

versity if we have attained the Christ consciousness. Each one should have freedom of will in choosing his church home, and there should never be any reason for fearing "mental assassination," or "malicious animal magnetism," because the followers of Christ should be too high-minded to use anything but constructive thought.

You will laugh when I tell you I am defending attacks on the Christian Scientists every day. Why? Because I shall be absolutely fair when unjust attacks upon Mrs. Eddy's private life, and the principles of their faith are made. I often send people to their healers. I have no quarrel with their church or their belief.

It is their methods in claiming the whole truth and the only truth and refusing to associate with their Divine Science neighbors that I take exception to.

Will you ever wake up, you demure little gray mouse, and trust your own powers more and reach out for the success within your grasp?

Have you read in the daily papers about Dr. Barthe de Sandfort, one of the many benefactors this war has produced? He has discovered and is using a most wonderful remedy, a mixture of resin, parafin and wax, which heated and poured over wounds, not only heals, but stops the pain immediately and prevents scars. In cases of burning, there is no suffering as the air is excluded and the creative forces within have a better chance to do their work. The cases recorded make it seem like a miracle cure, so efficient has it been in alleviating the terrible suffering of the soldiers who were burned and wounded.

I have just been reading a very profound book on metaphysics by Horatio Dresser, "The Philosophy of the Spirit," and also one by the same author entitled, "A Book of Secrets," and I shall quote you some of his secrets, if you will "cross your heart" and promise to die if you tell any of them.

"We can handle matter, suffer pain, and see the effects of evil. . . For although in the absolute sense, everything is good, the Absolute is more than

goodness, for its perfect life is both means and ends in one,—it would be a most erroneous and harmful conclusion to pass from the infinite point of view to the finite and affirm ‘all is good, there is no evil; all is mind there is no matter.’ Were this mystical doctrine to be applied universally—and this is the real test of any creed—all moral distinctions would at once be affected, all ethical standards thrown aside, and the utmost license would be given to the sinner. The wicked man could then revel in his inglorious life of crime and shame, all efforts to purify society would at once cease and we should have absolute chaos. Or more strictly speaking, there would be no universe, no sinner, no goodness, and no God.”

“The same result follows if we adopt that other mystical doctrine which affirms all natural existence to be evil; for if our life here is simply a wandering away from perfection, a degraded form of being, grounded in ignorance and illusion, then experience is utterly hopeless, without significance and without a moral goal.

“Again if we are so vile that a propitiatory sacrifice alone could redeem us, all moral standards are valueless, for no room is left for personal regeneration. Both these views are absolutely without hope, and are based on the supposition that life is purposeless; for both imply that something must save us—if we are to be saved at all, and Schopenhauer’s conclusion then follows very easily that pessimism is the only real basis of religion.

“But if the Christ is deemed the perfect example, the bearer of a higher standard, the way to the higher life, where we may follow if we will, then the whole scheme of life is transformed. For many centuries the death of Jesus has been emphasized. Today the essential is the life he lived. Men have long sought to save their souls. Today the watchword is service, unceasing labour for the betterment of humanity. Once men were frightened by the fear of hell—warned against the temptations of Satan. Now they are in-

spired by the glorious possibility of heaven on earth, while Satan has been found to be human selfishness.

"Once emphasis was placed upon dogma, creed and ritual. Now in these remarkable days of returning interest in the gospel narrative, stress is laid upon the spiritual simplicity of Jesus.

"The day of mere liberalism is passed. It is no longer in order for the liberalists to hold love feasts and congratulate one another, because they have held liberal views for forty years. Today the cry should not be 'Behold how advanced we are!' but 'Behold the harvest is plenteous and there is not time for mere liberality.' Soon the liberalists will be the conservatives unless they, too, begin to serve. For the great movement of our time is the return to Christ, the social Christ, the elder brother whose gospel is the salvation of the poor, the oppressed and the afflicted.

"It is wonderful to see how many have felt this human touch, this new and practical Christ. In truth they have returned to the spirit. They have grown weary of cold metaphysics. Their hearts are warmed once more. They have a deep longing to help humanity. Human religion has taken the place of supernatural theology."

What will Horatio Dresser do to me for getting out another edition of his "Book of Secrets?" He shouldn't write so entertainingly if he doesn't want me to copy him by the yard. He is absolutely to blame for this mystic spell cast over me by his writings, mesmerizing me to tell all his secrets. You may not know to what I am alluding when I speak of publishing another edition, but remember, dear, your peace of mind and happiness doesn't depend on your understanding every subject you hear mentioned. In apple blossom time I shall read my book of secrets to you.

A prominent minister and well known writer in New York, gravely considering the fact of so many people leaving the churches for the various new religions, offers what I should call a safe and unique remedy for this break in the ranks of established thought. The formula is luminous with truth, and

the man is certainly inspired as were the prophets of old. He says to keep the people in the churches the clergy must use slang. He admits it will "stick in their throats;" but with martyr-like courage he adds that it must be done. Showing a fine Christian spirit he calls these dissenters, "Bootleg religionists." Are we not handsomely labeled by having this opprobrious epithet hurled at us?

In order to help him exterminate these bootleggers root and branch, so the species will become extinct, I would suggest something which would hasten the day of redemption and salvation. For he says the real trouble is that we do not understand the language of the clergy. So, why not secure cultured slang-language professors, placing them in all the theological schools in the country, having a regular course in church-slangology? In time, as this course in mental gymnastics is assimilated by the divinity students, we shall have a language spoken in the pulpit which we can understand.

Sincerely your friend,

Alice.

* * * * *

My dearest Alice,

Princeton, N. J.

Will you believe me, dear girl, when I tell you there is a marked change in mother's condition? She is stronger, has a better appetite, and is quite like herself again in so many ways.

That friend of yours is a witch, but I have no desire to burn her. I shall feel more like erecting a monument to her memory if she heals mother. Do you believe she can cure her? I agree with you that there is nothing especially beneficial in sickness.

I have a friend here in Princeton, a very bright fellow with splendid possibilities, but he is absolutely unable to carry out his plans in life because of ill health. He has a mother dependent upon him for support, and he told me the other day that at times he is tempted to end his life, saying he is only a burden to his mother who is already heavily burdened.

I suppose some religionists would preach resignation and call it the will of God, but if I were circumstanced as my friend is I should rather learn how to overcome the sickness that was incapacitating me, and make something of myself in life, and support my family.

If you can convince me there is a working hypothesis in this new psychology and I am more than half convinced already, there will be no religious differences in our family and together we will spread the glad tidings to the world.

Here is an excellent passage from Red Rock, a book written by our Ambassador to Italy, showing the inevitableness of the seed time and the harvest, for the wrong sowing we do here on earth. Mr. Page says: "Taking stock is always a serious thing to do, and it must come often into every thoughtful man's life. He is his own ledger; in all cases he must look back and measure himself by himself. Perhaps some hour brings him some question on which all must hinge. It may come unexpectedly, or he may have seen it advancing with inevitable steps. He may have brought it on himself or he may have fought strenuously against it.

"It is all the same. It came straight down upon him, a cyclone threatening to overwhelm him, and he must meet it either as a brave man or a craven. It comes, sweeps past or over him and leaves him in its track unscathed or wounded or slain. But it comes. And this is life. The Avants called it fate; we call it Providence or chance, or the result of natural laws. But by whatever name known, it is inscrutable."

In looking through another book the other day, I found something along the same line. It was "The Majesty of Calmness," by Jordan. The only weapon of defense that Nature has is the boomerang. Nature keeps her books admirably. She puts down every item. She closes all accounts finally, but she does not always balance then at the end of the month."

If Nature has a boomerang, I cannot see why she doesn't return it to the ruler of Germany for all the atrocious crimes he has committed against humanity.

I should like to balance his accounts for him. You may be right, little girl, in believing there isn't a literal hell of fire and brimstone, but if the Kaiser gets his just deserts, he will burn in some kind of a hell throughout eternity.

I suppose you will not be sorry to learn that I have been rejected for service because of defective eyesight. Although I may not be allowed to go into the trenches, there will be plenty of work for everyone should the war fulfil its promise of a long struggle with this military monster, who menaces Christian civilization by his barbarity and his utter disregard of human life.

How I wish I could see you tonight, you little torment. I am perfectly willing that man should write sonnets on your charms if he wants to waste his time on a forlorn hope. You cannot make me jealous again. I had my lesson and I never expect to notice your chatter about other men. They only exist in your imagination anyway. If I hadn't come to your rescue, you would have had a lonely life with that cat of yours.

Ever your loving,

Arthur.

* * * * *

My Dear Alice,

Santa Barbara, Calif.

I do not want you to think I am unappreciative of the psychic messages which I have received. They have brought me more happiness and given me more courage than anything that has come to me since I arrived—a stranger in this town, where my troubles began before we had finished building our home.

When the world seemed cold and the people unresponsive and unsympathetic, these messages sustained me. If I had not known that I was taking the right course and that I was not selfishly considering my own interests, I should have left Mr. Gray long ago. I acted with a sincere desire to save him from the consequences of his suicidal course. These communications strengthened me in feeling that I was doing all I could and if I failed in my efforts I should have nothing to regret.

Three or four times in my life, when I had been in great danger, a "voice," has warned me of it. When we were talking of moving to Santa Barbara, a "voice" said, "Do not go, great trouble awaits you there. If you do not lose your life, it will be a close call." Mr. Gray insisted upon coming here, and I disobeyed the warning.

Alice, I want to impress this fact upon you that whenever a warning comes to your own soul, as this one came to me, heed it. You cannot depend upon truth always coming through a psychic nor is it wise to be guided by their advice, but I have always found these messages given to me directly through my own organism absolutely reliable.

I am going to tell you of another incident proving my assertion that soul warnings can be depended upon. When we lived in Florida, we were spending a summer in the North. At the time this happened, I was visiting my mother in Illinois. There was an excursion starting from Peoria for Niagara Falls and mother wanted me to go, but I was strongly impressed not to do so. As there was no good reason why I should hold out against her wishes, I was about to yield when one evening a "voice" said, "Don't go, there will be an accident!"

It was a large excursion, and before they had gone many miles, there was one of the worst catastrophes we have ever had in the United States in the number killed and wounded. It is known as the "Chatsworth Disaster."

Going back to the spiritual prophecies in the messages I have received, their fulfillment does not seem probable to me, Alice. As I have said to you before, every time I have been near a wireless station from the other world for the past twenty years, the same message has been given me that I must write a book, and get the truths before the world which God has given me inspirationally and sent me through my psychic friends.

I know my limitations, dear, I have had no training for a literary career. I couldn't act the part. Give

me a simpler role. I like to make my home pretty and attractive and restful for those who come to me for help. I enjoy healing and a quiet life where the friends who are really congenial stray in and bide-a-wee around my fireside.

I think you might like to hear about some communications from the spirit world, purporting to come from a Hindu. I was much interested at the time and thought some of them were very fine.

I was visiting a friend in one of the suburban towns close to Los Angeles, and she told me a Hindu had come to her and had written through her hand (called, automatic writing), telling her who she was in a former incarnation, but he would only answer questions relating to life or the soul's destination; frivolous questions he ignored, she said.

I was anxious for an introduction to this Hindu that I might ask some questions, so when we were alone I asked: "What particular phase of Karma am I working out?" "You are here as all are to work out or to overcome the result of past thought and action. You are making Karma that will likewise have to be overcome until you learn life's great mission." "Was Swedenborg inspired?" "No, he may have stumbled on some truths because truth is eternal, the same yesterday, today and forever. Swedenborg would not have been called a seer in that particular incarnation." "Was Madame Blavatsky inspired?"

"No, if she gave out truth, it was from the Vedas. She had help from Master Minds who used her brain and intellect for giving these world old truths to the modern world." "What was Christ?" "Christ was what is called and really is a divine incarnation which means a soul who has overcome all. Christ particularly represented the quality of love and compassion." "Is Mrs. Eddy inspired?" "I cannot specialize on individuals of this type. They represent stepping stones of one phase of imperfect thinking and reasoning to another phase."

Was Paracelsus inspired?" "All truth is the same, it never can or will change. If you find any of

the writings of individuals corresponding with the eternal truth of the Vedas, then they may be said to be inspired. For the truth has always existed but those particular individuals have not perceived it before. All would alike perceive, if all were sufficiently pure minded for the truth to reflect, or as we say, become inspired."

One evening while I was visiting my friend, I asked the Hindu some personal questions and he would not answer them, so I said, "Can you tell me where I lived in my former incarnation?" "Three hundred years ago in France, you were connected with people of title in stormy times. You helped compile books that were afterward burned. A priest associated with your life.

Some years ago, Alice, my friend, Mrs. Grady, gave me a similar reading, but this friend in Los Angeles knew nothing of it. I will copy it for you.

"Faithfulness in the life of this person. Strong desire for union with something higher. Trials roll on like clouds upon her. Destiny of a higher and more distinct embodiment is being worked out. The soul must gain victory over self. This is a person strong in her attachments and not easily turned from a purpose. High ideals here. Hope has been built up on unworthy objects. There is a vein of kindness to all God's creatures that is in itself the efficacy of an unwritten prayer, because this thought of kindness evidences the truly God-like promptings of the higher will. Above the earthly I touch the soul of this beloved one. Prior to the French Revolution, she passed out of life under the injurious effects of deep seated affection that harrowed this soul from time to time with perplexing issues until at last it closed the scene."

I shall anticipate the question you will be sure to ask, whether these messages do not make me believe in incarnation. Not necessarily. If a Catholic should talk to you from behind the veil, he would probably tell you Catholicism is true. Take the book by Judge Hatch, "Letters from a Living Dead Man,"

written soon after he passed away. He had hardly taken off his hat, so to speak, in the spirit world, before he began dictating this book through Elsa Barker, a writer. If as Colville says, "we go at death where our deepest affections carry us," Judge Hatch would naturally go to those who believed as he did, and find the teachers promulgating the same doctrine of rebirth.

It seems to me the ultimate truth regarding the final destination of the soul, is as much a matter of speculation there as it is here. I talked with a poet the other day, who controlled a friend of mine, and who passed out more than fifty years ago. He said that he had never known of an incarnation, but that there were many who taught the doctrine, and who claimed to remember their former lives.

Judge Hatch has written another book through the same author, entitled, "War Letters from a Living Dead Man." It is very interesting and instructive, and shows what an awful crime the German nation has committed in letting loose the war god in the world, and the inevitable retribution or karma, that awaits the nation for an act that has done immeasurable harm in retarding the growth of Christian civilization.

One very valuable teaching in the first book should be proclaimed from the housetops, and illuminated signs put at every cross-roads. It is briefly stated, "that when you lose your temper, you lose **control of yourself**, for evil entities to influence you, often to the extent of obsession." I wish everyone in the world could read that chapter in the book. He says he is told that those who deny immortality, and have influenced others to believe in complete annihilation at death, are unconscious when they go over, sometimes for a long period. If this is true, it shows the tremendous power of auto-suggestion.

To illustrate my position that simply dropping this mantle of flesh does not give one superior knowledge, I will relate an incident which came under my notice.

A prominent musician in Boston passed away several years ago. He was a believer in Spiritualism, but he did not think a spirit could clothe itself in flesh atoms and materialize. He sent a message through a psychic when he first went over that he was right in his belief, and that spirits could not materialize. His family attended a materializing seance several years later, and he materialized, saying, "I was mistaken regarding materialization."

Here is a little gem in world-painting, given by the Hindu, who is with my friend. It is a character delineation which he gave to a lady who called one day.

"A cameo, so keenly cut that it bespeaks the Master hand, yet mellowed by much loving usage. A fine old vine whose massive calmness softens and protects all with which it comes in contact. A quiet strip of woodland whose balm is seldom encountered so far it is spread from the traveled road. A sunset tinted hill top whose unassuming sides secrete the yellow gold within. To such are some souls likened, yet in passing they leave unawares, the finger mark of sweetness and the repose that comes from strength."

Sir William Crookes the great scientific investigator of psychic phenomena did not cry "fraud" because materializing mediums required darkness or a subdued light for their manifestations. He knew that chemical experiments often demand such conditions, why not the spiritual chemist who was building up temporarily that most wonderful structure the human body. He invented a flash light on purpose to photograph the materialized figure. And he had the medium in his own home for days submitting her to the strictest test conditions. He once photographed the medium and the materialized entity, and they were totally unlike as to size and appearance.

Your true

Florence.

Pasadena, California,
March 30.

Dear Mrs. Gray,

I enclose Arthur's letter containing the good news that his mother is better. You have brought so much happiness to me in the past, I was sure you wouldn't fail me in this last great test. It means so much to me for now there will be harmony between us in our religious beliefs.

If the dear boy wants to believe in a devil, and clings to his ideas of the Atonement and the Trinity, he may. It would have been very hard for me if he had opposed divine healing and if he had a prejudice against all the late scientific discoveries along psychic lines in which I am interested.

I believe you will write a book. You are writing it now. I am keeping all your letters and some day I shall return them to you and they will be published. Are your eyes holden that you cannot see? When I have leisure I shall go back in my French history three hundred years and find out who you are, and learn why you are masquerading under an assumed name in America.

Have you read the English translation of the book written by Professor Flournoy of the University of Geneva, Florence? The author calls the book, "From India to the Planet Mars." It is an exceedingly interesting account of his investigations in psychic phenomena with an intelligent young woman, who, in the trance state, went to Mars and brought back a new language. She claimed she was first the daughter of an Arab sheik and then the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, and coming back to earth again is now a sensible business girl of irreproachable character.

Prof. Flournoy verified historical occurrences she gave in her different incarnations and found them correct. She told of becoming the eleventh wife of Prince Sivrouka Nayaka and of being burned alive on her husband's grave. She gave information she knew nothing about in her normal condition.

Prof. Flournoy labors zealously to disprove the spiritual hypothesis but he deserves great praise for

giving the book to the world withholding nothing. We can judge of the phenomena and we need not take his conclusions unless we choose to do so.

Some scientific men are so afraid of being deceived that they often make themselves ridiculous by straining to give a solution which is harder to believe than the more simple one that discarnate intelligence are at the other end of the line telephoning the messages. It would presuppose infinite intelligence in each individual to accept Flournoy's explanations. This book brings to me greater proof of reincarnation than anything I ever read on the subject.

I wish you would make it plain to me why you think Planchette or the Ouija board is dangerous.

What fine messages your friend got from the Hindu. If you have any more that he gave I wish you would send them to me. Why didn't you tell me about these readings when we were together in Santa Barbara? Did you feel the task so great in teaching me Divine Science that you did not want to add occultism for fear it would confuse me?

Have you read Ralph Waldo Trine's "The New Alinement of Life?" It is well worth a place in your library, and is an illuminating volume.

President Evans, of Occidental College, made a new alinement of life which is akin to the Unitarian view-point when he said in a recent lecture that "The church must not interfere with, nor underestimate the worth of training in secular morality. . . . There can be no doubt that the tremendous social significance of the teachings of Jesus have been overlooked in favor of emotional content. Too many evangelists have made the doctrine an emotional appeal to the exclusion of the constructive social side of religion. Sound and dependable character can't be produced by mere subscription to a creed—it must be built into the very bone and sinew if it is to endure. . . . The whole mission of a school system is character development. What does it profit to add cleverness to absence of principles?"

Faithfully yours,

Alice.

Pasadena, California,

March 30.

My dear Arthur,

I am so deeply interested in the friend of whom you spoke in your letter that I am impressed to write you at once. If he should take his own life it would be a serious calamity, retarding his progress through the chain of worlds, years and years, causing him to carry with him not only regret for the wasted opportunities gone forever but sorrow for his crime. Why should people cling to the old idea that a suicide is mentally unbalanced? I believe it is sorrow and disappointment and hopelessness which cause people to take their own lives. Self-destruction is not very common with those who are really insane. Here is where Divine Science, and a little knowledge of conditions in the spirit world would help, and give one a different perspective.

If your friend is refined and aspiring and could see the lower planes of spirit life as we who are clairvoyant see them, no power on earth could make him commit suicide which would fasten him, it might be for years or ages in a place whose hideous repulsiveness, peopled in part by the lowest criminals of earth, would cause him untold misery. Ah, when will you orthodox Christians learn from the teachings of Jesus that we must reap as we sow, and realize that he came to save us from our sins by teaching us **the way** of salvation through right living. He taught us that sin would be punished. If anyone can save us from the consequences of our acts, then **sin is not punished.**

George Kennan, in a magazine article says suicide is increasing to an alarming extent, and gives statistics to prove the assertion. He finds that suicide is greatest among Protestant Christians, and least among Catholics, and he thinks the "Confessional" contributes to its decrease. We can learn something from the Catholics there, Arthur. It is the human touch, a little sympathy at the right moment, friendly interest and wise counsel and a life is saved. Will you not go to your friend and tell him what I

so plainly see before him if he yields to temptation and takes his own life? Do act quickly, for he can be healed.

Oh, if the world could understand, dear, that psychological states determine our efficiency in life, whether we are baking a loaf of bread, or writing a poem. The thought, the plan, is back of all creative work. And the purity of the design we throw upon the canvas of our mental picturing, backed by the force of the spiritual will and consecrated aspiration, bring to us the highest product we are capable of imaging. We are building by our mind-pictures today the substance of our tomorrows.

One reason why evil so often triumphs over good is because more force is put into the evil thought, and act, than into the benevolent action. People hate with so much more intensity than they love. No chance here my boy for protestations of affection, for I am speaking of impersonal love. One does not have to be endowed with psychic power to feel the thought of an angry person. A bitter ugly thought goes out withering and blighting everyone and everything it contacts. And finally it acts as a boomerang and returns to rend the sender. All the evil is intensified by the volume of force it has collected from the one to whom it is sent, who is disturbed and depolarized, and from other minds incarnate, and discarnate, that are in the same rate of vibration. You can prove my assertion by self-analysis. You often do a kind act or send out a thought of affection to some friend, and the next minute you turn your thoughts away and forget the person and the circumstance. Not so when some one does you an injury or arouses your anger. You keep turning it over and over in your mind for days and weeks, injuring yourself and all those whom your thought reaches.

Look at the accumulation of wrong thought in Germany. Her people have been educated for years to look upon love, sympathy, and kindness, as weaknesses to be overcome. Why? Because the masses who were to feed the cannon's mouth must be trained

to a stoical brutality in order to maintain the morale of the army. Has evil not been accumulative to the extent of building up a position almost impregnable? Has it not come dangerously near destroying the civilization of the entire world? Higher Criticism may have killed the devil, but His Satanic Majesty has left a lively progeny to carry on his work.

The devil in man can only be crushed out by substituting the divine. If we had not minimized the power of evil, Germany would not have given us the surprise she has. Nietzsche, in his writings, boasts that he has slain God.

Christ withered the fig tree to show what destructive thoughts could do. The world would not have been in the condition it is today from the great human slaughter of all races, if principles of justice and brotherly love had been the predominating mental and spiritual motive power of the universe. Because a few of us have learned the wisdom of loving instead of hating, we have not abolished death by the sword, as facts of history attest. We need more evangelists to teach the masses the importance of right states of consciousness. For dissensions in the home, sow the seeds for dissensions in the nation. Religious and political differences have brought about a great many bloody wars. We must have individual righteousness before we can have national honor. The thought precedes the act, always, and sometime we shall learn to link ourselves with the universal thought currents of good.

The true esoteric teachings of Jesus are still misinterpreted and considered impossible of attainment, although a few souls are awakening to the necessity of **really following the Christ**, if we are ever to have a higher civilization. "Peace on earth, good will toward men," has been the clarion call through twenty centuries, but we heed it not and selfishness and greed reign supreme, while millions of lives have been sacrificed because we have not obeyed the command. This does not prove Christianity a failure. It demonstrates that it has never been tried. Subscribing to

a belief has been so much easier than living the life which he taught us to live through his example and his precepts.

There are many schools of thought dealing with the metaphysical side of Christ's teachings, and the wide-spread interest in psychical and metaphysical subjects shows the dissatisfaction felt in the old interpretation of Bible truths. They differ in non-essentials only, for they are all placing emphasis on the fact that each one must save himself, through the gospel of right living. He must heal himself of untrue conditions of mind and body, and help his neighbor as well.

Christian Science is having a phenomenal growth, and the independent thinkers, who are really the liberalists in this new movement, perhaps outnumber the orthodox Christian Scientists. They do not make the same showing because they have split into so many different organizations, and a great proportion of earnest workers refuse to affiliate with any society, preferring the privacy of their own homes for meditation and illumination. The old blindness of religious intolerance is afflicting this new twentieth century religion. Some people need to go to "confessional" in the quiet of their own souls, and ask themselves if they are really incorporating the Christ charity, love and sympathetic understanding for the heretics in other metaphysical camps who differ with them and cannot wear an orthodox label. If they cannot see good in but one interpretation of truth, they are in a serious condition spiritually. Their spiritual vision is obscured by cataracts of prejudice, or else there is a large sized mote of satisfaction in their eyes, which if they cannot remove from the puniness of their own outlook, they should call in a spiritual surgeon with a wider, broader view of life.

Applied Psychology is also doing a fine work in the churches and schools and with those who would not have anything to do with it if it were taught as a religion. It is educating people along the same lines, and teaching the importance of harmonious mental

states and their effect upon the mind, body, and environment. Pointing out the efficiency gained through a poised life, and an untroubled mind. And why should we care how, or from whom, people get this knowledge if it saves them from their sins. God speed the work whether it is through a faith healer, a New Thought practitioner, or a Christian Scientist. The upward climb is hard enough without religious dissensions as to the road we take. Teachers, healers and books are all helpful, but we must scale the high peaks of attainment in order to reach the Kingdom of Harmony. Toiling towards mastership by strenuously overcoming discordant states of consciousness.

One school of metaphysics has been unkind enough to deprive us of our bodies, which was crippling enough, but the worst blow comes from the Axiomatic Thinkers, who have taken away our minds. Mental functioning is one of the difficulties of my existence, and if I can learn to get along without my mind it will relieve me of considerable responsibility.

I listened attentively to a lecture given by one of these mind-vivisectionists, expecting to acquire a working hypothesis, whereby I could perform this "major operation" on my brain by painless methods and save any further expense. But with one sweeping glance he sized up his audience and told us we could not even speak his language until we had gone thru a class with him. I suppose he examines every student to see if he has a mind to lose before he admits him to his classes, otherwise he could not make a demonstration. It goes without saying that he has cast his aside long ago or he would not be advocating these doctrines.

Some of these fantastic theories would discourage a practical truth seeker if we could not turn back to the pages in history recording the dogmas of all religions when they were in their swaddling clothes. Compare the doctrines of Calvin with those held today by the people sustaining the church which he founded. Think you if he were on earth maintaining

his old beliefs that he and the present pastor of this church here would not cross mental swords. So, it gives me courage to look forward a hundred years when through ripened thought and a more sane philosophy, our bodies and our minds will be returned to us again. And after all, my dear, imaginative speculation does not crush and blight as did the beliefs about "infant damnation" and an endless hell.

I was very much amused at this lecture when at the close an opportunity was given for questions and discussion of the subject, and one meek old gentleman ventured to suggest that "We were made in the image and likeness of God." With a roar which reverberated through the room he was quickly silenced by the lecturer who said, "You don't want to be in the image and likeness of anyone, now do you?" And the old man thoroughly cowed by this hypnotic suggestion finally concluded he did not.

The sceptics say, no one persists
Beyond this mortal vale,
We're lower than the worm that crawls
In yonder shady dale.
The caterpillar has a chance,
Transmuting feet to wings,
But man alone is shorn of power,
The serpent to him clings.

And now the revelation comes,
Matter is delusion,
And all the things we think we see,
Just for man's confusion.
For all is mind, if you must know,
No matter, what you say,
This world is all a mortal dream
As you'll find out some day.

Another seer has waved his wand,
He takes our minds away,
What have we left to stand upon
Until the judgment day?

We've lost our minds and bodies,
And angel wings we scorn,
Lost in the Whith of the Whither,
We're hopeless and forlorn.

Yet often at the twilight hour,
We hear a voice long stilled,
A radiance comes from higher spheres
From which, bright hopes we build.
The scoffer's sneer, we bravely meet,
The vision's true and clear,
For spirit answers spirit's call
And life no more is drear.

When you read this you will ask yourself, with a groan, if this is what you may expect every evening under your own roof-tree. Not only a lecture, but perchance an atrocious limerick tacked onto the end of it, and hurled at you the minute you cross the threshold of your domicile. Yes, all this is before you, and I have been known to illustrate my lectures in a very lurid manner. Ponder all these dire possibilities before you take the decisive step that may seal you for all eternity. However, father has found a way to quiet me, and you may also. When he takes down one of his musty old volumes and begins to burrow for archaeological treasures, I am as patient and speechless as the mummies he often exhumes to amuse and interest me. I am very proud of my dear pater's learning but I very much fear it will never descend to future generations through his beloved child.

I should like to quote the whole of a very beautiful poem by Father Ryan, but I will content myself with copying a verse of two. He was a Catholic priest greatly loved in the southern states for his ministry of love and service.

"I walk down the valley of silence—
Down the dim voiceless valley—alone
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

"I walked in the world with the worldly
 I craved what the world never gave;
 And I said: In the world each Ideal
 That shines like a star on life's wave,
 Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
 And sleeps like a dream in a grave.

"And still did I pine for the Perfect
 And still found the False with the True:
 I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
 But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue:
 And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
 Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

* * * * *

"And I have seen Thoughts in the valley—
 Ah! me, how my spirit was stirred!
 And they wear holy veils on their faces,
 Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
 They pass through the valley like virgins
 Too pure for the touch of a word!"

Notice, Arthur, where he speaks of "seeing thoughts in the valley." Many years have passed since he wrote this poem, and only recently has a scientist invented an apparatus which photographs thought, showing it has form and substance. It is not difficult to understand spiritual healing by thought transference with the physical scientists substantiating the claims of the spiritual scientists.

Your loving,
 Alice.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, California.

My dear Alice,

April 5.

I have just returned from a drive through the fine walnut orchards in the Carpenteria valley. We had luncheon at Shepard's Inn, and then climbed on up towards the high mountains to Stanley Park a picturesque resort in a natural forest where there are mineral springs, a hotel and cottages. It was so restful I forgot all my problems as I sat on a huge rock in the little mountain brook under the over-hanging

vines, and watched the fishes as they swam gracefully around me in the water.

My friend, Mrs. Grady, was in this evening and I wrote several names for character readings. I will copy first the one which I received.

"The invisible influences around you are of a literary character, and they will try in every way to promote your advancement for they see the necessity the last half of your life of cultured influences. The invisible friends know you better than you know yourself. What you can do for the world in giving out truth and life. So that when you see the circumstances of your life shaping themselves to this end—of culture and a higher education—you will read this message and realize how much good has been around you all these years."

Here is the one Mrs. Grady received.

"Your troubles are complicated, my child, because you are joining your incarnations. The absolute self-surrender in the past has brought this about. You have bridged the astral plane and connected yourself with the first spiritual sphere. Consequently the large body of workers on this intermediate plane have not sought you as a helper. Being left so entirely to yourself, has been a pitiful thing to our sight. These communications are given to that part of the soul which held the embodiment of the previous incarnation, and are handed down by your guide and interpreter to your physical brain. This guide and faithful friend will never leave you until he introduces you to a company of saints where you will find your home."

You have spoiled everything by sending me your "Book of Secrets." I am painfully self-conscious now, and my spontaneity has taken wings and flown away. Why did you put me on stilts when I was so comfortable and contented?

I am very glad that Arthur's mother is better. I wish he would get "In Tune with the Infinite" for her. The book is not "labeled," and it finds favor with those who would oppose its teachings if it were known that it embodied New Thought doctrines.

If you want to know why I am opposed to hypnotism and the indiscriminate use of Planchette, or the Ouija board, read "The Great Psychological Crime," by Florence Huntley. This book shows the dangers of hypnotism and also gives many personal experiences of those who have been injured by the use of the board, and tells of those who have gone insane because they could not cope with the powers of evil evoked through this method. They have given these evil entities an entrance into their homes through the door of mediumship. I do believe that Mr. Gray's study and use of hypnotism helped very largely in his undoing, causing a mental unbalance in the wrong use of suggestion, and attracting spirit influences whose evil suggestions he was too weak-willed to combat.

People say, "One world at a time," but when the two worlds interpenetrate and influence conduct so powerfully for both good and evil, it is time thinking men and women should become enlightened regarding the future life and its conditions. It is better to consider these forces than to be wrecked by them.

Let me give you an example of these psychical influences. A man here had spells of melancholia, and a desire to commit suicide. He went to a psychic and she saw a former friend with him who had committed suicide.

There are innumerable hordes of evil-minded beings close to the earth plane, and all eager to manifest through anyone here who is at all sensitive or mediumistic. Believe me when I tell you what I know to be true. They would destroy you morally, and delight in it. They have not risen above their criminal instincts.

You would not pick up some vile, loathsome creature whom you found in a saloon on Main street and entertain him in your home. Then why welcome someone from the spirit world and joke with him at your fireside when you know by his language he is below you in manners and morals. What can he teach you? Nothing, but he can do you great harm. Pure

minded psychics will attract, and bring to themselves teachers from the more spiritual planes, if they resist all contact and communion with spirits on these lower psychic planes nearest the earth—there is a measure of truth in the purgatory of the Catholics.

I wish we could start a society for the prevention of lies, Alice. Next to whisky, lying is the most demoralizing destroyer of happiness in the world today. We are getting to the place where neither nations nor individuals can trust each other. Treaties are broken, and all are suspicious of each other in the present world conflict, because the integrity of the promises given by each nation is questioned on account of this prevalence of "bearing false witness," and breaking the fifth commandment.

I contend it is always better to tell the truth, for as some writer has said, "White lies pave the way for black ones." It may cause a little wounded pride and mortification, when you ask your friend for an honest opinion of your work and you get an unfavorable criticism, but it will do you good, you will profit by it.

There are very few brave enough to risk displeasing the one who asks for an "honest opinion," and most people will lie to you, or evade a direct answer, while the hypocrites flatter you and say many nice things about your work which they neither feel nor believe. If they have a grudge against you they may be spiteful enough to make an unjust criticism, but that neither helps nor hinders you, as they betray their real feelings by their manner.

You asked me if I had any more messages from the Hindu, who wrote through my friend. I asked him once "If one should not be absolutely truthful?" He answered, "You are here to realize and learn the truth; that is your soul's mission, and any deviation along these lines but delays your progress. You may think you are misrepresenting to others, or cheating time, but it is only your soul's salvation you are hindering in the smallest deviation from what you know is the truth. If you live up to your own highest con-

ception, it may not be absolute truth, but you have made a great stride."

My next question was, "Is it right or wise to reach out for more than is absolutely necessary in material possessions?" This answer came: "Exactly as you become involved in commercialism, will your soul, and future Karma become entangled in a net-work of confusion. We reap only what we sow, like begets like. Impure motives, evil tendencies, bring a similar result by retarding the true spiritual growth. Every time you have a wrong thought, it interferes with your spiritual unfoldment. No outside influences will make any difference in the progress of any soul, it must come from within, then it will be expressed outwardly. It matters little where you live, or where your body is, physical comfort has little to do with spiritual growth, in fact many times it retards it. You must drop self entirely if you would find peace. Only when you lose yourself, will you find yourself."

"Fear no evil, no calamity can befall your true growth. Have pure motives, the results you have nothing to do with. If you want to go out in the world as a philanthropist, working for the good of others without thought of compensation, and you are willing to make the great sacrifice, the necessary help will be given each day. If you enter the business world for personal gain, carry your metaphysics with you, live it in everything you say and do. You are influencing others unconsciously, and the results are good for yourself, and those around you, although it may not be apparent to you."

"The prime, and only reason you are here on earth is for your own spiritual unfoldment. Each time you stop to mix or partake of this world's goods, except what is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of your body, you are loitering on your way. When you make the great sacrifice of giving up the world, there need be no care about personal wants, they are always provided for."

Alice, I want you to make a study of Prentice Mulford's books and read what he has written about false speaking. He says that a lie connects one with untruthful thought currents on both planes. His slogan was "Thoughts are Things," and now that thought has been photographed through the aid of a delicate instrument, a camera recently invented by a French scientist, showing that thought has substance form and color, it verifies Mulford's statements. He was a seer, with great interior knowledge, and we are not yet ready nor advanced enough to accept all that he has given us in his teachings. He wrote and lectured many years ago before there was any literature bearing directly upon the subject of healing, and in my opinion, he has given us the clearest conception of practical metaphysics of any writer on the subject.

I want to tell you something which illustrates the advantage of having a clairvoyant diagnosis. I have a friend who was seriously injured in an automobile accident several weeks ago in the southern part of the state, and when she wrote me about her condition I invited her to spend a week with me offering to treat her. She was unconscious for days, and has been ill ever since she was hurt, and when she came to me she walked with difficulty, using a cane, and her friends feared a dislocation. She is a Christian Science healer, and is clairvoyant, and when I treated her she saw a large clot of blood. The following day I gave a treatment to a lady who is also psychic, and she said, "I can tell you the trouble with your friend, a doctor in the unseen world says, 'There is a large clot of blood that must be removed, or it will prove fatal.'" This patient did not know that I had had the same diagnosis from my friend. The healing was accomplished within the week, and my friend was very grateful for the help she had received.

When this friend was hurt a Christian Science practitioner was called. She said every time she regained consciousness for a few moments this healer would cry out, "You are holding to error." My friend

said she never wanted to hear the word again. I told her I supposed she would have been glad to hold to anything, even to error when she was sinking to unconsciousness every little while.

Did I tell you of a very wonderful magnetic healer in New York City who could give an absolutely correct diagnosis, and knew instantly if he could heal a patient? I learned of Dr. Johnson through the late Judge G——, of Riverside. His son knew the doctor intimately, and wrote his father of his miraculous cures. The doctor was then at the Plaza Hotel, but that was torn down years ago and I have lost track of him since Judge G—— passed away.

A prominent man from this coast went to New York to consult the world famous heart specialist, Dr. F——. The physicians all told this man he had heart disease. He would fall and be unconscious for hours.

Dr. F—— gave him a careful examination corroborating the other doctors' diagnosis and told him he had a very short time to live. This man began to get his affairs in shape to die when a friend insisted upon his consulting Dr. Johnson, who told him he could cure him and that he didn't have heart trouble. He did cure him and the man sounded his praises far and wide. He cured cancer, blindness and all forms of organic disease.

My slumbers will not be disturbed by your idle threats of publishing our letters. If you were living in a small village where the daily happenings were not sufficient to fill the weekly paper, even with the patent insides to help out, there might be some chance of the editors accepting my letters. Of course there isn't anyone who would want your silly love letters to Arthur. You must not expect the general public to be as interested in that boy as you are. It's foolish to deceive yourself that way.

My letters are the only ones you could use, and even a country editor would hesitate before taking them. There might be an extreme situation when it would be obligatory for the editor to spend a month

with his mother-in-law in the country, and he would consent to let my letters run through four issues in order to give himself up to the joy of the visit undisturbed by cries for copy. It would relieve him from reporting all the cases of "nervous prosperity" in the Smith and the Brown families, his wealthy patrons,, and looking up the fines for speeding in Judge Timbertin's court.

Here is an interesting message given me through Mrs. Grady. "Higher beings come in on harmonious vibrations. The etheric waves of the different zone lights are becoming fraught with the influences of love; there is melody in the sound of these waves though you have never dreamed such a thing could exist. The stronger the light grows around your body when the potencies of sex are transmuting for a higher process and gradually extending outward from the body as a reflector of the bright and beautiful objects of sense; beauty attracts beauty as the flowers turn to the sky.

"There is every reason why you should grow into the likeness of a divine idea, because in that way you make possible companionship with radiant beings, who are alive with many lives and who leave behind them when they visit you, tracks of light and this light, when once perceived by you, creates a longing for celestial companionship. These light-footed messengers are embodiments of love, it is so long since they have thought evil that the brain is one blaze of effulgence.

"The scene on Golgotha is only a pen picture and like all events marks important points in the stages of transition. There is no past more than there is a present. The revolving cycles show only the changes of natural objects. The conception of time is a barrier of limitation and viewing truth from this standpoint the "greater works" alluded to can be done in the name of the present Christ."

I am sorry that Basil King, the recent convert to the belief in spirit communion, should have had messages through the mediumship of "Jenifer," from a

spirit, who does not believe that evil persists after death of the physical body. The communicating intelligence probably speaks from his own state of consciousness, which was good and carried him at death where his environment is free from evil influences, and good predominates. Personally, I do not care what anyone believes unless that belief builds up a false security and trust, in messages received from these "dwellers on the threshold." Basil King has so much prominence as a writer, that his words will have weight with many people and I regret this, to me, misleading statement.

Evil spirits are able at times to use psychic power to the extent of hurling objects at one with malicious intent. **This I know to be true**, from a very unpleasant personal experience. Other incidents have come under my notice in my healing work. Only the other day a spirit came to a woman who was psychic and told her he had died on the battle field. After she had welcomed him and he was established in her home his true character became apparent to her, but she could not get rid of him. At last she appealed to another psychic to help her as he had annoyed her so she had not slept for fourteen nights. Her psychic friend was shown clairvoyantly, by her spirit teachers, one of the lowest dives in an Eastern city, and she was told he was one of the most depraved criminals, and that he died there. She confronted him with this knowledge, and with an oath he confessed the deception.

With so many convincing facts in my possession is it strange that I should be so insistent in warning people who are investigating, of the dangers along the path, or take issue with those who teach that "evil does not persist?" A friend asked a Master on the higher planes, regarding the League of Nations, He said, "If America rejects the league treaty fully, there is sure to be civil war for her, and outside aggression to meet also. She stands on a tinder pile

that requires but one match to cause a tremendous blaze, and it is sure to come if she does not prepare for adequate peace with all the world."

Your loving,
Florence.

* * * * *

Pasadena, California,
April 8.

Dear Florenec,

Your spontaneity is not a valuable asset any longer, and you can indulge in the usual platitudes about the climate of Southern California the next time you write if you wish, you timid little gray mouse. But unless you say something worth while, your next letter will go into the waste paper basket for there are enough written now to fill a modest little volume and of course I shall write a long letter at the last that will cause everyone to forget Arthur and Mrs. Gray. It wouldn't surprise me if I had an order to get out a De Luxe edition of my own letters in white and silver, omitting those of that tiresome Mrs Gray and the University student who will know more when he has had a few battles to fight out in the big unfriendly world.

I have quite a large correspondence and I casually mentioned the fact of my having a friend who had unlimited egotism and thought she could write a book. Of course I always added that I was saying everything I could to prevent her writing it but that this person seemed obsessed with the idea of notoriety and I feared experience alone would teach her her lesson. Now, little mouse, open your ears; from everyone came abuse for me because I was trying to clip your wings by my doubts, so you could not soar to Elysian heights.

This has encouraged me in immediate and decisive action and my future movements will no doubt be shrouded in mystery. I may retire from the world for a brief season, so do not seek me in the haunts of men; I shall not be found there. Call me a mystifier if you will but do not, I pray you, try to unravel

any of my mystic rites—you might get into a swirling vortex of black magic if you did.

You may remember that in your last letter you tried to conjure up the ghost of Moses by alluding to his forgotten commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Well, I have a friend in Altadena who is psychic, and has clairvoyant vision. She was in to see me the other day, bringing her weekly donation of beautiful flowers to decorate my rooms, and I told her how anxious I was to have you turn to writing as a panacea during this trying period in your life, and asked her to see if she could get anything psychically regarding your writing a book.

She closed her eyes and after a little time she said, "I see Moses on Mt. Sinai, and he is holding an open book in his hands carved from solid gray stone, unlike the tablets of stone upon which are engraved the ten commandments which he is usually represented as holding in his hands."

You will say, perhaps, that this is only a symbolic representation of Moses, a picture thrown upon the screen, but I prefer to believe that it was the grand old patriarch, and that he is going to lead you out of the wilderness of despair in which you are groping for light and peace and harmony.

My friend went into the silence again and said, "I saw a moving picture once that for some reason is shown me in connection with the book your friend will write. And the scene that presents itself is the one where the old man is eagerly poring over a priceless volume in the library of his prospective son-in-law."

My friend then gave me a synopsis of the play. The lover was a wealthy man with a fine library and he had been offered twenty thousand dollars for this particular book. The father and daughter were invited there to dinner and the old man was so absorbed in the book that he concealed it about his person and took it away with him; in plain unvarnished English, he stole it.

The most remarkable and thrilling experience I have had given me came for you yesterday morning from a well poised Christian woman here at the hotel. She is a Presbyterian, has been brought up most rigidly and this is her first vision. She is a woman of middle age, very sensible and not visionary or given to idle fancies in the least. I was sleeping soundly at an early hour of the morning when I was summoned to her room. I did not realize the urgency of the call and I dressed leisurely, to her disappointment, as she wanted me there while she was having this spiritual experience. When I went in the room her face was radiant, and tears were rolling down her cheeks. She said "The Angel of the Lord has been here to give me a message for your friend Mrs. Gray."

This lady told me the vision began the evening before when she saw a large oblong frame, and inside the frame there was a circle of thorns not pleasant to see. She was startled and said, "A crown of thorns!" Then she saw the thorns loosen and move rapidly, out of which came a wreath of thorny leaves. She said, "Is this a crown of thorns for me?"

"No."

"For whom then?"

"Mrs. Gray," came the answer. Then the wreath and thorns disappeared and a wreath of holly with red berries was laid on a book, and she was told it was for Mrs. Gray.

She said she was conscious of many hands on the book, and she said she asked a question concerning it and then everything vanished and she had a restful dreamless sleep. The next morning at five o'clock she was awakened with a feeling of restored health, she said she never supposed anyone could feel so perfectly well. She said to herself, "I will send out some good thoughts East for Mrs. Gray's book," she immediately saw the thoughts like fluttering silver ribbons going eastward. She was impressed that other thoughts were going with her own in a definite direction, not wavering the least in their course.

Then she said she felt a Mighty Presence in the room overshadowing the entire house, bright and luminous. A presence of infinite love, power and strength. She said mentally, "Is this the way God loves us?" She said she seemed engulfed by this radiant glory, when suddenly she and Mrs. Gray were caught up in the spirit, carried by this Mighty Presence until she was filled with the power and strength.

When she realized she was back again in her room a stern commanding voice said, "Tell Mrs. Gray, 'She shall mount up with wings as eagles, she shall run and not be weary, she shall walk and not faint. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.' Tell her I said so." She said she felt such a mighty pressure of this majestic presence in the room that she felt she could bear no more. She said she realized why the disciples, Peter, James and John, fell on their faces when overshadowed by the bright cloud on the "Mount of Transfiguration," and all the visions and strange appearances in the Bible stood out to her in a vivid light of truth. A voice said, "And you questioned Me?" She said she had been questioning and earnestly seeking the truth and she said it caused her great humility and abasement of spirit.

The presence seemed to compel her to call me. She told me she was so overwhelmed with this heavenly vision and with the realization of this ineffable love, power and authority of this "Angel of the Lord" that she could not keep the tears back. She said she was unwilling that this Angel should leave her without some guidance for her own future. The voice answered her, "Be still, wait! You have had enough for one morning." Then was given her these lines from Cowper's immortal hymn, "God is His own interpreter and He will make it plain." Then this lady sent up this heartfelt prayer, "Oh God, what wilt thou have me do? What is thy purpose with me? Whatever it may be I want to so live that I can say as did Paul, 'Whereupon I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.'"

Now be wise enough to interpret all I have given you in my symbols; perhaps you can call upon Moses to help you out. I feel wicked and self-abased at taking such an unwarranted advantage of you two unsuspecting creatures; but, honey, you never would have surrendered and published your own experiences if I hadn't resorted to strategy.

I have been very careful to write about such subjects as were discussed in polite society and show myself to the best advantage, while you two innocent babes prattled on about anything that came uppermost in your minds.

I believe I shall have another patient for you soon. One of Arthur's friends who is ill and has threatened to take his life. It is a pitiful case, you will get a halo if you restore him to health and harmony.

Have you ever read, "A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands?" It gives one a true and reasonable portrayal of life after death and is written by a discarnate spirit, Franchezzo and given through A. Farnese.

"In the spirit world there are a great number of different schools of thought, all containing the great fundamental, eternal truths of nature, but each differing in minor details, and also as to how these great truths should be applied for the advancement of the soul. They likewise differ as to how their respective theories will work out and the conclusions to be drawn from the undoubted knowledge they possess when it is applied to subjects upon which they have no certain knowledge, and which are still with them, as with those on earth, the subject of speculation, theory and discussion.

"It is a mistake to suppose that in the spirit world of our planet there is any absolute knowledge which can explain all the great mysteries of Creation, the why and wherefore of our being, the existence of so much evil mixed with the good, or the nature of the soul and how it came from God. The waves of truth are continually flowing from the great centres of the Universe and are transmitted to earth

through chains of spirit intelligences; but each spirit can only transmit such portions of truth as his development has enabled him to understand, and each mortal can only receive as much knowledge as his intellectual faculties are able to assimilate and comprehend.

"Neither spirits nor mortals can know everything, and spirits can only give you what are the teachings which their own particular schools of thought, and advanced teachers give as their explanations. Beyond this they cannot go for beyond this they do not themselves know. There is no more absolute certainty in the spirit world than on earth, and those who assert that they have the true and only explanation of these great mysteries are giving you merely what they have been taught by more advanced teachers who, with all due deference to them, are no more entitled to speak absolutely than the most advanced teachers of some other school.

"I assert, with knowledge not my own, but from another who is indeed regarded in the spirit world as a leader of most advanced thought, that it is in no way possible to give a final answer to, or explanation of subjects which are beyond the powers of any spirit of our entire solar system to solve, and still more beyond those of the spirits of our earth spheres.

"In these subjects and their explanation are involved and required a knowledge of the limits of the universe itself which has no limits, and the nature of that Supreme Being of whom no man or spirit can know the nature, save in so far as we can grasp the great truth, that He is Infinite Spirit, limitless in all senses, unknowable and unknown.

"Let men and spirits then argue or explain, they can only teach you to the limits of their own knowledge, and beyond that again are limits none can reach. How can anyone pretend to show you the ultimate end of that which has no end, or sound the great depths of an infinite thought which has no bottom?

"Thought is as eternal as life and as fathomless. Spirit is infinite and all-pervading. God is in all, and over all, and above all, yet none know His nature nor what manner of essence He is of, save that He is everywhere, and in everything. The most lofty, the most daring minds cannot grasp all at once, and can man on earth hope that all can be explained to him with his limited range of vision, when the most advanced minds in the spirit world are being checked in their explorations after truth by the sense of their limited powers?"

Do you remember getting a message once regarding Mr. Gray, saying "that his soul had departed to the God who gave it?" I was reading the other day a book entitled, "The History and Power of Mind," by Richard Ingalese the well-known writer on occult subjects, which reminded me of your spirit message. He says "that when one persists in a sinful life on earth, the subjective mind unable to control the objective mind, sometimes leaves it to its destruction and goes back into the Infinite." He claims the objective mind lives a few years but that the man is absolutely devoid of moral character, and when he passes over either re-incarnates, or becomes a "dweller on the threshold," in either case doing all the harm he can in corrupting others.

He asserts that such people reincarnate in the lowest slums of criminality. That looks like retrogression to me. Punishment they deserve, but why drag others down? If I were running the universe I should build spirit-prisons, and try the effects of solitary confinement. A spiritualist took me seriously the other day when commenting on an obsessing spirit, who was annoying a woman almost to the point of insanity, I said I thought the denizens of the other world should bestir themselves to secure better police protection for us. She said, "Why, I don't believe they have policemen over there." Ignorance of this subject

only increases the dangers, where knowledge would enable one to grapple with these foes on the astral plane.

Your loving friend,
Alice.

Princeton, New Jersey,
April 15.

My Dear Alice,

I have very important news for you, mother is so much better that last night as we sat around the fire-side father said to her, "I believe, dear, your cure is the result of prayer, there has been such a marvelous change in so short a time." He said, "You know we have been praying for years that you might be restored to health. God has granted our prayer."

Mother said she felt there had been divine intervention, her troubles had left her so quickly. That seemed an opportune time to tell them of Mrs. Gray's statements, and I also told them of her brave struggles alone in Santa Barbara, where she knew so few people, and how God had guided and upheld her through all her trials.

I wish you could have heard the fervent prayer father sent up for deliverance from all the trying conditions of her life that she could be spared to carry on her work of divine ministry and be led by the side of still waters into peaceful and harmonious conditions of life, to do Christ's work for discouraged souls who need the quickening touch of an illumined soul to lead them to a better understanding of life.

And now, my dearest girl, comes the part where you shine out as brilliantly as the brightest constellation in the heavens above us. I discovered your letter on the table that they had forgotten to give me. After I had read it, I sat meditating on what course to take with Harold. Mother noticing my abstraction asked me if I had received bad news.

I read them your letter. I knew sometime they would find out that your beliefs were different from theirs and I thought the conditions more favorable just then to tell them when they felt so grateful to you for discovering Mrs. Gray for us.

Imagine my surprise when father said to me, "Go at once to Harold. He is too promising a lad to let him slip away from us, and who knows but he may be planning suicide this very moment. Alice is intuitive, I see that from her letter, and she would not urge you to do this unless there was a good reason for it. Tell him, Arthur, if he wants a loan until he gets on his feet again, to come to me. And urge him to take treatments of Mrs. Gray or someone here in Princeton, if he knows of anyone.

"I know, my boy, that it is possible to hear "voices" and have one's spiritual eyes opened to see those whom we call dead, but who are more alive than we are. I have had these experiences and but for friendly warnings from a "voice that is still and a vanished hand," I should not be alive today.

"It is a long story and even your dear mother did not know until now that I had this power to see and hear on the spiritual planes. Go to Harold now and leave the story until tomorrow evening."

I was dazed at this outburst from my dignified parent, but I managed to manifest enough intelligence to get out of the house and over to Harold's. I found him taking a new revolver out of a box. I asked him what he was going to do with it. He answered gruffly, "Never mind what I am going to do with the revolver, talk about something cheerful. I have been suffering horribly from this spinal neuralgia for two days and I want my mind diverted." I began to talk about the crime of taking one's life, and he said it was his own life, he could do as he pleased with it.

I couldn't seem to reach him by anything I said, so I handed him your letter and asked him to read it. He read it over twice and then said, "Arthur, you must have found an exceptional woman out in California. I cannot express in words how her interest in me, a stranger, has touched me." Then he wept like a child and confessed he had intended to end his life that night. But he said my coming with the letter had saved him. I told him he must accept a loan

from father, and he consented to my sending a telegram to Mrs. Gray for treatments.

I really think I deserve considerable credit for discovering such a rare type of womanhood out where Saint Barbara, from the rock on the mountain side looks down and protects the quaint old Spanish town which bears her name. Was it legal acuteness which led me to you, or divine guidance? And now that my family is sharing my admiration for your charming personality, I have a very satisfied feeling regarding my choice of a traveling companion for the coming years, and which shall be beautiful years for you, my darling, if I can carry out my plans and live up to my ideals.

I think I have told you that I consider Horatio Dresser, the ablest exponent of New Thought, in the world today, and in his last book "The Open Vision," he has written a sane, philosophical, illuminating treatise on Psychic Phenomena. You will say it is too conservative, and while it may seem to destroy or at least weaken some of the channels through which the Spiritualists find truth, I think if you study his philosophy and get his view-point you will see that he builds up a constructive working hypothesis through which divine guidance can come without interfering with the flower of one's individuality, or making one an irresponsible automaton.

Your loving,
Arthur.

* * * * *

Pasadena, Calif.,

April 23, 1917.

My Dear Florence,

Did you know that you were distinguishing yourself in the university town of Princeton? I enclose a letter which explains itself. You no doubt are treating Harold. It seems he has spinal neuralgia, the same trouble your Los Angeles patient had.

It makes me weep to write about your healing Arthur's mother, and I am too happy to cry so I will change the subject and tell you how I love the Methodists. We lost one of the best temperance workers

in California when the minister here was made a Bishop, and went to the Northern States to take up his work there. I like the Methodists for their splendid work in banishing the curse of strong drink. They are not ashamed to inscribe prohibition on their banner and hold it aloft for the world to see.

I remember you said once you thought a minister was not a Christian, nor should a church be called a Christian organization, unless that minister and that church worked for prohibition, with no compromise for this deadly enemy that is striking at the morals of the race, and pauperizing women and children.

I want to tell you of a very wonderful demonstration of spiritual power. I have a friend here whose mother passed away recently; she was called a saint, by many who knew of her Christian virtues, as she had endeared herself to others by her kind acts. One son lived with her and has made a noble sacrifice of his own life in order that she might have care and companionship in her declining years.

She was a member of the Catholic church, and when her son realized that she was dying, he sent to the priest for a dozen candles. In the early morning hours when her spirit threw off its garment of flesh, seven candles were lighted, which filled the candelabra, and the others were left in the box.

Several hours later when they were all at the breakfast table, they heard a sound, as if something had dropped, in the room where the body lay. They went in and found a candle on the floor, one end was burning brightly, and the other end had been lighted but the flame had gone out.

The son picked it up to replace it in the candelabra, when to his astonishment he saw that every candle was in its place and that the five were in the box where he had left them. This candle was yellow as if with age, and it was about ten inches long, while the others had burned down to a few inches. The doors were locked and there was no one in the room; they made a thorough search and stayed in the room for an hour discussing this strange phenomenon.

There is a tradition in the Catholic Church, that when a saint dies, something unusual happens. Were I to give my impressions, Florence, I should say it was a symbol. The unlighted portion of the candle which had been burned but had gone out, represented her earth life which had just ended. The lighted part typified the new life of the soul. It was a message to her dear ones, and an assurance that her light is still burning with celestial radiance in immortal realms.

How they prize the lighted candle
Sent them as she slipped away,
Sent to comfort and console them
At the parting, that sad day.

All ablaze her "lamps were burning"
When the Voice came from on High,
When the angels called her spirit
She was ready, peace was nigh.

Now they'll rise above all sorrow
As they miss her day by day,
And recall that lighted candle
'Twas love's token, hope's bright ray.

"Psychic Phenomena of the War," a new book by Hereward Carrington, is being as widely read as Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond." I am sorry that the author did not push his investigations further regarding "The Angels at Mons." He seems to have accepted a newspaper man's claim that the idea of "invisible helpers," originated in his brain. The fact of this man writing an imaginary story, does not detract from the real occurrence. There are always those who try to discredit anything super-normal. His claim could not be weighed to his advantage against the sworn statements of hundreds of men, among them officers and chaplains of the regiment, who gave their names and who testified to this remarkable vision that saved Paris, on that memorable day. The Germans were greatly superior, in point of numbers, and

when they were sweeping down upon the little army, they were seen to stop abruptly where the "angel host" were waving them back. The Germans not seeing the vision, and commenting on it afterward said, "Our horses wheeled around as if on the verge of a precipice, and could not be urged forward."

Did you read in the paper of that minister who argued all night with his wife and mother-in-law about the war, and got so angry that he shot and killed them both and then ended his own life? If he had looked into psychic phenomena, he would have hesitated before condemning himself to an eternity of suffering. I do not believe that all who commit suicide are insane. Self-control, and a little domestic pacifism, would have saved him from this awful crime.

This is your work, to destroy these false images or impressions. If people only thought right, healers would not be needed. My dear woman, how I wish I could share some of my happiness with you and change that weary look on your face. I know you would like to leave this world where you have had so much sorrow. "Your spring of life went wasted by your summer ended fruitlessly." Cheer up, your winter will bring happiness and peace, and you will have strength to do all that has been predicted for you.

In Divine Science we are not looking for sin, sickness or death, but we are trying to bring their opposites into expression. If we could only get into the spirit of Divine Supply, and not see its opposite, we would manifest over poverty. We are so shackled by our old beliefs, that whatever manifests itself in untrue conditions of body, or circumstances, we take as the **real**, instead of refusing to let it remain in our consciousness, and make an image on the body or the life, and that has to be erased before we are well or prosperous again.

Write me a long letter. It may be a long time before you have a chance to say anything in print again.

Your loving,
Alice.

Santa Barbara, Calif.,

May 10.

My Dear Alice,

I was made very happy by Arthur's telegram telling me that his mother was better than she had been in years. He asked me to treat his friend Harold, and sometimes I have what I call "Mental sight," which enables me to see the condition of a patient, and I believe that Harold has begun to improve.

You say I shall never have another chance to write in your book. Whose book is this I should like to know? Yours or mine? You make me feel as if I were writing my own obituary. What right have you to cut short my literary career, just as it was budding into life? Why not say, "Continued in our next" after the last letter? I beg of you leave out that depressing, "The End," that some authors throw in at the close of the last chapter. The end forsooth! Why I am just beginning to live. I expect to write friendly, encouraging letters to my creditors until I look back over a century of my existence.

I had just dipped my pen in ink in dead earnest, to really say something worth while, when you flew at my head and checked all the brilliant ideas that were effervescing in my brain. Is there no redress in our courts for such wrongs? Must I tamely submit to your tyranny? Are there no rights but a copyright to be considered? I shall certainly give you an all night session if this is to be my final chance.

I am glad you are starting out in life with the desire to be of service. There are many discouraged, unfortunate persons in the world whom a kind word, or even a kind look would help over some difficulty seeming greater than it is in reality, through their distorted imaging. They allow the loss of friends or fortune to crush them, at the very time when their energies are needed in building up a bulwark of strength to master the condition. If people allow momentary trials to overcome, and weaken their faculties, it will act as a barrier in retrieving their losses, and the mantle of gloom with which they envelop themselves, repels many who might comfort

and befriend them. If we think that luck is against us, we connect ourselves with poisonous thought currents which will bring us what our morbid fears picture, as Job's fears were made fruitful by cultivation.

A "cup of cold water," often saves one from the great crime of self-destruction. Everyone should live his allotted time on earth, or the "dropped stitches" in his spiritual garment, will give him many an unhappy hour throughout the eternities. They tell me from the higher planes, from whence travelers do return, that we are creating now by our thoughts here and our lives, our spirit bodies, our spiritual raiment, and our spirit homes. So, dear girl, guard well your thoughts that you may build a beautiful mansion in the skies.

Let me make a confession of weakness; I once saw myself gradually slipping from earth when my environment was particularly trying, and I made no effort to save myself. A psychic, seeing this condition, and that I was favoring it rather than overcoming it, warned me I would regret it all through the eternities unless I made an effort to live.

I want to tell you of an experience I had in Riverside. I knew a young married couple there,—he was the son of a minister, and she was the daughter of an orthodox clergyman in New England. They had become so disgusted with creeds and dogmas of belief, that when I first met them they had argued themselves into agnosticism.

Mr. M. had an unusually brilliant mind. He had come to California in the last stages of consumption, but lived many years after he was given up to die. We used to have long arguments over the possibility of life eternal. Psychic phenomena had convinced me beyond a doubt of continued existence.

He came to me for a few treatments. They were discontinued because his wife opposed spiritual healing. Frequently when he ran in for a few minutes I offered to treat him, as he responded to the treatments and was always benefitted.

And now comes the strange part of the story I am telling you. Through my treatments his spiritual eyes were opened, and he saw the spirit world. He told me there were many spirits around me assisting me in my healing. He saw a black cloud once over me and he said, "I fear you are going to have great trouble." It came, as you know, Alice.

I was living here when Mr. M. died and I dreamed that he took me by the hand and led me to Riverside to his wife. She committed suicide soon after and then I knew that he wanted me to treat her and save her from this rash act. She was mentally unbalanced through grief for her husband. I have been told that even an insane person will not be held entirely blameless. Excessive grief for our loved ones who have gone to brighter lands is sinful, and we incapacitate ourselves for service to those who are living. Mrs. M. turned from Science, which would have prolonged her husband's life and because of her lack of cooperation with him, she was left stranded, lonely and without hope.

It is a serious thing to live right, in the light of our new psychology, knowing that every act is registered for the upbuilding or destruction of other souls with whom we come in contact. Life should be lived joyously but with a consciousness of its tremendous responsibilities.

An amusing incident happened in church the other day at a meeting of the Alliance. A friend of the clergyman had left his dog at the parsonage for safe keeping while he sailed across the blue sea. I am inclined to think the owner of the dog is an orthodox Christian. Anyway, he taught him to pray before he left. I have often seen this dog in season and out of season kneel before a chair with his paws over his eyes and unless you forgot him entirely and left him kneeling too long, he would stay there until you said, "Amen."

The clergyman was addressing us this particular afternoon and we were giving him our undivided attention when in ran the dog and joyously tried to de-

vour our good Dominie, and you know, Alice, how prone we are to be diverted in church, and really seem to enjoy it, no matter how interested we are in the sermon.

The dog effectually broke up the meeting for the time being, and that makes me think that he was an orthodox dog. It shows how easy it is to rout the liberalists if you go about it right. At last the minister's wife came to the rescue and dragged the little offender out and sent him home closing the door after him.

We smoothed our gowns and our countenances after order had been restored, and the speaker had just got to thirdly, when in rushed the dog from a side door and broke up the meeting again. He came in with a triumphant air, as if to say, "We have our exits, and our entrances." No one was bright enough to ask the dog to pray as that would have solved the difficulty and kept him still. No doubt that was what he came for. I know very well if I had a dog around, I should keep him praying most of the time.

And one event recalls another, this is not about dogs but is about prayer. When Theodore Parker was preaching in Boston and receiving denunciation on all sides for his liberal doctrines, there was a large meeting held for some purpose, where the ministers of the city all took part. Theodore Parker was on the platform but was not on the program, and he was asked to make the prayer. After the meeting a lady went up to him and said, "I wish there were more prayers made in the pulpits of Boston like the one you made this morning. There would be no room for that infidel Parker."

What thoughts are you holding, Alice, to help the nation in the present crisis? A "voice" told me, when war with Germany was declared, to hold that "every plot against this government would be discovered." In less than a week I read of many plots which were detected and frustrated. I have been told repeatedly that the workers on the spiritual planes can operate more effectually through someone on this plane who

cooperates with them. I also hold the thought of protection over President Wilson. I held to the thought of peace at first, now I take the thought of peace with honor, and that right will prevail. German militarism must be destroyed before Christian civilization can accomplish its mission.

There have been so many allusions to my former incarnation in the spirit messages which I have received that I surely ought to believe the doctrine of re-birth, and I might if there was not so many dogmas tacked on by the Theosophists, that do not appeal to my reason. I will give you another message which I received through Mrs. Grady, regarding my former incarnations.

"There is a long life here to offset short periods of incarnation in which this soul suffered martyrdom for the sake of her beliefs. Justice is the great holding power in her life, and through the action of its law she will obtain what she desires, and the knowledge of its spiritual effect will be the greatest satisfaction she has ever known. She can finish the whole round of experiences during this life if she will take proper precaution.

"Her guardian spirit is one in whom love has worked its full portion of redemption. This spirit returned to earth for the one purpose to sustain her and help her to wake up to her own possibilities. She has every reason to know there is great watch-care over her soul, but she will be more conscious of it when her life is drawing to a close. Now, heark you, I predict greater faculty, more concentrated thought and better action for this soul, from this time to the close of life. The more harmony in the lower life the sooner will she feel the presence of the ministering spirit. She has a white soul and it came to earth on the vibration of the most heavenly sound waves, but it lost its way in the tangled meshes of the parents' environment, which hung a cloud in the natal sky. She has a good hold on life, and can refine the body through processes that would kill most people. She

will see and hear after the order of a mystic, before she passes out."

If, as this reading says, justice is the key note of my being, it may explain why I am not a mental anarchist. No subtle process of reasoning has ever convinced me that the contents of my neighbor's purse belongs to me. When I hear "testimonials" given of "holding a thought" for a hundred dollars, calling it a wonderful "demonstration" when some friend sends it as a gift, I want to say, beware of hypnotizing your neighbor who is sensitive to telepathic suggestion. To my astigmatic eye it looks like **mental pilfering**. Is there mastery of circumstances in pauperism? Is it not demoralizing to one's moral fibre to get money for which one has not rendered an equivalent? I am not speaking of extreme cases when sickness and misfortune make it impossible to be self-supporting.

Your sincere friend,

Florence.

* * * * *

Pasadena, California.

Dear Florence,

May 21.

Neither your tears nor your lamentations move me. No more letters after today for publication. You say you are just at the place where you can say something. Your brain has been too sluggish, child of mortality, and you have let valuable opportunities slip by which you might have improved. Of course I know you did not expect anyone to see your letters but myself, and I hope it will teach you to always do your best when writing me even though you think that I am not living in your high altitudes of thought.

No doubt it will cause you keen anguish to learn that you have written your last will and testament. Cheer up, you will be glad of it when your critics get hold of you. I have all my plans completed for a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, should the book prove a failure, and I shall manage in some adroit way to blame you for the authorship while I sail merrily off to tropical climes.

You will feel like getting a crypt out at what I call the Universalist Mausoleum, and creeping into it when your friendly well-wishers, the critics, tell you the book is evidently from the pen of a woman just escaped from a madhouse; that it is crude, poorly constructed, and contains nothing more solid than occult moonshine. Now do not pass this true forecast by and ask me why I call the Inglewood Repository a Universalist Mausoleum. It is an attempt at a witticism which has only local flavor. You would not understand it if I explained it to you. I always feel like being positively rude to the people who utterly ignore the salient points of a conversation and take up some unimportant detail. Have I worked on your fears sufficiently? Are you still clamoring for more letters from Alice?

If nothing will satisfy you but another book, and you are determined to run the gauntlet of adverse criticism the second time, I may consent to aid you under the following conditions. If you will agree as the "party of the second part," to have one of the fast and loose contracts drawn up which lawyers are such adepts at writing, then I, Alice Templeton, of perfectly sound mentality, the "party of the first part," will with due solemnity attach my weighty signature.

This document which must be written on fire-proof paper will contain the following instructions for the insignificant "party of the second part," Florence Gray. She will faithfully promise that when the spirit moves her to write, she will send a wireless message to Prof. Larkin, asking him to sweep the heavens with his searchlight from the Observatory on Mt. Lowe. To be explicit and definite, she will caution him to flash it over Grand Avenue, the first dark night after the first full moon, after the last submarine has been sunk.

This will warn the "party of the first part" when it is coming and give a chance for preparedness. Before it has finished sweeping our beautiful avenue I shall be at my desk asking you some question of

national importance. I may inquire if that very lucid philosophy, pragmatism, would enable one to cope with a German submarine successfully if he were to meet one suddenly on the surging rapids of the Los Angeles River. Or I may draw you out and see how much you know of intensive farming by asking how many acres of potatoes you think can be grown in a neglected fence corner.

I haven't your illumination on such subjects, and I do not want to answer my own questions, but common sense inspires me to remark that I think the potato crop would be more valuable. It looks to me as if the men on the submarines will soon be hungry and want something to eat, and if they are and we play the part of the Good Samaritan, and feed them, potatoes will be more nourishing than pragmatism, although their commanders will need more than food and philosophy to make them decent citizens.

Poor crushed little flower, did you really try to slip away from us once? You who are so capable of doing good work in the world. I cannot blame you for I know how weary you are of the wrongs and injustices in your life, and the sneers and ridicule you get because you are brave enough to maintain the truths of healing and psychic phenomena. How kind and patient you have been. You will, you must have the sunshine of love and harmony that you may bloom in all your sweetness again. God and His angels have watchful care over you, your messages from the spirit world prove that blessed fact.

C. Elwood Nash, D.D., the Universalist minister, preached a fine sermon on the Billy Sunday meetings at the tabernacle. I quote a few extracts for you.

"We do not support the revival from any opinionated, anti-social crankiness; we love and crave high fellowship. Not from any scruples of antagonism towards revivals per se; we approve the essential revival theory, and would gladly join in a genuine Christian revival. Not from peevishness or spite; we maintain our good humor, notwithstanding slurs, epithets and misrepresentations.

"Our reasons are fundamental. We can not but regard the tabernacle as a school of irreverence. We can stand, with some effort, the Bowery lingo and atmosphere as simply expressive of the evangelist's mental texture, and belonging to his apparatus of entertainment. We waive the theatricals and acrobatics as a question of taste. But we draw a wide, sharp line at the belittling and caricaturing the Deity. The effect of presenting him as a sort of jolly chap who slaps you on the back, calls you by a nickname and uses slang can not but be degrading. As the reporter, said 'Billy gets away with it.' Which means that his personal charm and hypnotic power so dull the vision of the hilarious crowds that they do not see their Deity is being man-handled. The delicate bloom of reverence is thus rudely crushed, and it will require infinite patience and skill to restore it.

"A religion without reverence may conceivably be moral, after a fashion, but it can never be spiritual. The tabernacle is leaving a blight upon its following whose baleful influence is beyond measure. The fact that the multitudes are so carried away that they realize no loss, and that even thinking men out of the reach of the revivalist's direct touch are insensitive to this assault upon the very center of religious idealism and aspirations, only shows how mischievous the evil is."

What a wonderful medium Mr. Stanford must have discovered in the man who under strict test conditions brought into the seance room birds and precious stones from foreign lands. These rare objects were offered at one time to Stanford University, but I have understood they were not accepted at that time and only recently have been added to the collection there. I suppose after considering the matter they accepted them, not wishing to offend a possible benefactor of the institution. I should really like to know whether they are labeled and classified with their history attached, or hidden in some obscure corner.

Dr. J. M. Peebles, in one of his books, speaks of attending one of these seances in Australia, at the

home of Mr. Stanford. He asked the controlling intelligence how they brought live birds through solid walls. "Solid walls," exclaimed the Hindu, "to us there are no solid walls. They are no more solid to us than fogs are to you." "But you require a dark room or subdued light to accomplish these things." "Certainly, because light is a powerful vibratory force, acting upon the electrons and infimistimal corpuscles that we disintegrate and manipulate in producing, to you, remarkable manifestations." "In transferring these material objects from faraway countries and even birds through the wall, do you disintegrate them?" "Not necessarily; you do not disintegrate your physical self, do you, when walking through a bank of fog or a stratum of smoke? Solid walls, so-called, are but like dust clouds to us. As has been suggested by your press in this city, we can bring a newspaper printed in London in the morning and drop it in this seance room a few hours later; but we must have time and superior conditions and must make experiments in atmospheric strata and radiation and consider the rapidity of vibrations. But we do not propose to be hurried in this matter by a few impatient and materialistic inclined mortals. It took God millions of years after the incandescent fire mist period of your planet to make the first minute mosses and growing grasses. Give us time. Only presumptuous materialists yet in their childish swaddling clothes limit the laws of evolution or the mighty powers of such exalted spirits as have dwelt in the celestial heaven of heavens for such periods of time as almost exhaust figures. The truly great are modest, while pessimistic boasters ridicule."

Doctor Peebles, in his book, "Spirit Mates," quotes what different ones have said about Spiritualism. When President Eliot delivered an address before the divinity students he said that "The new religion offers indefinite scope or range to progress and development. It is bound to no dogmas; it will prescribe no fixed belief. It will have its communion with God, and the spirits of the departed."

Bishop Fallows said, "The chief reason why the church had fought shy of Spiritualism was because of its many atheistic doctrines and numerous frauds." He cited the names of a number of eminent scientists, religionists and philosophers who were Spiritualists and said, "The church ought boldly and continuously to re-affirm the old Bible truths of the influence of the spiritual world upon this earth. If Moses and Elias could come and talk with Peter, James and John, why could not spirits come today by the same law? They do. The Psychic Research Societies in this and other countries are proving Spiritualism to be a truth. We in the church have in these later times been afraid to accept these spiritual phenomena because of the irreligion and the mongrel system that Spiritualism has set before us by its teachers."

Of those who place phenomena above philosophy and religious worship, this criticism is deserved. I have just finished reading four ponderous volumes containing the psychical experiences of Reverend G. Dale Owen, which is causing considerable stir in England. It is either a great revelation, or a great imagination. The knowledge claimed by the spirit communicating enabled him to describe the creation of the world, and how man came into existence.

I have just been told something which saddens me, but I cannot trust myself to write you the details. It stirred me to the depths of my being and called forth the following parable. I felt a spirit power so strong and impelling that I was given no peace until my righteous indignation had found vent in the written word.

A Parable

And once upon a time there was a certain wise man dwelt in our midst, and he could sway multitudes by the grandeur of his thought and the power of the spoken word. And he waxed strong and grew mighty in the land. To his chosen people he spake in

scathing burning words of rebuke against all forms of evil and dishonor. **And they trusted him.**

And they said, one to another, here is a prophet sent to lead us out of our weaknesses and our sins. And many people of all nations loved him and they brought him the rich gifts of their faith and loyalty.

He took them up to a high mountain of aspiration and he spake of many things. And his face was transfigured before them. It shone as if illumined by celestial beings who were touching his soul and brain to give forth mighty words of wisdom to the children of earth. And they marveled at his power, and those who heard him grew strong in righteousness as he led them ever upward and onward to the peaks of high endeavour, which are only scaled, he told them, through painful toiling and mastery over the weaknesses of the flesh. **And they trusted him.**

Then once upon a time three of his disciples were gathered together and one man said, "What if this man whom we love should meet a strong devil of temptation. And it should come to pass that he would be led into the courts of the wicked, and we following him should be enslaved again to our false desires. But the others rebuked this man for saying these words and one answered him, and said to him, "Prophet of evil, would this man whom we honor, lay on the altar he has builded, broken vows, unfulfilled obligations and disloyalty to the friends who love him? What ghosts of past memories would haunt him all the days of his life, even into the eternities, if this man so richly endowed by his Creator to lead people into the Light, should sell his soul for a "mess of pottage. For what would it profit him though he gained the whole world, if he lost all his spiritual possessions?"

And again the man who had first spoken said to the others, "To him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not (the true spirit), shall be taken away even that which he hath." Then the other disciples turned away in sorrow from these prophecies of evil. **For they trusted him.**

We walk down the valley in sadness
Our faith in humanity strained,
Past the bier of shattered relations
Where love and ideals reigned.
And who can measure the losses
With honor and justice asleep?
The seed that is sown in dishonor
A harvest of misery shall reap.

But draw a veil o'er the picture,
To eternal verities turn,
God's truth can never be shaken
Life's lessons all mortals should learn.
Some learn them in travail and anguish,
And some do not learn them at all,
Drift carelessly after pleasure
Breaking hearts they cannot recall.

You will probably read between the lines, and understand my parable. And now to turn to a brighter picture, where high ideals have been maintained throughout life. A friend has sent me a book which he has had published entitled, "Spirit World, and Spirit Life," which is a compilation of spirit messages received by him from his wife, and others, through the instrumentality of his wife's most intimate friend, and inseparable companion, while she was on earth. It is a very natural portrayal of after-life conditions, which should take away all dread from those who look upon death as a plunge into utter darkness. It is intensely interesting and takes one far out in space to other planets, including a description of a trip to Mars, and contains many fine teachings which will make it a valuable addition to spiritualistic literature. When I acknowledged the pleasure of the gift, I was impressed to write and send him the following lines:

A perfect marriage crowned above,
God's greatest gift to man
Was yours, for many happy years
While God fulfilled His plan.

THE MYSTIC SPELL

You built an altar in your home;
Laid precious jewels there,
Of truth and loyalty you gave
A life's devotion rare.

You traveled far in many lands
With one SHE loved so well,
A happy trio, pleasure bent,
O'er mountains, through the dell.
And then one day SHE fell asleep
To wake in fairer lands,
And through this friend she loved so well,
You sense her out-stretched hands.

You caught the radiant vision,
The grave its victory won,
From darkness came the sunlight,
The friend's sweet mission's done.
Then you rose above your sorrow,
With faith and courage high,
To proclaim the joyful tidings
That we sleep, but never die.

How often when the clouds obscure
All brightness from our skies,
We live to bless the Guiding Hand,
Which caused our souls to rise.
For Life has purpose, Life has work,
For mortals here below,
The Christ of God is calling us
His blessing to bestow.

Your loving friend,
Alice.

* * * * *

Santa Barbara, California.

My dear Alice,

Thursday.

Come with me to the borderland this morning, you tireless little investigator of occult mysteries, and let me tell you of an interesting experience I have had.

I told you in my last letter that Mr. M. developed clairvoyant vision through my treatments and saw invisible helpers around me. I shall go back to that time several years ago to explain what I have just received as it connects up with what was given me then. After Mr. M. became clairvoyant he told me a tall majestic spirit always came and stood by me when I was treating him. I said it was probably the spirit mediums had described and who claimed to have been a king of Assyria, but who had never given his name.

Soon after this conversation a lady was visiting me who is a fine psychic, and one evening Mr. M. came in and during a talk on the subject of psychism he made some joking allusion to the fact of my having as a spiritual helper one of the old dissolute kings. And he expressed doubt as to the possibility of his having changed so completely, or that he had been a king as he represented himself to be. When I gave Mr. M. his treatment that evening my psychic friend was in the room and this time the spirit came in wearing royal robes. They both saw him and said it was a most gorgeous spectacle. He wore a magnificent robe with jeweled embroidery and wrist ornaments of precious stones. My friend who is clairaudient heard him say, "And this man thinks that I was not a king." Now for the next picture on the screen some fifteen years later.

I have recently made the acquaintance of a cultured woman who has rare psychic powers. The first time I called upon her we discussed occultism in a casual way, and when I was leaving she said, "I see that you have a very fine Oriental with you." It has been so many years since the Assyrian came to me that his nationality was not fixed in my memory, and I said, I believe there is an Egyptian with me. She said, "Oh no, he is not an Egyptian. He says if you will come here sometime he will give you his name and history." After I got home I remembered that he was an Assyrian.

When I went for the information the lady was shown a picture of the past between 500 and 600 B. C. She saw an Arab caravan crossing a desert, led by a tall man with a black beard and piercing black eyes, sinewy, with muscles like steel, his mouth closed tight as if ready to meet all the foes in the universe. He had on a loose flowing robe of white, with a girdle, and a peculiar fez-shaped cap on his head. He was heavily armed, with a body-guard and his followers seemed to be men of different nationalities. He was returning from exchanging wines, oils, and artistic jewelry for arms. He was coming back to the country on the banks of the river Tigris, and to Nineveh, at a time when she was in all her grandeur and now was preparing for war. She saw written over his head, Saracus, and another name, Sardanapalus. Then he controlled her and talked with me, and I wrote down what he said.

"I, Sardanapalus, sprang from a race of kings, and I was the last in a country that was once Queen of the Orient. Her cities stretched along the banks of this river for one hundred and sixty miles. Mighty ruins are now all that is left of her glory, and the relics in the different museums in England, France and Italy, and in New York. They show the great culture, the skill in architecture and the great art attained by the people of that little kingdom.

"In those days the priests communed with the higher worlds, and great miracles were performed. Structures were built and the massive stones lifted to place by the wonderful power of levitation. They were more psychical then, but in custom they were savage to those who labored for them, and they treated their women as mere chattels. They worshiped the gods, and the sun.

"Their doom was cast, because although high in manufacturing and art, they lacked spiritual development, the only thing that can make any civilization worthy of eternity. The people had dissipated their vital forces by licentiousness. Woman, who should be the equal of man, was degraded.

"This fertile valley washed by the overthrow of the Tigris, whose rich sediment turned into crops of golden grain, whose beautiful vineyards bloomed into the purple grape to be pressed into rich wines for the rich. But only the gleanings of the grain fields, only the thin wines were given to those whose labors made their masters rich. There were groves of olives, luscious nutritious olives, which were turned into oil that served many purposes. It made an ointment for the hair, and perfume with the musk, and was used with many sweet scented herbs. It was mixed with food, and it was an emollient with which to anoint their bodies, and athletes were daily rubbed with oil and vinegar. It was also a medicine held to be of great value, and it served to light lamps. Cattle in the fields were fat and sleek, but slaves were poor and thin.

"No woman, no maiden, if she had charm of face, or form, was safe from the licentious masters. All these things, great riches, luxury, indolence, selfishness, cruelty, avarice, sloth, were on the one hand with the nobles. Poverty, ignorance, suffering, want and misery on the other hand with those who were born to poverty and labor.

"The gods rebelled. Black clouds were gathering over the Empire. Mutterings of the thunderbolts of the gods were heard in the land of Assyria. I, Sardanapalus, knew all this, but the great warlike spirit of my forefathers would not let me rest, and I must needs put up a mighty fight against the hordes which surrounded me and threatened destruction. They knew that the place contained riches and treasures so great that their value could not be measured in talents or the money of the realm. These hordes that were pressing my country on all sides were determined to secure that treasure, and to conquer the people, that they might exact great tribute from them as hostages of war.

"After months of valiant warfare, I, Sardanapalus, the great king and warrior, sealed myself within my magnificent palace, and then set fire to it, de-

stroying all the treasures and works of art and yielding up my life as sacrifice to the gods, rather than let my enemies secure the treasures, and take me prisoner, to be taunted and humiliated.

"Thus my earthly existence came to an end. I had written many volumes of parchment, treating of the philosophies of the day, and of the Oracles, of my belief in a future life and existence, and of my own experiences with forces outside myself. They perished with the treasures of gold and silver, copper and precious stones, the glories of the art and skill of those times.

"Now I come from the echoless shore, for a great war has taken place on the earth plane, great treasures have been destroyed by the hordes, vast cathedrals whose beauty of design, and strength of structure were shattered as a bauble of glass by a pebble from a thoughtless hand. Millions of souls have been hurled into the land of spirit by the great engines of destruction. Countless numbers have been toppled from a state of luxury and affluence into the depths of poverty and misery.

"A Monarch whose rule has been almost like that of a demi-god, will be swept away as the wind sweeps the dust in its pathway. Naught will remain of power and majesty but a memory in the annals of time. He will go down from grandeur into exile or death, hated by the populace that feared him. Anarchy threatens the nations of the earth.

"I, Sardanapalus, come to the earth plane after many centuries to show the ignorance and stupidity of the powers that brought about this mighty cataclysm. The same evil that destroyed my beautiful empire or kingdom, has brought all this havoc, suffering and misery that has shadowed this fair planet like a grim spectre from the depths of hell.

"I, Sardanapalus, come to teach that only through spiritual regeneration, only through casting off the great burdening power of envy, of jealousy, of hatred, of avarice, of misrule to those who labor, or of every injustice in every field of human endeavor, can peace

be attained. Only through casting off these evil influences which hold man down as a grovelling creature of earth, and make wars possible, only through the awakening of the divine within each soul, wherein each knows and realizes that naught can save him, or bring happiness until justice is meted out to even the lowliest and most ignorant child of God, that inhabits the mortal plane.

"One must have a true concept of the meaning of life. No one can live to himself, or for himself, but must mete out to each and everyone whom fate sends within his influence absolute justice. To each and everyone he must be true, a brother sincere and helpful. Otherwise his life upon the earth plane is a failure. He will have to answer to his brother and sometime mete out unto him under the law of compensation, that which he denied him upon the earth. Restitution and reparation must be made by all souls wherever they have failed to do so when the time is at hand.

"These are the teachings that I have come to earth to give unto the children of men, through the hand of you, oh, my daughter of earth. I have found in you a soul responsive to my teachings and a vehicle through which they can be given to the world. Fear not that you will not be able to give out these teachings or to get them placed before the public, for the time is coming when they shall be given forth and naught shall be lost that is worthy to live.

"With a blessing from Sardanapalus, and with an invocation to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, to and for you, that you may have the strength of body, clearness of vision, courage of soul and peace of mind for thy work, I leave you for a brief time but shall come again and bless you in your life work."

You may be sure, Alice, that I lost no time in seeking historical verification of what had been given me. Can you understand the strangeness of talking with a man who has been dead twenty-five hundred years? Think of what he must know of supermundane affairs. Now I shall be able to get information first

hand, from one of the oldest inhabitants who has been over there long enough to have demonstrated re-embodiment if it is a law of life. I shall not allow him to dodge the issue by claiming as some do, that at death one goes, through the Law of Attraction, where his beliefs and his state of consciousness carry him. He has had time to evolve a billion states of consciousness since he went over and his experiences should have stored up considerable wisdom for our enlightenment. Granted that he spent nine hundred and ninety-nine years in expiating his sins in purgatorial purification for the great human holocaust, when he burned up all those people in his palace, he would still have over a thousand years for research work in higher spheres after his moral redemption.

Listen while I give you another thrill and relate a strange incident which demonstrates beyond cavil that those whom we call dead can return and give a visible manifestation of their presence.

When I was at the home of this lady through whom Sardanapalus came, she was called to the telephone and while she was out my eyes rested upon a portrait of Edgar Allen Poe. It fascinated and held my attention for I never saw grief so vividly portrayed. Every feature, every line of the face expresses hopeless despair. In his eyes are volumes of grief, and their anguish haunts me still. I could read the story of a life in their depths, of one who had run the whole gamut of human emotions and who had drained the cup of sorrow until the bitter dregs had stamped an indelible impress upon the very soul.

When the lady came into the room I spoke of the picture and she took it down and showed me that a slate had been framed. She said some years ago she had a friend who got very wonderful phenomena, including materialization. Edgar Allan Poe materialized and talked with her, through the mediumship of this friend, and once he told her to bring slates and he would have a spirit artist paint his picture for her, showing the way he looked when he was passing through his greatest sorrow. She bought slates

and took them to her friend and she said they did not leave her hands until the picture was painted. This lady has a volume of verse almost ready for publication, and she is also a composer of music. Her songs and her poems have been published, and no doubt the sad poet is often at her side, inspiring her efforts.

His life has always touched me deeply, perhaps because my own heart strings have played a very sad melody, and I have a sympathetic understanding for the disappointments which came to him and embittered his life. Fortune smiled upon this brilliant man in his youth; he had wealth, fine educational advantages and traveled extensively. When everything was swept away it left him stranded upon the shoals of utter helplessness, unable to grapple with the misfortunes which "followed fast, and followed faster," and which culminated in the death of his idolized wife—his Annabel Lee.

If the world had appreciated his genius, and had had consideration for his extreme sensitiveness, and lent a friendly hand, instead of pursuing him with almost malignant cruelty, even beyond the grave, I verily believe we should have had had more of his writings which were not tinged with the melancholy of his life. The literary world is beginning to appreciate him at last, and by many he is considered one of the finest writers America has ever produced.

After Sardanapalus had given up control of the psychic's brain, and she had come out of the trance state, she told me she saw with me a spiritual helper who was a friend as well. From her description I told her it might be a man whom I had known in life. I did not tell her the name of this man, and she said to come again and she would see what she could get concerning him. Both times when I was there she got the name of Edward, and while I did not recognize the name as belonging to anyone whom I knew, she maintained he was with me.

Today, I called upon her, and when we sat in the silence, I said I hoped it was my old friend whom she had seen around me, and that he would control her

and talk with me. There were many mysteries, Alice, connected with my earlier years which he alone could explain. A "turned down page," which is now almost a blank, through forgotten memories, and which I have never resurrected or opened up for your inspection. I am giving you this partial explanation so that you will understand what follows.

The lady went under control, and instead of my friend coming, Sardanapalus, announced himself, and I will copy a portion of his lengthy speech, after I have told you of peculiar circumstances arising several times with other psychics, when this friend of my earlier years tried to communicate with me. Many times he has been thwarted by a Catholic priest, who seems to have a grudge against him, or else he thinks it is highly improper for me to converse with anyone of the opposite sex. Once, years ago, this priest came in chanting and intoning the Litany, controlling a friend very unexpectedly who was visiting me. Oh, it was spectacular, and interesting, but it did not ring true to my inner consciousness, when this priest began saying unkind things about my friend, and told me I would go at death to a sphere which he never could reach. After this digression I will make way for Sardanapalus, who, when the drama of life is being staged seems to enjoy a prominent part.

"It is I, daughter of earth. It is I, who am king without a throne. It is I, who am a monarch without a country, or an empire. It is I, who was called Sardanapalus, who am but one of millions of souls, in the eternal land of spirit. I who was mighty centuries ago am but a child of God, and of Nature, which is the expression of God. Seeking to know the truth of His wisdom, learning the laws of being that I may give out unto others, the wisdom which I have gained.

"If you submit the teachings I give you, their truth will be questioned. Historians differ as to time and place of the event which I have given you but a brief history. They have questioned the pronunciation of my name. It is difficult indeed to pronounce the name in the cold English tongue. The writings

of my time, with the exception of a few manuscripts—parchment rolls, were destroyed by the Mohammedans who invaded my beautiful country, mutilating the works of art, and turning it into a desert. But underneath the ruins, when proper excavations are made there shall be found valuable records, in the cuniform inscriptions which can be easily read by the scholars of today. For know ye, daughter of earth, that whenever man seeketh to know the truth, or learn the history of past ages, that teachers from the higher realms are ever at hand ready to instruct and help him in his search for the priceless pearl of truth. Enough of this my daughter, I wouldst that thou begin a new paragraph. For I shall speak to you on another subject.

"I have been with thee long, and am one of a number that have impressed thee to take up the philosophy of wisdom in the realm of Metaphysics. I now wish to speak to thee upon a subject, delicate indeed, but necessary for perfect happiness in the realms beyond. I will speak to thee this morning of the law of love, and of souls mated by the eternal wisdom.

"Know daughter of earth, that for every soul that comes unto earth experience, and the earth life, there is another soul whose counterpart is dwelling somewhere, either upon the earth plane or in the land of spirit, and that the law of love shall some day bring those two souls together in unity.

"Some souls will have worked out many of their life lessons, and are so blest that they find the other half of their being while dwelling upon the earth plane. But countless numbers more, who have not yet learned the lessons necessary, are obliged to go through many needed experiences before they can draw to them the counterpart of their souls which makes them one in the sight of God.

"The time is fast approaching when you shall know the unity and the power of love and peace that cometh only when two souls born for each other, shall come together in a divine marriage, that maketh them one. It is a holy love, purged of all earthly

desire, passion or selfishness. You have much work to do before this happiness comes to you, but cast aside all fear, and pluck out the thorn of loneliness in thy soul, and the feeling that thorn has caused for many years, that thou art standing alone on the shores of time, and know that every footstep is guarded, that every thought is known. Every sorrow and grief has been shared by the heart of love, and a hand has been outstretched to comfort thee, and bring balm for every grief.

"Thou hast learned many lessons of patience, and thou hast learned to sympathize with others who have suffered like yourself. Thou hast learned faith in a higher world. Thou hast become a student of the philosophies of God's realms. Thou art giving out to others teachings that shall be of great benefit to them, and bring thy soul in rapport with him whose soul, hath too, learned many wisdoms. Thou shalt know the fulness of companionship, of love that is truly divine in its essence. There are many things coming to thee that should be of great value, and time shall unravel all mysteries." *

Here I interrupted him to ask a question, and we got into an argument which brought inharmony, and through this discordant vibration I suppose the way was paved for another influence to step in, for while I noticed a little break in the conversation, the uninvited visitor pretended to talk as if he were Sardanapalus. I began to feel uncomfortable, as if there was something wrong. My higher self detected a false note, but I did not understand what it was that had produced the apparent change.

He said he wanted to tell me why my friend did not come to me, and he advanced so many absurd reasons for his non-appearance, and for appointing him his message bearer, that I began to express my

*Five years after this was given there appeared in the press dispatches a notice of the discovery, through recent excavations, of the ruins of a magnificent palace in Assyria, supposed to have belonged to Sardan II.

disgust for such silly subterfuges. I told him I could not accept his explanations, as they did not accord with reason or common sense. He told me my friend's name was Edward Christian, the Teacher of Light, and that he said he had forgotten his earth name. I treated this last statement with the scorn it deserved. I knew he had not forgotten his earth name.

I suppose many people would have accepted without question what I received this morning, but I have learned to "Try the spirits and see whether they are of God." If I believed half I am told I should be convinced that the other world is a vast insane asylum, where the inmates are incapable of inductive or deductive reasoning.

When the lady came out of her trance condition and I told her what had happened she was greatly distressed, for she said that it was the first time anything had ever come through her that was not true. She said she had always asked for truth, and truth had come to her. Then Edgar Allan Poe controlled her and told me a Catholic priest slipped in when we were arguing, and it was he who gave me the **valuable information** about my friend. He said he regretted the circumstance for the reason that the psychic had said she would give up the work should evil influences ever control her organism and give false messages. Mr. Poe told me that it was the malicious spirits my husband had attracted to him in the home that had prevented my own invisible helpers from sending any communications to me, when I had consulted psychics. But he said now that he had passed out of my life entirely, I would be able to get in touch with them.

Sardanapalus told me that the talk which he gave on divine marriage was for my ears alone, and not to give to the world. Perhaps on the principle that the world is not ready for this truth. You remember Christ said he did not give many things which he wished to give for this reason. But I think the world needs such teachings, in order to combat the foolish search for affinities. I have been told that those who

are not true to their marriage vows on earth, and break them to find someone more congenial, only retard the true marriage on the spiritual planes—they must pick up the dropped stitches in their heavenly garment, and submit to the discipline which they refused to accept as a means of grace while on earth, and atone for the wrong done to the companion that was deserted.

Mr. Poe said I was disseminating doctrines which were opposed by many on the earth plane, and that they were aided in their opposition by the "dwellers on the threshold," and that efforts were being made continually from the astral planes to bring confusion and doubt whenever anyone attempted to get into communication with spirit realms. He said in this great world war the soldiers had seen the white angels bending over the wounded and dying, and that a new alignment of religion must be made which would be strenuously opposed by organized Christianity. If so, Alice, the unity which the orthodox churches are working for may only result in strengthening ritual and creed. Perhaps if a broader interpretation of truth is really desired by the progressive Christians, it will be best attained by diversity of belief.

Mr. Poe told me one reason the priest got in so easily was because the psychic was ill and physically depleted from scattering her forces and from trying to do too many things. She is so gifted she should be free from household cares and distracting conditions in order to give to the world the truths of a continued existence.

Before I tell you what Poe said concerning the High Spirit who is with me, I want to say in explanation that he comes in such a blaze of glory, psychics when seeing him first, have made the mistake of thinking that it was the Christ. They tell me it is unusual for a spirit from such a high sphere to come back to earth to assist in a soul's development, and they have often expressed the same belief Poe has, that he must be my soul companion or he would not come to me. I am not clairvoyant but his aura is so

bright that I can see the illumination whenever he comes into the room. However I believe that we stand in the relationship of teacher and pupil, and I am satisfied to wait until I pass over and let Heaven unroll the mysteries concerning a more perfect marriage than we poor mortals seem capable of making for ourselves upon this plane. If there is a divine marriage it will bring harmony and satisfaction to all, and defraud no one.

You may remember in that helpful little poem of John Burroughs, beginning "Serene I fold my hands and wait" where he says,

"I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face."

Now I will tell you what Mr. Poe said about this spirit.

"The people of earth little know the power of thought, either for good or evil. Some day I will go back into history and show how that power was used. It will be a lecture, not open to the public, but for students of the higher thought

"It was the dread of the power of those who communed with spirits in the past, and the evils committed by those who were called witches, that brought about the persecution in England, and later in America. You will perhaps not understand that until you know something of the past history of those who used the power of thought, and the odic force, for evil, even to committing murder. Metaphysicians and the New Thought people are doing a wonderful work in molding public opinion, and teaching the power of thought.

"We, who have risen to higher planes can see the power generated in the brain whenever a person concentrates or thinks intently or intensely upon any subject. We see waves going through the skull, the forehead, and even through the eyes. Waves that resemble the heat waves coming from a hot fire. We can realize when these waves go out that they impinge, to a certain extent, upon every living thing

within their way, and to any mind at all sensitive they reach and influence more or less according to the sensitiveness of the brain and mind of the individual.

"One grouchy person in a street car can influence all the people in that car unless they have mental power to defend themselves against that influence. We, of the spirit world who have reached higher planes and know the truth and the law, would like to put signs in every home, and every public place, printed in big black letters, 'Beware of the grouch.'

"Well, my friend, this is not what you came to hear, and I will speak of what I have gleaned from your life in the few days since I have known you. I see that you have passed through such sorrow that but very few have gone through and come out with a balanced mind, unscathed by the fiery ordeal. This medium has given you several times the name of Edward, which you did not recognize as anyone belonging to you. There is a spirit around you by that name. He evidently did platform work. He was a poet of considerable merit, a writer of stories, and it is he who has given you the poems. I do not know this gentleman, but he seems to come and go in your life, and has a beautiful mind.

"There is a Great Spirit comes to you. A spirit high and strong and beautiful, who has been in the spirit world many, many years. Risen until he is a radiant soul, and his garments shine with the heavenly light until they revivify and glorify all that comes within the radiance of his presence. I have heard him called Ariel.

"He is a teacher in the Temples. He holds within his hand a book, the book of Wisdom, and a pen dipped in the wonderful vital fluid that has no name, but flows from his pen in golden words of wisdom and love, that will yet reach the hearts of men. That is the spirit that gives you your writings. That is the spirit to whom you go in your astral flights. When at night your body slumbers your spirit takes its flight with this Great Teacher. He takes you into the Temples and there you listen to the discourse of these

spirit teachers. You come back and try to put upon paper these teachings which you have gained in these journeys of your spirit.

"Sometimes you have a struggle to find the right words to express the ideas in your mind. Sometimes it seems as if your mind was a blank, and then again the words and ideas flow into your mind very readily. The reason is this, that you have to bring back a soul memory of what you have heard in the Temples. It is very much the same as when a person tries to remember a name that is forgotten. The harder one tries the farther it seems away, but when one ceases to struggle and the mind becomes quiescent then what one wishes to remember comes. The longer you go on with this work the better you will be able to remember what you have learned and the more readily grasp the meaning.

"Now it is this soul whom we believe is the other part of your soul. And when you have completed not only this mortal experience of life, for it is all one life, but your training and experience in the spirit world, and raised your vibrations and your understanding to the highest spiritual planes, that you will then be united with this beautiful soul and glean in the Master's vineyard.

"Then, thou shalt give succor and aid to many benighted souls in the spirit on the lower planes, but shall also visit the mortal world to help in the great period of reconstruction, and regeneration that is to come."

I was very much interested in what Sardanapalus told me regarding the power of levitation. He claimed it was through using this power that buildings were erected at a time when machinery was not perfected as it is now.

Archaeologists, and students of history who have studied the wonderful architecture of the pyramids of Egypt, have been amazed and mystified at their perfect construction, so perfect that a sheet of paper cannot be inserted between the massive blocks. I asked

several questions relating to this subject and got this message through this psychic, from Poe.

"Levitation is the power to will and collect together the molecular atoms of the atmosphere which are electrical, and through will power and cohesion establish an electrical energy sufficient to move an object, or perform any desired physical phenomena, The human will in concert with the will of numbers, acting in harmony with one purpose in view, is so great that it can command and direct this wonderful electrical energy of the atmosphere.

"The ancients who were trained in concentration, and who have given from almost their infancy their minds to willing certain things, and willing intelligently in a certain direction, develop those powers to a wonderful degree. That art and that science have been lost to later ages, except in rare instances. The electrical energy of the universe is so great and so powerful at the present day that it is beyond the mind of man to comprehend. But the will of men intelligently directed is a force that can control when understood scientifically this electric energy of which I speak.

"It is the force playing through you, and through every healer, which flowing into the patient, directed by the will and intelligence of the healer, changes the chemical action of the body bringing it into harmonious adjustment, driving out all the poisonous substances and equalizing the fluids of the body.

"When the ancients moved heavy blocks of stone a sort of windlass was used to hold the stone in place, then through the will, and the Yoga breath which the Egyptians understood to perfection, the immense blocks were moved at will. Men were trained for this purpose."

This subject recalls something told me by a friend, Mrs. K. several years ago when I lived in Riverside. She said that by observing certain rules she and her son had been able to lift people by their fingers. She said they would go up to the ceiling and come down unharmed. I remember saying to her

she and her son must be mediumistic, for I had never heard of levitation at that time. One evening when we were together I proposed that we sit in the silence, and see if she had psychic power. To her surprise this message came to her which she wrote down.

"Life is composed of complex elements; the solution lies in the spiritual world. In order to arrive at a perfect understanding of this, communion with our higher or spiritual nature will gradually unfold the plan. Communion with our higher or spiritual nature means a concentration on higher and spiritual truths. These truths are inherent in every mind, and only await the proper time for development.

"There are always ready invisible helpers who see our needs and try to penetrate our obtuse minds. And often when our obtuse minds are penetrated we refuse to see the light that is offered us. The truth is within ourselves to see it and recognize it, and we are in the shadow that we do not see the spiritual light that is about us, is owing to our mental blindness. The line between the physical and the spiritual world is dim and indefinite, and the transition in most cases is a gradual letting go of the old and taking up the new.

"The spiritual consciousness is slowly awakened to the new condition. The spirit freed from its earthly tenement is at first hardly conscious that a change has taken place. But evolution goes steadily forward, the rapidity of the progress being determined by the advancement made during earth life. Should the tendencies during life have been of an evil nature, and the spiritual allowed no expansion, nor growth, nor progress, but kept on a low plane and dwarfed or stunted, then it must begin its spiritual life in accordance with the law.

"To each is given the same potentialities; circumstances and environment may seem to control, but each one is held responsible for his spiritual advancement, and whatever that advancement has been, just at that point it must begin in the spiritual world." ..

When higher intelligences controlled the brain of Andrew Jackson Davis, an illiterate youth of twen-

ty, and dictated material for twenty-seven volumes, it is safe to affirm that some power outside himself, furnished the subject-matter. Anthony Philpott, the author of "The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner," in speaking of "Nature's Divine Revelations," the first book Dr. Davis wrote, said, "I consider it one of the curiosities of literature, unequalled in its scope and character by some of Swedenborg's writings. Dr. Davis, while in a deep trance gave a very complete outline of both cosmic and universal evolution. He had only the barest rudiments of an education; it was written in the presence of attested witnesses." Mr. Philpot relates a personal experience which I am sure you will be interested in if you have not read the book.

When Professor Lutoslowsky of the University of Cracow was delivering a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, and was a guest of William James, Mr. Philpott was invited by Mr. James to his home to meet Professor Lutoslowsky, and in the course of the conversation he asked him if he had ever met Dr. Davis? He answered, "That he had read his books, but that he had been dead many years." When he was assured by Mr. Philpott that he was still living, he said, "I must see him. I would rather meet him than any man in America."

When they met, Mr. Philpot said they looked at one another for a moment as they clasped hands and then Professor Lutoslowsky said, "Why, you are Swedenborg!" "Yes, I am," said Dr. Davis in a most off-hand way as he turned to place a bottle on one of the shelves. Professor Lutoslowsky was speechless for some moments and then said, "How long are you going to remain with us?" "Let me see," said Dr. Davis as he looked thoughtfully about the room. "I have chores to do that will take me about three years." He died three years later. A proof of reincarnation you will say. Possibly, but Swedenborg was one of his "controls" and may have been controlling his organism at the time.

Going back to the talk I had with Edgar Allan Poe, I told the lady through whom he came that I

found him lacking in humor, and so serious-minded. She sees him clairvoyantly and said that he rarely smiled. Temperament persists does it not? When he cares to use it Poe's humorous irony in his writings is very mirth-provoking for others. Read his review of the Reverend Headly's book entitled, "The Sacred Mountains," and you will agree with me. However, one would have to be totally deficient of the sense of humor not to get some laughable situations from this grotesque treatment of a sacred subject made ridiculous by the imaginative powers of the Reverend Headly, who knew just what God said and thought at the time of the Flood. The picture conjured up by Poe was very funny and the fishes going into the Ark arm in arm.

By-the-way, I went to a humorous lecture the other night although it was supposed to be on a serious subject. The speaker evidently had a dearth of ideas and made up for this lack by hurling big words at the audience. Their meaning or use concerned him little. The only fragment from his talk which lodged in my brain with sufficient force for transportation was when he recited a poem he had written in which he alluded to his "Howling hopes!" This was a revelation to me. I was ignorant of the fact that a hope could howl or ever wanted to howl.

Your loving,
Florence.

* * * * *

My dear Florence,
Pasadena, California,
Saturday Evening.

Since reading your letter I feel like a "worm of the dust" humbly crawling along on the ground looking up at a giraffe with its head reaching heavenward—though it has never occurred to me before that you resembled one in the least. But when I reflect upon your midnight ascensions to radiant spheres with a still more radiant companion, and my own commonplace pursuits, it gives me that ancient worm of the dust consciousness so beautifully expressed in some of our old hymns.

If the conservation of raw material and the saving of ink, paper and other commodities, with the curtailing of extravagant speech had been dinged into the king's ears as it has been in ours during this war, he would not have been so prodigal in the use of the personal pronoun in his Epistle to the Americans—with the "cold English tongue." You can assure him that I did not make the mistake your friend did in thinking that he was not a king. For there were so many kingly traits cropping out here and there in his talk to you, and manifesting in spite of his modest attempts to keep these traits hidden from view. I really believe he would rather be a king this very minute than to be "One of millions of souls in the land of spirit."

These spiteful remarks are caused by pure unadulterated envy which must come to the surface or make me ill. To think that when you were weeping over the ruins of Nineveh, and comforting his Royal Highness, I was playing with the cat. Do you fully appreciate the fact that you have discovered a very remarkable psychic? To give you such clear cut messages and bring to you the invisible teachers that had apparently passed out of your life, and correct you when you told her an Egyptian was once with you. It was easy for you to forget the king's nationality when he had never given you his name in the past. I am glad that you remembered he was an Assyrian before you went back for the second reading.

It is unfortunate that the different personalities manifesting should have caused confusion and misunderstanding. Has it occurred to you that the spirit who supplanted Sardanapalus may not have known to whom you alluded when you asked for a name? He may have spoken of the Edward who was seen with you by the medium before she was entranced, and whom Mr. Poe described and told you was one of your invisible helpers. Then, too, your spurt of anger introduced inharmony and made communication difficult. Not that I am trying to make excuses for the priest, for it was an unwarrantable intrusion, but he

may not have made an untrue statement. He was talking about Edward, and your thoughts were on your friend who had died and you were asking questions about him.

I noticed in a foreign magazine a movement for a concerted effort in Europe to stem the tide of interest in psychic phenomena sweeping over the world, due in part to the visions which the soldiers have seen on the battle field of spirit helpers with the wounded and dying, and other warrior spirits who encouraged and inspired them. Isn't this a queer old world? Religion in the name of the gentle Nazarene so strangely interpreted. Protestants opposing Catholics, and both united in fighting Christian Science, while the Christian scientists are working with fanatical zeal to exterminate all the Metaphysical organizations that are not labeled, by ostracism of their literature and non-recognition of their work as spiritual healers and teachers. It is the old, old story of our first religious settlers, "Falling on their knees, and then on the aborigines."

I believe it is better to have the different sects until we have progressed spiritually where we are ready for a Universal Religion. The churches are doing a grand work in Christianizing the world, but human nature is too frail to allow any one organization to become autocratic through unlimited power. You once wrote me of reading that the Orders of the Old Catholic church, and the priesthood are acknowledged by Rome, in spite of the schisms of that church. Yes, the amalgamation of the Theosophists with the Old Catholic church does make a blend hard to analyze. The theosophical leaders are intellectually keen and are certainly not misled by calling it a Liberal church, and they must have embraced it because they favor Catholic forms and ceremonies. There is so much dissatisfaction expressed through printed pamphlets sent out by the Theosophists about this proposed union of such opposite forces, that it may disrupt the theosophical organization.

I wish that the author of "Thy Son Liveth," would confound her critics by giving her true name to the world, and asserting positively that the messages are genuine. I believe the book is a true record of the author's experiences, and not fiction, as certain scientific investigators have decided after the author evaded their inquiries when they wrote her through her publishers. I do not consider it fair to call it fiction without better evidence.

A certain book reviewer accords Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, double-distilled praise for his new book on Spiritualism. In his review he characterizes a man a petrified donkey, and all kinds of an idiot who disbelieves the results of the work accomplished by scientific investigators in proving the continuity of life. I wanted to lean over his editorial chair and chant into his ears, "Lest we forget, lest we forget." For I recall when he was in a petrified condition, and borrowing his thought, must have been bordering on idiocy, and used his ready wit in clever ridicule of psychical research. Conan Doyle's opinion of the Old Testament teachings, and their influence, Florence, is so like our own views that I believe teachings are sent to earth by the great spiritual leaders, and they are received simultaneously by anyone sensitive and impressional enough to receive the telepathic messages. This would explain, in many instances the charge of plagiarism.

Sir Oliver Lodge says that certain testimony about levitation makes him think that the Catholic miracles are genuine. So, do not reject the candle that was materialized when my friend's mother died. When our friends can clothe themselves in a material body and come back in a materialization circle, it would not seem difficult to believe that they could project a material object.

I agree with you that the knowledge of a perfect union of souls on the higher planes would cause those who are unhappily married to bear with patience bonds that are often galling; especially if it was known and believed that only through the hard les-

sons on earth are souls prepared for the higher grades of spirit life. It is pitiful to me to see families broken up and children adrift from this senseless seeking on the part of the parents for more congenial mates. If happiness were assured it is far better to work through the difficulties than to desert one's post and dodge the real tests of life which make one stronger morally and spiritually. I believe in a separation when there is cruelty or infidelity but not for trivial causes of incompatibility.

But I am becoming too serious so I will leave the marital misfits to work out their own salvation, while I tell you something about myself. What shall it be? The only affair of international importance which has required any attention from me this week, while you were entertaining royalty has been writing a few lines in rhyme which are on their way to the Maharajah at Kohlipoor, India. No, they are not dedicated to him. I have never met the gentleman, and it would be very improper for me to be writing verses to him. You have never liked mysteries which you could not solve so I suppose I shall have to explain the situation.

There is a very charming little woman from India at one of the hotels here. She came to California to recuperate from an attack of malaria, and as soon as she was able she offered her services to our country and she has been notified to be in readiness to sail for France whenever the call comes. She has had a very interesting career. When a bonnie Scotch lassie traveling in India several years ago she met and married a Presbyterian clergyman who had founded a school at Kohlipoor. He taught the princes at the palace, and when he died she continued to act as instructor for the princes and took them to Oxford. At the breaking out of the war the Maharajah ordered them home, and they returned by the way of the United States where they were accorded considerable attention because of their rank. They were met in India by the Maharajah, in the Royal car drawn by richly caparisoned elephants.

There was a farewell banquet given for this lady at the hotel, with the usual toasts and speeches, and the presentation of a beautiful silk flag. I wrote my little tribute to her patriotic spirit in offering her services to our country, and read it that evening, and I will copy it for you.

A gracious presence came to us,
From India's coral strands;
When war had hung its pall of gloom,
And darkened many lands.

She came for health and freedom,
From sadness o'er the sea;
She gives herself, and all she has,
That nations may be free.

The call has come, "somewhere in France,"
Ministering to human needs;
This blessed loyal worker goes,
Whose life is crowned by deeds.

Our prayers, our thoughts, will follow her,
As angels by her side;
Take her oh God, Thy will be done,
'Til love and peace abide.

If I were a believer in reincarnation I should say I had lived in India, for any mention of that country brings up shadowy memories which is like some mystic spell cast by a sorcerer. In imagination I see the Mahatmas dwelling in the mountain retreats of the Himalayas, using the miraculous powers attributed to them of sending out thoughts to benefit nations and individuals.

How I am thrilled by tales of the black forests where travellers hasten through with bated breath, and hearing alert to catch the first sound of the wild beasts of the jungle waiting to spring upon them. With what awe I reflect upon its ancient civilization and its strange religious rites which we of the West-

ern World are trying so hard to comprehend. And I think of the man who came from India, to the World's Parliament of Religions, to speak for the three million Jains, and tell us of their remarkable history unstained by war or bloodshed.

But I must throw off the glamour of the far East, and tell you of a trip I took this afternoon with a party of friends to the most beautiful spot on God's green earth. To a fairyland of beauty up on the steep sides of a mountain twelve hundred feet above us. Far, far from the traveled road where restless humanity frets itself in its struggles for existence and toils wearily on. Up, up until we had left the world with its noise and its strife far below us. In and out we wound around the sharp curves of the fine roadway which the owner has built up the mountain, coming out every little while to some point of land where we could look down hundreds of feet into the dark wooded canyons. We could see cultivated strips of land on the more level portions which were green and restful to the eyes, while the blue waters of the placid Pacific were glimmering in the distance.

The ascent became more and more painful for our automobile, judging by the efforts of the chauffeur, and by sudden jerks and sudden stops and an occasional groan of protest from the machine. At last we reached the more cultivated portion of this ranch which contains nearly five hundred acres. A scene of indescribable beauty lay before us. The charm even here is the variety and sharp contrasts of God's work and man's side by side. Wild rugged scenery, boulders and natural timber, and you feel you are in a vast solitude in the woods—God's first temples.

You go a few steps, and come upon a quiet strip of woodland that has been changed by the master hand of a landscape architect. He has transformed the brooks which ripple along, make a turn, and form falls over huge rocks, going down, down, until a lake or pool stops their course fifty or a hundred feet below, and all the way planted on either side of these

miniature falls are rare plants and flowers brought from foreign lands.

From an artistic standpoint the prettiest spot is where a mountain stream comes trickling down between the huge boulders and ends in a little pool not more than three feet across, where there is a single pink water lily blooming alone in all its loveliness. One lake in particular held us spelbound by its beautiful surroundings. It is larger than the others, and rare lilies and semi-tropical plants are a mass of leaf and bloom around it; there is a gradual slope of perhaps ten feet and the banks are completely covered with the mesembryanthemum, that dainty little flower which the owner must love, he has so much of it growing.

Here one feels strongly the call of the wild. I longed to climb the immense rubber tree where large gray squirrels were running over its branches and lose myself from my friends and spend a night in the great stillness of these mountain fastnesses. When we were ready to go down to the place where we had left the automobile, a gentleman in the party said, "I have just been talking with the owner of this fine property." I cried, "Why didn't you tell me? I want to ask him some questions." He laughed and said, "Come on, he has just gone down the hill in his machine," so we rushed on ahead of our party and when we got to the foot of the hill, he flew past us going up. I looked imploringly at my companion and wailed, "I must see that man," and my distress appealed to his chivalry and he smilingly turned and took me up the hill again. When we had toiled wearily to the top, it was only to see this elusive land owner tearing down the hill by another road.

This last manoeuvre aroused all my fighting instincts, and I was determined to catch this man before I left the ranch. My companion was an optimist, and he cheerfully said, "I know a short cut, we will head him off," and would you believe it, he escaped this time by a very narrow margin, we nearly had him captured but he got away.

Now, Florence, don't laugh over this. I was ready to cry with weariness and mortification, chasing over five hundred acres of timber, virgin forest, too, where there might be snakes, and all this trouble for a mere man. The various picnickers in groups were watching the race with evident enjoyment, for it did look as if he were running away from me. At last my trusty guide glimpsed him through the trees, and dragged me through the briars, and brambles, and presented me. I was too exhausted to do much but look at him, and I let him do the talking. It is the first time in my life that I ever ran after a man, and if I should die tomorrow from the effects of this harrowing experience, you may inscribe upon my tombstone that it was my first and last attempt. In some instances it may prove satisfactory, but it has left me too foot-sore and weary to ever repeat the performance.

As we traveled slowly and regretfully away from the beautiful Spinks Ranch, we could see Pasadena, the gem of this picturesque valley, far below us guarded majestically by the towering peaks of the Sierra Madre mountains. And on our way home we passed an immense live oak completely covered and hidden by Gold of Ophir roses. There were millions of them on every branch of that grand old forest tree.

We rode for miles through the famous Baldwin Ranch, where the fine old live oaks reminded me of the woodland pastures that are so beautiful in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. The stillness was unbroken out on the lonely mountain roads except for the merry lilt of the meadow lark's silvery notes, to which we responded by singing softly, "The Perfect Day." I am sure, Florence, if there are any good people who are discontented in Heaven, it will be those who have gone from Pasadena in the month of May.

And now at the close of this perfect day, while the sun is slowly sinking behind the western hills, I bow my head reverently, thanking the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for all the rich blessings of life, and

for the rare privilege of taking our little journey in
Psychic Realms, while surrounded by the sunshine
and beauty of Southern California.

Pasadena, California,
Magic words of mystic power;
'Tis the Mecca of all pilgrims,
When their wishes fully flower.
'Tis a name so strong and potent,
It brings visions of a home;
Where there's mountains, sea and valley,
Paradise, no more to roam.

Sun-kissed hills and lofty mountains,
Poppy fields all green and gold;
Orange groves, and miles of roses,
Mocking-birds—the half's not told.
Here they come in countless numbers,
From the frigid East they flee;
For the peace, and rest and quiet,
Flowers, and fruits and birds to see.

Shift the scene, and cross the mountains,
Way down South in Dixie stand,
Where we lived and dreamed together,
You, and I, in Lotus-land.
Dusky figures with their banjos,
Happy as the day is long;
Out on rolling fields of cotton,
Voice their glad and merry song.

On the lakes at Interlachen,
Where we rowed on moonlit nights,
Where the gray moss mirrored clearly,
From the trees upon the heights.
Then the call came, whence, we know not,
"Fold your tents, renounce this life,
For more active fields of service,
Peaceful lanes, exchange for strife."

Your loving friend,
Alice Templeton.

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